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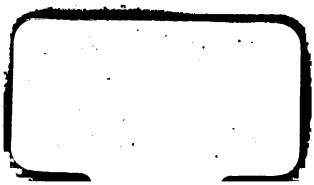

THE

POLYANTHEA.

VOL. I.

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

Wilson, C H

THE

POLYANTHEA:

OR,

A COLLECTION

OF

INTERESTING FRAGMENTS,

IN

Prose and Verse:

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, DIALOGUES, LETTERS,

CHARACTERS, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BUDD, AT THE CROWN AND MITRE,

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ANECDOTES,

&c.

DR. SHERIDAN.

AS I heard several of the peasants in the western quarter of the county of Cavan, talk of Dr. Swift, Dr. Sheridan, &c. it raised my curiosity to know if there was any person living, who had seen either of them; or who could give me any anecdotes of them that could be depended on. After several inquiries, I was at last told by a young man, that Mr. Con. Sheridan of Uaghteraghy, in the county of Cavan, had not only seen, but was very familiar with Dr. Sheridan, as he was related to him; adding at the same time, that the said Mr. Con. Sheridan "was no *disgrace* to the name, as he was once in good circumstances, kept a hospitable board, spoke Latin with fluency, and had read all the books in the world; but that time had impaired his memory;

and Fortune, the slippery jilt, had reduced a good man to a bed of straw and a mud-wall cottage, who had once slept on feathers, and lived in a house full of glass windows, with a brick chimney." I found this piece of information to be very true. The old man received me with a great deal of kindness; and when I communicated my wishes to him, he shook me by the hand, approving of my patriotism, in collecting even the most trifling particulars of two men who would have shed lustre on any country, in any age. He said, he had seen Swift only once in his life, had heard him speak with Mr. Richardson, vicar of the parish of Beltarbet; but at that distance of time could not recollect any part of the conversation. He had known his cousin Dr. Sheridan for many years; and was extremely sorry that none of his countrymen, whom nature had blessed with talents, had even the vanity, national pride, or love of learning, to pay a small tribute either in prose or verse, to the memory of a man whom Swift had honoured so many years with his friendship.

Author. As genius is hereditary in all the branches of your family, I am not a little surprised that you did not discharge that sacred trust yourself; it was a duty incumbent on you: he was your relative and your friend; but his two sons are still alive, and they are men of talents.

Sheridan. Not equal to the father; and yet the Doctor, with all his talents and learning, would have never been known, but as a mere dealer out of nouns and pronouns, if he had not cultivated the acquaintance of Swift. Excuse me, Sir; old men are like grasshoppers, they chirp to the last; in plain English, they are loquacious, especially when the subject is dear to their heart. The Doctor, as I have already observed, was a man of talents; but he was naturally indolent, and was content with whatever fortune threw in his way. He was of a very social turn; if you placed him in an arm-chair after dinner, in a snug room, with a good fire, and a few pleasant companions that could tell a good story, you made him the happiest man on earth. Mitres, arch mitres, and church preferments vanished at a stroke of wit or a pun; and I don't suppose that ever he dreamt of any thing beyond the innocent enjoyment of the day, or rather the night; for he would sit up for ever, if he could get any one to sit up with him, and hold him in conversation, even on subjects that some would think beneath the consideration of a man of letters. As to a man of learning, he was a man of learning for his day. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. I need not tell you the value that was placed on this species of learning in my time; but I know the period will come, that science,

that is, I mean mathematics, &c. will be looked upon as real learning.

Author. I hope so: that period, thank Heaven! is approaching.

Sheridan. 'Tis true, the Greeks and Romans, particularly the former, excelled in poetry, history, and oratory.

Author. But were little acquainted with experimental philosophy.

Sheridan. I may then say, that Dr. Sheridan knew all that the Greeks and Romans knew, that is, all that Time could not put his envious tooth upon; therefore, I may call him a man of letters.

Author. Undoubtedly.

Sheridan. And yet, when I think of the manner in which he spent his boyish days, I am surprised that he knew as much as he did. The poets were his favourites.

Author. They are the favourites of youth, the favourites of old age; in short, they are the favourites of all men; they recall all the beautiful images of our happiest moments, they strew the thorny path of life with rose-buds, and exhibit the most exalted sentiments in the most captivating dress. The Muses extend their mild empire to the sciences; and even mathematical lines and angles borrow new charms from the magic of harmonious sounds: poetry, besides, assists the memory—

Sheridan.

Sheridan. As spectacles assist the sight.

Author. So that the Doctor was rather wild in his youth.

Sheridan. As wild as if he had been bred in the woods of America. His father kept a pack of hounds, and if he had not parted with them in time, he would have shared the fate of Actæon. The son, to the great mortification of the old man, preferred the dog-kennel to the school; the sound of the horn would have roused him from his bed, the coldest morning in winter; and as the chase was all the rage in the part of the country where he lived, I am really astonished that a line of Lily ever stuck to his memory. He was not insensible, however, to the charms of learning; he was fond of listening to the conversation of those who had made any progress in letters, and would treasure up their remarks; and sometimes he would make such observations on them as evinced, that the seeds of genius were sown in his mind, and that a little cultivation would call them into a plentiful harvest. The father saw this, and made use of every argument in his power, to draw his favourite son from those pursuits and amusements that are so congenial (if I may use the expression) to the youthful mind. I recollect a hunting song he wrote, when he was twelve years old; and if it does not exhibit strong marks of poetical powers, it will at

least tend to confirm what I have said, that the chase was his favourite amusement. This is the song; as it is the copy of a copy, perhaps the original has lost as much by transcription, as some originals have lost by translation.

Hark! hark! I think I hear the horn,
That chides my long repose;
The dew-drop twinkles on the thorn,
The stream in music flows.

Hark! hear! I hear *black Betsy* snort,
Impatient of the rein:
When Nature thus proclaims the sport,
Shall man cry out, It's vain?

For this she lent the gentle hart
The vivid lightning's speed;
She taught the hare her mazy art,
And wing'd the generous steed.

Let sages then of human race,
The slaves of musty saws,
Decry the pleasures of the chase,
The fruit of Nature's laws.

The chase supplied our ancient sires
With food and raiment too—
Till curs'd Ambition fann'd her fires,
And bent the sounding yew.

Then Law stretch'd forth her artful toils,
And Cunning laid her snares;
And Plunder gloried in her spoils,
And fill'd the world with cares.

But

But Care dare not as yet pursue
The hunter's bounding hoof;
And if she even takes a view,
The view must be aloof.

As you seem pleased with this poetical primrose, I'll present you with another, a bud of the same spring.

Verses on a Wooden Leg.

Divines, especially your old ones,
Will gravely tell you, if they're cold ones,
That you may father on the Devil
Each act and deed of moral evil;
His back is broad enough, we know,
To bear them all, like Richard Roe.
In ev'ry suit Old Nick 's engag'd,
Yet strange to tell, he 's never cag'd;
For he 's at large, and runs about,
The Devil 's in, the Devil 's out.
Thus grave divines have made up pills,
To cure us of all human ills:
If you have lost a horse or mare,
Then you 're cut off from so much care;
If death deprives you of your wife,
Why, there 's an end to all your strife,
Or should she crown your brow with horns,
Bear them with patience like your corns:
They 've remedies for each disaster,
For ev'ry broken head a plaister.

For instance, now there 's Ellis Clegg,
You know the man has broke his leg;
No matter how, no matter where,
It 's known that Ellis loves the fair.
At first he wept, and call'd on death,
But now he 's glad he kept his breath;
What has he gain'd then by the loss?
To use the words of Jerry Cross:
In point of saving, let us see,
The first great thing 's economy:
He saves a stocking and a shoe,
And half a pair of boots will do.
And then, if he should chance to ride,
One spur 's sufficient for a side;
And if that side should move, you 'll find
The other will not lag behind:
It 's easy prov'd from Hudibras,
Nay, you may prove it by your ass.
What next? He 'll save a yard of garter,
And then the gout will catch a Tartar;
If it should think to seize his oak,
How Clegg will laugh, and tell the joke!
We hav'nt done with savings yet,
In wear and tear, and even tret;
The buckle 's sav'd that binds the knee,
Or tape in bow-knots three times three.
The buckle 's sav'd that binds the shoe,
And any buckle now will do;
Provided it will hold the latchet,
There 's no occasion, Sir, to match it;
Odd buckles sell for one third price,
So there 's a saving in a trice.

Then

Then soap-and washing 's sav'd, you see,
Upon the wooden deputy;
Though if you judge by shoe and shirt,
Clegg seems to like a little dirt;
And it will serve him all his life,
To bear him up, or beat his wife.
Another thing, if he should beg,
There 's nothing like a wooden leg;
And when he moves upon his pins,
He 's not afraid of broken shins:
Besides, he stands a fourth relation
To ev'ry blockhead in the nation,
And ev'ry place of public trust
Is fill'd with all these blockheads first.
Now, reader, if you please we 'll stop,
And moralize upon the prop.
What is a leg of flesh and bone?
If well proportion'd, I must own
It adds new beauties to the fair,
And always marketable ware.
Like ev'ry other charm, they last
Until the honey-moon is past;
With age they shrivel and they shrink,
And then, alas! what must we think?
Sure it should mortify our pride,
To think the best are thrown aside.

But our youthful poet, if I may presume to call him by that name, did not waste all the precious moments of his *syntax-days* in hunting after butterflies, or collecting the flowers that grew in every hedge; he could be serious on occasions;

occasions; I don't say that he could be serious when he pleased, nor yet gay when he pleased; for I might as well say, that we can sleep when we please, or dream when we please. About thirteen years of age, he used to write once or twice a week, or oftener, a few lines on any subject that struck him, in the English language, in order to enable him to speak and write, if not with felicity, at least with facility, in that tongue, which was now becoming fashionable, in consequence of the excellent poets that called forth all the vigour and copiousness of it. These exercises were written at the desire of his father, for whom he always entertained the most filial affection. I have lost them all except this one:

Affliction.

"As *Affliction* one day sat on the sea-shore, she leaned her head on her hand, and seemed to cast her eye at a distance on the swelling ocean; wave succeeded to wave, and tear after tear stole down her pallid cheek; the polished pebbles, intermingled with shells of fading colours, drew her attention, whilst her imagination traced a variety of pictures in the fortuitous assemblage. As Affliction has amusements, as well as other affections of the mind, she traced a figure on the shining sand, with a branch of willow, which she called MAN. Jupiter happened to pass that way,

way, and was so struck with the ease and proportion of the lineaments, that he inspired the figure with life. A contest now arose; the Earth claimed the image, as having furnished the materials that composed it; Affliction cried out, 'It is mine; your materials were of no value 'till I traced the form:' when Jupiter preferred his claim, as having called it into life and motion. The gods having heard every argument the claimants could urge, pronounced this solemn decree: 'Man shall be the property 'of Affliction during his life; when he ceases to 'breathe, the materials of which his frame is 'composed shall return to earth, and his spirit to 'Jupiter that gave it'."

My memory begins to fail me; I now recollect that I have some more of the Doctor's juvenile productions, but I am afraid I shall fatigue you.

Author. On the contrary, Sir, you afford me a great deal of pleasure.

Sheridan. Stay, let me see:—the paper was written in imitation of a dialogue in Petrarch, one of my friend's favourite writers; he had him all by rote.

Author. An additional proof of his taste; Petrarch may be justly ranked in the first class of

of those that revived the learning of the ancients.

Sheridan. He was the morning-star of Italian poetry.

Author. And one of the brightest in the constellation that afterwards shone in that indulgent climate,

"The willing captive of Aonian toils."

The Stolen Wife.

Sorrow. A young fellow has stolen my wife.

Reason. Young men are prone to that species of robbery. I am sorry to observe that in this age I have very little influence over the mind of the youth of both sexes; I wish I may have some influence over yours at present, for I see you are very much affected. You must consider this matter. Was she young and handsome?

Sorrow. Both.

Reason. Two great temptations. You married her for her beauty?

Sorrow. I did.

Reason. You should have reflected, that the season of youth and beauty is short, and that both fly off together: the woman that won your affections, was sensible, no doubt, that she could win those of another; and some of that frail sex are

are as ambitious of lovers after they have entered into the married state as before it. Was she fond of dress?

Sorrow. Passionately; she would spend hours together at her toilet.

Reason. Every time she looked in her glass, she thought she saw the face of an angel in it, and perhaps she thought that an angel ought not to employ her time in domestic affairs. Was she fond of romances?

Sorrow. She would sit up all night reading them.

Reason. Then of course she slept all day?

Sorrow. A considerable part of it.

Reason. Then, as to her temper?

Sorrow. Capricious.

Reason. Extravagant?

Sorrow. My purse was at her command,

Reason. And she exhausted it?

Sorrow. Frequently.

Reason. Now let us cast up the account, and see what you have lost, and what you have gained. In the first place, you married a woman for her beauty, a short-lived flower; and she married you for your wealth, which could scarce gratify her vanity and extravagance; you thought you took an angel to your arms; but the result has proved that there are fallen angels. Instead of consulting your happiness,

piness, she poisoned it: instead of pouring the balm of consolation into your mind when it was afflicted, she poured a torrent of words into your ears: she consulted her glass oftener than she consulted your countenance; her nights were spent in reading romances, so that her head was filled with imaginary adventures, and heroes that never existed: such a defenceless castle was easily besieged. Why, if you view all this with an indifferent eye, instead of a loss, you have gained. If a physician cured you of a tertian fever, you would reward him with thanks and money, and what should be the reward of that physician who has rid you of a quotidian fever? Your mind will be no longer distracted with the caprices of a woman, whose temper was not even to be regulated by the weathercock, and whose tongue would run for hours together without winding up; you will be no longer besieged by a train of milliners and perfumers. Little you know how much you are indebted to him that carried off such a disease. If he was your friend, pity him; if he was your enemy, rejoice. You are now restored to your health, and a little time and reflection will restore you to your senses.

Sorrow. I can't restrain my tears.

Reason. If carried away by force, forgive her; but if willingly?

Sorrow.

Sorrow. Willingly: she stole off with her gallant in the dead of night.

Reason. Many a man would pray for such a night, and hail the annual return of it with feasting and music.

Sorrow. My unhappy wife went off willingly.

Reason. If she loved you, she would not have done so; how then can you weep for a woman that is unworthy of your affection?

Sorrow. My unhappy wife!

Reason. Truly she will be unhappy, and he that stole her more so; repentance quickly treads on the heels of unlawful appetite. But you should remember, that this is an injury kings could not escape; for Masinissa stole away the wife of Syphax, and Herod stole away the wife of Philip, and Menelaus had two wives, and they were both stolen.

Author. I remember the dialogue in Petrarch; and I think the master would not be displeased, if living, with the additions of the pupil. Perhaps there is not a paſſage in the Italian, that may be resorted to with more practical advantage.

Sheridan. Why, it is certain, that the youth of this country steal away young women, with their own consent, a circumstance almost excusable.

Author. There are many apologies for the indiscretions

discretions of the youth of both sexes. I forget who it is that says, "Youth is a continual fever."

Sheridan. I don't forget that I was once young myself; and though I am of the Romish persuasion, I never could accede to the custom that prevails in that church, of confining young men and women in the walls of monasteries and nunneries: it is contrary to the laws of nature, reason, and even sound policy; it originates in pride, laziness, and perhaps some trivial disappointment: the world is a field of battle, and the first that flies is a coward and a deserter.

Author. True, it is a field of battle, in which few are victors.

Sheridan. Well, Sir: as I see you have a good stock of patience, I'll read you some lines which are connected with the subject we have touched on, which I did not think time had spared; they were written by my cousin, on an occasion that will be long remembered in this part of the island; and as poets succeed best in fiction, perhaps in addition to his youth, the best apology will be to assure you, that they are founded in truth. They were written on my brother, a very worthy man; who had the happiness of living and dying in the bosom of a fine family of children, five sons and six daughters; blessed with common sense, and an education that every day improves.

Paddy's

Paddy's Choice.

Young Pat was heir to fourscore cows,
Five hundred sheep, and sixty sows,
Two lordly bulls, four breeding mares,
A house with half a flight of stairs,
Well thatch'd and plaister'd round with clay,
Of diff'rent colours, blue and gray,
As snug as any thrush's nest:
Proceed, dear muse, and tell the rest.
Before you bring him on the stage,
Pray tell the reader Paddy's age:
Just twenty-four—I think you're right,
For I was told the same last night.
The gods to honest Pat were kind
In gifts of body and of mind;
For he could read, and write, and sing,
And touch with art the trembling string;
The foremost in the fight or chase,
And never known to lose a race;
In wrestling skill'd; oh muse divine,
Around his rival how he'd twine!
His legs well made, a better pair
Was never seen at any fair,
Proportion'd well in ev'ry part,
And add to this a gen'rous heart.
As yet our swain ne'er thought of love;
Youth, like the bee, delights to rove
From flower to flower, from tree to tree:
Oh Cupid! mind thy just decree,
Prepare thy bow, evince thy power,
And wound the breast that wounds a flower.

Let not the wretch 'scape like the bee,
And lay the fault on destiny.
This was not Paddy's case I own;
Sometimes he thought to lie alone
Was not so pleasant as it might,
Provided every thing went right,
That half a bed, an honest soul,
Was often better than the whole,
Provided Sally fill'd the other;
Why not as well as her fair mother?
With thoughts like these amus'd one night,
He sunk to rest, his sleep was light:
He dreamt, and in the pleasing trance
He thought he saw a nymph advance
With swimming mien and measur'd pace;
Her locks were bound with silver lace,
And deck'd with buds of ev'ry hue,
The pansy pale, the violet blue;
The lightest summer cloud her veil,
While vestments floating on the gale,
With trembling dew-drops sprinkled o'er;
The like was never seen before.
Pat thought at first she was the queen
Of love, or goddess of the green;
At all events resolv'd to wait,
With courage like a man, his fate.
He wasn't held in long suspense;
There 's nothing like the present tense;
In love, at least, it is the best,
For time, you know, destroys the zest.
With honied words, and accents mild,
Conducted by fair Venus' child,

"I'm

"I'm come to offer you my hand,
Not for the sake of house or land,
For I despise your dirty pelf,
I love you only for yourself;
Your gen'rous worth has fir'd my breast;
Forgive—my eyes will tell the rest.
That fleecy coat I'll quickly change,
With cows and sheep no more you'll range,
Your hair with riband shall be bound,
Your hat with roses deck'd thrice round;
Your homespun hose shall yield to silk,
Your gloves as white as snow or milk;
Potatoes vile shall yield to truffles,
And wristbands plain to flowing ruffles;
Wax tapers shall flame round in brass,
And wooden cups give way to glass."
Pat heard with wonder, we'll suppose
At ev'ry gaze new charms arose;
He press'd her hand, but was afraid
To kiss so bright, so fair a maid.
His breast was fill'd with soft alarms:
She knew the magic of her charms;
And left him to reflect awhile,
Then softly vanish'd in a smile.
That he might have his choice of two,
Another just appear'd in view,
That was not fit to be her maid,
In point of dress, so coarse array'd;
Her coat was poplin, home-made stuff,
Her stockings blue, and somewhat rough;
But there was something in her eyes
That might command the richest prize;

But modesty forbade the trial,
And ev'ry look spoke self-denial.
Her modest eye, 'stead of her tongue,
Spoke thus, as by the fairies sung:
"Young Pat, I see your heart is won;
If so, poor Shela is undone:
Your house, that braves the rudest storm,
Must change, alas! its pleasing form;
Your locks, that wanton in the wind,
The gaudy riband now must bind;
Your kine and swine must all be sold,
And wooden cups exchang'd for gold;
Your father's homely cheer you 'll quit,
The plain roast joint and wooden spit;
Potatoes must not shew their face,
And whiskey sink into disgrace.
But say, dear Pat, when all is past,
How long you think this game will last;
When all is spent, and friendship fled,
Will beauty serve you in its stead?
Or will the fair, whose pride is dress,
Remain with you in deep distress?
In such a case, what would you do?
I 'd live, and love, and die with you;
At night I 'd trim the little fire,
And knit your stockings on fine wire,
I 'd stuff your pumps with softest hay,
And hang your hat out of the way;
From ev'ry bush I 'd pluck the wool,
And when I 'd have my apron full,
I 'd spin it on my fav'rite wheel,
And wind it on a hand-cross reel;

In heath well dy'd a purple black,
How it would shine upon your back!
And when you went at night to bed,
I 'd wash your shirt, and bind your head,
With verdant moss I 'd fill your pillow,
And wreath the window with a willow;
Green rushes on the floor I 'd strew,
And thus I 'd live and die with you.
If fate should bless us with a race,
I 'd trace the father in each face."
Pat paus'd a while, and Shela stood
Like the pale primrose in the wood.
The youth advanc'd, and seiz'd her hand,
And kiss'd it thrice at love's command.
He wak'd, and knew where Shela dwelt;
Her eyes confest the pangs she felt:
Hymen was ready with his torch,
And led them to the sacred porch.

More last words—I didn't think I had this paper; I kept it, because it is in his hand-writing; that 's a fine flowing hand.

Author. It is: our age, nay, our disposition, may be known from our hand-writing.

Sheridan. In our age our letters appear as if they went on crutches. I remember the circumstances that gave birth to this recipe, as the Doctor called it. In the Christmas holidays, the schoolboy's welcome season, I forget the year, Tom and I were resolved to enjoy all the pleasures of it; for this

purpose we paid a visit to a distant relation, a sprightly female, who, though she had been married ten years, could enter into all our amusements with as much spirit as any boarding-school miss in the kingdom. Her husband was what we called a *bon vivant*, that loved his bottle and friend, and if he could enjoy the present moment, never thought of the next; and that is more than some of your boasted sages could, notwithstanding all their *preachments*. We were received in the most friendly manner by the lady, with that look and tone which conveyed the cordial welcome; we were conducted into a room, where we found a table ready furnished with wholesome viands and a bottle of sparkling champaign. This sun-shine was for a moment overcast by an envious cloud, that sometimes darkens the matrimonial sky; nay, even the most serene. The husband soon after entered, when the following dialogue commenced; and as there was a pen and ink in the room, Tom took down every word, the reading of which after dinner, afforded a great deal of laughter to the loving couple, for in reality they were so, notwithstanding these little gusts.

Receipt to brew a Storm.

Husband. Woman—aye!

Wife. You are always railing at our sex.

Husband. And without reason?

Wife. Without either rhime or reason; you 'd be miserable beings without us, for all that.

Husband. Sometimes: there is no general rule without an exception; I could name some very good women—

Wife. Without the head I suppose?

Husband. With a head, and with a heart too.

Wife. That 's a wonder!

Husband. It would be a still greater if I could not; for instance, there is Mrs. Dawson, the best of wives; always at home, whenever you call, always in good humour; always neat and clean, sober and discreet.

Wife. I wish you were tied to her. Always at home! the greatest gossipper in the parish; she may well smile, she has nothing to ruffle her temper; neat and clean—she has nothing else to do; sober—she can take a glass as well as her neighbours; discreet—that 's another word, she can tip a wink—but I detest scandal: I am surprised you didn't say she was handsome?

Husband. So she is in my eye.

Wife. You have a fine eye to be sure; you 're an excellent judge of beauty: what do you think of her nose?

Husband. She 's a fine woman in spite of her nose.

Wife. Fine feathers make fine birds; she can

paint her withered cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.

Husband. You can do the same if you please.

Wife. My cheeks don't want paint, nor my eyebrows pencilling.

Husband. True; the rose of youth and beauty is still on your cheeks, and your brow the bow of Cupid.

Wife. You once thought so; but that moving mummy, Molly Dawson, is your favourite. She's, let me see, no gossip, and yet she's found in every house but her own; and so silent too, when she has all the clack to herself; her tongue is as thin as sixpence with talking; with a pair of eyes burned into the socket, and painted pannels into the bargain; and then as to scandal—but her tongue is no scandal.

Husband. Take care, there's such a thing as standing in a white sheet!

Wife. Curse you! you would provoke a saint.

Husband. You seem to be getting into a passion.

Wife. Is it any wonder? A white sheet! You ought to be tossed in a blanket. Handsome! I can't forget that word: my charms are lost on such a tasteless fellow as you.

Husband. The charms of your tongue.

Wife. Don't provoke me, or I'll fling this dish at your head.

Husband.

Husband. Well, I have done.

Wife. But I hav'nt done: I wish I had drowned myself the first day I saw you.

Husband. It's not too late.

Wife. I'd see you hung first.

Husband. You'd be the first to cut me down.

Wife. Then I ought to be tied up in your stead.

Husband. I'd cut you down.

Wife. You would?

Husband. Yes, but I'd be sure you were dead first.

Wife. I cannot bear this any longer.

Husband. Then it's time for me to withdraw; I see by your eyes that the storm is collecting.

Wife. And it shall burst on your head.

Husband. I'll save my poor head, if I can. A good retreat, is better than a bad battle. *(Husband flies, the dish flies after him.)*

Author. Very well.—I must do the poet justice to say that he is as happy in the choice of his numbers, as your brother was in the choice of his wife; for as the one preferred untutored smiles, the blush of innocence, native beauty, and homespun dress, to the rolling eye that languished in humid fire, and the robes that flowed in careless air, so the bard made choice of the flowers that grew in his native vales, in preference to those that unveil

veil their bosoms to brighter suns: young poets are captivated with gaudy epithets,

Sheridan. Yes, and old poets too.

Author. Which evinces a want of taste—

Sheridan. And judgment; for judgment is as necessary in poetry as in prose.

Author. Nay more; Pegasus is a fiery steed. I hope the Doctor was as happy as your brother in the choice of his wife?

Sheridan. To the full: I knew her very well, a woman of spotless character, Miss Mac Faden; she was descended of a Scottish family of respectability; she was agreeable in conversation, pleasing in her manner; in short, she was a good girl and an affectionate wife: I cannot say that she was handsome; she had beauty sufficient, however, to captivate the Doctor; and the truth is, he rejoiced through life in his captivity, for it was a gentle one. I believe I was the first he consulted on the subject of his marriage with that lady; for he was afraid to mention it to his father; who, no doubt, like all fathers, thought himself a better judge of an affair of so important a nature than his son himself. Be that as it may, it was not the business of a day; many letters passed between the youth and the maid; they were written in a strain of unaffected simplicity; many of them were shewn to me after their marriage,

marriage, but I did not think it would have been delicate to have asked a copy of any of them; I only recollect some lines that Miss Mac Faden wrote, which I can repeat, for I was in those days as fond of reading poetry as others were of writing it; particularly if it flowed from a female pen. Stay, let me recollect; now I remember them: I forget the occasion on which they were written.

In pity first to human kind,
Love taught the art of writing;
But soon deceit stept in, we find,
And taught man false inditing.

False vows, false words, nay e'en false tears,
Soon after were invented;
And Love from each account appears
Almost to have repented

That he disclos'd the magic art,
At first for gods intended,
By which he thought the virgin heart
Would be so much befriended.

What vows, what sighs on paper flow,
In words as sweet as honey!
They melt away like now-fall'n snow,
In sun-shine now of money.

Then Love with indignation saw
His tender views defeated;
Traitors unpunish'd broke his law,
And crime on crime repeated.

Then,

Then, Love, resume thy wonted power,
And punish ev'ry traitor;
From Jupiter in golden shower,
Down to the *petit-maître*.

One thing brings another to my recollection. The Doctor and I called one morning on Miss Mac Faden, in order to take his leave of her for a few days, as he was to set out on a journey, I forget where. The young lady asked in a tone that well expressed more than the words that accompanied it, how long he intended to stay away? to which he immediately answered:

You ask how long I 'll stay from thee:
Suppress those rising fears;
If you should reckon time like me,
Perhaps ten thousand years.

Author. Very happy indeed.

Sheridan. Love dictated the lines.

Author. And the Muse.

Sheridan. The Doctor, with all his learning, was not what we call a popular preacher. His sermons were always composed of good materials, and he could sometimes rise with his subject; you may judge of his character from the few fragments I have given you.

Author. They are valuable in my sight; I like to see the human mind in its undress; I love the

the early effusions of genius; especially of those that "lisp in numbers," and I am very happy that I called on you.

Sheridan. In a few days it would be too late; I shall soon be gathered to my fathers—but the passage is smooth.

Author. I see it is—and if there is any thing in my power *

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

(WRITTEN IN 1637.)

In Affection.

THE French loveth every where.
The Spaniard very well.
The Italian knows how to love.
The German knows not how to love.

In Behaviour.

French courteous.
Spaniard lordly.
Italian amorous.
German clownish.

In

In Body.

The French hath it manly.
Spaniard so so.
Italian indifferent.
The German tall.

In Buildings.

French build conveniently.
Spaniard meanly.
Italian stately.
German strongly.

In Clothes.

French inconstant and changing.
Spaniard modest.
Italian poor.
German mean.

In Colour.

French like a chesnut.
Spaniard black.
Italian brown.
German white or reddish.

In Conversation.

The French jovial.
Spaniard troublesome.
Italian complying.
German unpleasant.

In Councils.

French hasty.
Spanish wary.
Italian subtle.
German slow.

In Courage.

The French as an eagle.
Spaniard like an elephant.
Italian as a fox.
German as a bear.

In Dancing.

The French danceth.
Spaniard walketh.
Italian vaults.
German walloweth himself.

In Diet.

French delicate.
Spaniard sparing.
Italian sober.
German loves drink.

In Fevers.

French forgets good and evil.
Spaniard rewardeth all.
Italian ready to do good, but revengeful.
German doth neither good nor evil.

In

In Gaming.

The French ventures all.
Spaniard makes a good show with a bad game.
Italian takes exceptions.
German is often cheated.

In Laws.

French hath good laws, but observes them not.
Spaniard hath excellent laws, and observeth them rigidly.
Italian hath good laws, but is remiss in the observation.
German hath laws which are so so.

In Learning.

The French knows a little of every thing.
The Spaniard hath a deep learning.
Italian like a doctor.
German like a pedant.

In Looks and Mien.

French looks like one inconsiderate, and is often so.
Spaniard like a wise man, and often is so indeed.
Italian looks giddy-like, but is wise.
German hath seldom good look or mien.

In Love.

The French giddy and inconsiderate.
Spanish boaster.
Italian noble.
German gross and rustical.

In making Love.

French diverts his mistress.
Spaniard adoreth her.
Italian serveth her.
German bestows gifts upon her.

In Contempt of Love.

French hasty, offends his mistress.
Spanish proud, slights her.
Italian discreet, complains of her.
German rude, asketh for what he gave her.

In Magnificence.

In France consists in the court.
In Spain in her arms.
Italy in churches.
Germany in princes.

In Plays.

French pleasant and merry.
Spanish serious.
Italian buffoon and jester.
German unpleasant.

In Pride.

The French commends every thing.
Spaniard praiseth none but himself.
Italian despises that which deserves it.
German is no boaster.

In Promises.

French light.
Spaniard deceitful.
Italian advantageous.
German true and faithful.

In Religion.

French zealous.
Spaniard superstitious.
Italian ceremonious.
German indifferent.

In Secret.

The French tells every thing.
Spaniard very secret.
Italian sayeth not a word.
German forgets what he was told.

In Speech.

The French sings.
Spaniard speaks.
Italian acts the comedy.
German howls.

Again.

French speaks well, but writes ill.
Spaniard speaks and writes little, but well.
Italian speaks and writes well.
German speaks little, but writes much.

In Temper.

French jester and injurious.
Spaniard grave and respectful.
Italian pleasant and jealous.
German lofty and fantastical.

In Wit.

French hath it all the body over.
Spaniard in the head.
Italian in the arm.
German in the finger's end.

Concerning Husbands.

In France companions.
In Spain tyrants.
In Italy gaolers.
In Germany masters.

Concerning Women.

In France ladies or drudges.
In Spain slaves.
In Italy prisoners.
In Germany housewives.

Of Servants.

In France masters.
In Spain subjects.
In Italy respectful.
In Germany companions.

Of Horses.

In France good for every thing, or for nothing.
In Spain noble.
In Italy handsome and good.
In Germany dull and heavy.

In Diseases.

The French subject to the p—.
The Spaniard to the king's evil.
Italian to the plague.
German to the gout.

LIFE OF THOMAS SAINVITZ.

Written by himself.—Translated from the Latin.

I WRITE this in defence of my own character, which has been maliciously traduced by ignorant idle monks and wily lawyers. I have been despised by the nobility on account of the obscurity of my birth, and envied by my own class, because I am a lover of science. I know that language has been often and aptly compared to dress; but it is not to be expected, that I should appear to any advantage in point of style: I never selected one epithet in my life; and if I attempted it, perhaps I should pluck a weed instead of a flower. My object is truth:—and nothing but the truth shall flow from my pen. I was born in Bistrikia in Hungary, on the third of March 1593. My parents were very poor, and could not afford to send me to school, if there even was a school in the neighbourhood. Learning was a plant at the time of little estimation in my native country. A Pole, that worked in the mines, used to call sometimes at our little cottage, in preference to any other in the neighbourhood, as my father could speak broken La-

tin with greater fluency than the rest of the peasants—so that they could converse together on several subjects. The Pole fell ill, and, as my mother was skilled in the virtues of many plants, she was lucky enough to alight on one at last, that restored him to his health. His gratitude to Heaven and our family was boundless:—he taught me to read the Psalter; and, as it was the only book that could be procured, I got it all by rote, and would not part with it for all the mines of Hungary. I was about eight years of age, when the sudden death of our Polish friend put an end to the hopes that I even then cherished of being one day able to read the writings of those men who taught us "to wander through eternity." My father was contented with his lot: and as he had never tasted the sweets of learning, looked upon it as a kind of sin in the son of a poor peasant to aspire to any thing beyond the humble line in which he was bred; and in order to cure me of that folly, as he called it, I was hired out to a nobleman in the vicinity to herd swine. The steward was almost as great a man as his lord, and as ignorant as his lord, and as proud of his ignorance too. He could scarce speak his native language; yet every word was uttered with such pomp, that my poor father looked at me with a face of wonder mixed with

with awe, as much as to say, "Listen to the words of a great man, for they come with weight and authority." The head swineherd was called, and presented me with a horn as the insignia of my office; I was highly pleased with it, as it was curiously carved, and hung with some shells which I had not seen before. I did not forget to bring my Psalter, my dear companion, with me, but I took care that the steward should not see it; and I entreated my father, of all things, that he would not let him know that I could read a little.

The head swineherd seemed very well pleased with my answers; and promised and assured me, that if I fulfilled them, he would take care that I should be promoted in the course of time. This was some comfort; especially as it came from a man who seemed to pity my youth, and the difficulties I had to encounter, in the task that fortune had assigned to me. I shall not repeat these difficulties—they were numerous: if one of the grunting race happened to be lean, it was my fault; if one happened to stray, it was my fault; and if I attempted to speak, I was sure of a beating. The steward surveyed and numbered all the herds once a quarter; hence he was known amongst the herdsmen by the name of the *Inspecting General.* The parade he assumed on these occasions cannot be described; if the least

remark on his part called forth a single word, all his bristles were on end in an instant; and as soon as words could find vent, an explosion of oaths that would shock the ears of the most hardened sinner. I thought myself well off if I escaped at one of these reviews with a dozen blows, and as many threats, accompanied by looks sufficient to petrify the beholder. I was treated so cruelly by this monster and all his underlings, that I preferred the company of swine to my own species, and began to think what I now find in a great measure to be true, that man is the worst animal in the creation. One day, as I was sitting under my favourite tree, reading my Psalter, the steward stole on me unawares. The first thing he did was to snatch the book out of my hand, which he trampled under his feet. I was so alarmed, that I could scarce persuade myself I was awake; as soon as my senses began to return, I felt my veins swell with rage at the treatment which my book received; and I am sure, if my strength had been equal to my fury, that I would have torn the rascal limb from limb. As I plainly saw that the tide of his wrath would be immediately turned on myself, I sought for safety in flight: a wood at a little distance spread its friendly arms, and seemed to invite me to fly for shelter to its boughs. He pursued me, but fear winged my steps, and no wonder;

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the prize was life; for if I had fallen into his hands, it would have been like a sparrow in the talons of an eagle. He followed me into the wood with such force and celerity, that he ran between two trees: he thought to disengage himself by main force, but in vain. When I saw that he was entangled, and that all his efforts to free himself were ineffectual, I walked up to him, seized his own hunting-pole, and beat him with it as long as I was able to wield it. I then walked off, and left him to the mercy of the hungry wolves, and his own reflections, if he had any. As my passion had subsided, I threw myself on my knees, and poured forth praise and thanksgivings to the Father of mercies, who had delivered me out of the hands of such a ferocious monster. My heart began to emerge: every thing about me seemed to smile: the flowers put on fresh garments, and the leaves of the trees fluttered in the gale. I often reflect with pleasure on the thoughts that came into my mind as I sat under a large oak, the patriarch of the wood. "Well, I have now fled from the face of man, the tyrant of the creation; I am become a solitary tenant of the forest. How can I call this solitude? The birds sing; I hear the voice of nature in the gentlest breeze; and, as for books, I want none. Nature spreads her pages before me; the texture of that flower, the variety

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riety of its colours, and the richness of its perfume, are sufficient to employ my thoughts. What a rich table the God of nature has spread even in the desert! Look at the trunks and branches of these trees, how rough and crooked! yet they are weighed down with delicious fruit. Avaunt, then, every idea of future misery; I shall pass my days in the dear society of birds, trees, and flowers, and pity the man that is in the power of man. Nature, however, has taught us to provide for future want; her laws are immutable; they are dictated by unerring wisdom, and henceforth I will follow them: let me provide for the night that will soon spread her raven wings; when the howling of the wild beasts will recall the voice of the steward—the voice of the oppressor, and the voice of a tyrant. Perhaps the villain now sleeps in death—perhaps the eagle is now preying on his carcass—perhaps he is now called before the Lord of lords, and who knows how his accounts stand?" I then thought it prudent to look out for a place of safety in the night, and to my great joy found out a cave formed by the hand of nature, sufficiently spacious, with a large stone in the farther end, covered with moss, which I marked out for a pillow, for I had now slept for two years on the lap of my mother earth, so that a bed was the least part of my concern. The entrance to the

cave was narrow, and could be secured against the intrusion of the wolf or the bear with a few branches. The moment I entered I threw myself down, and in an instant fell asleep, and did not waken till the next morning. Hungary, perhaps, is the only country on earth that nature has exempted from the toils of the plough and the harrow: here every thing may be said to be spontaneous—the richest fruits that ever the sun ripened; so that the vegetable race may really call it their own country, their Paradise, and native seat. Having breakfasted, I sought for a spring, and soon found one as clear as crystal and as cold as ice: this was a precious discovery, for I must confess that the water is not good in Hungary. I often thought of my poor mother; I dreamt of her every night, and was afraid, if my evil genius should release the steward, that he would wreak his vengeance on her.

This thought for the present was the only one that gave my mind any uneasiness. I had no occasion to regret my seclusion from a world, in which I had been hardly treated from my infancy. To provide for future want was my principal concern; for this purpose I pulled several clusters of the richest grapes, and placed them to dry in the sun. I usually breakfasted on strawberries; and instead of being resigned to my situation, I became enamoured of it. One night,

in

in my sleep, I thought the steward appeared to me, with blood streaming from different parts of his body; his eyes seemed to burn in his head; I thought that I saw the word *revenge* written in every line of his countenance. My blood ran into icicles in my veins: I awoke in terror, and could scarce persuade myself that it was a dream; I strove to move, but could not; I strove to call on God, but I could not; and I watched for the return of the dawn with as much anxiety as the tender mother watches for the return of a beloved son in a dark ght. The welcome dawn at length came, but it uld not dissipate my uneasiness; my reflections began to thicken like a swarm of bees in the heat of the noontide sun, and every one of them pleaded in favour of the steward, and condemned me as a murderer. I walked out, but nothing could alleviate the sorrows that weighed down my mind: if I looked at my hands, I thought I saw spots of blood on them, which my tears could not wash out; I prayed, and I felt at last as if my prayer was heard: this was the first relief; but my reflections returned with the night, and I was afraid to sleep. Tired nature at length yielded to repose, and I passed the night in greater tranquillity than I had a right to expect. I was now enabled to converse a little with myself: "If the steward is fallen a prey," said I, "to the beasts of the forest, I shall

shall be caught, for his blood will cry to Heaven for vengeance, and the very prints of my feet will lead to my cave:—I shall be given up to justice—I shall be put to death, and all my relations, perhaps, will be condemned to die along with me; our name will be a by-word in the country, and our habitation will be sown with salt. Let me then provide for my safety, for if I remain here any longer, I shall be discovered: the love of life is sweet; it was given to me by my Maker, and I ought to preserve it as long as I can. My dream, perhaps, was a warning voice, whispered into my ear by the angel of the night, and I will avail myself of it." Moved by these impressions, I wandered through the wood for three days, and cheered myself with the hopes that Providence had vouchsafed to be my guide and guardian; for, strange to tell, I neither met with a wolf nor a bear in the whole way. I found out another cave, with a large flag at a little distance, which filled the entrance as exactly as if it had been designed for that purpose. In this situation I remained for two years: I amused myself with the study of nature; the variety of her works, or rather, the works of the God of nature, filled me with adoration and astonishment: every particle was finished beyond the power of imitation; I could observe no traces of the chisel, no flights of the shuttle, or any of those instruments that

the first artist is obliged to resort to in all his labours. I had never tasted the charms of society, therefore I could not regret them; I only regretted the loss of my Psalter, and shuddered when I thought of the fate of the steward: my mother often visited me in my slumbers, and sometimes I heard her voice in the day-time, as I walked along. "Man, that vain animal," said I, "has the arrogance to say, that every thing in the varied round of creation was made for his use and pleasure; but the slightest survey of all that is about me, proves to the contrary. These flowers flourish in the sun, and rejoice in his beams; they sleep as well as I—and oh that I were as innocent! The birds pour forth their music; they are charmed with their own concerts; they have their domestic cares, and they have their domestic bliss: these downy nests are not invaded by the hands of the spoiler—they are secure from the toils of the fowler. The very trees have their pleasures, and, perhaps, they have ideas peculiar to themselves. God is not the God of the dead—he is the God of the living, and all nature is animated."

These were my reflections; and as they were dictated by nature itself, who was my only tutoress, they are dear to me at this moment. One morning, as I was sitting under a vine that overshadowed me with its branches, I thought I heard a human

a human voice; my heart trembled, and a thousand thoughts immediately shot across my mind: I drew in my legs as gently as I could, and called upon the clusters to conceal me: in the course of a few seconds, I saw a person advance; he called to me in a gentle voice, and bade me not to be afraid. I collected sufficient courage to tell him, that I was not afraid: he came up to me, took me by the hand, and sat down by my side. "You see by my dress," said he, "that I am fled from society as well as yourself, and Heaven, no doubt, has brought us together." If I was charmed with his words, I was still more so with his countenance; there was so much sweetness in it, that my fears immediately vanished, and without any hesitation I told him my whole history, and in return he favoured me with the following outline of his own:

"My father is one of the wealthiest lords in all Hungary; and in point of antiquity, if not the first, our house may be ranked in the first line. Our hall is hung with the trophies of war; we have often stood in the pass, sought the foe in his own camp, and died the field with his blood. Our chaplain was a very good kind of man; he was a German; he had the honour and happiness of our family at heart, and my father was guided by him in temporal as well as in spiritual affairs. He advised him to send me to the university

versity of Jena, where I passed eight years under the superintendence of one of the most learned and pious men in that seminary. I returned to my native home in the eighteenth year of my age. As I was the only person in my family that had been brought up to the knowledge of letters, I used to amuse myself with reading; and if at times I mingled in the chase, it was rather on account of health than amusement. On one of these occasions, I happened to fall into a train of reflections on a passage which I had read the preceding night, so that I rode some miles without ever thinking of the hunt, or whither I was going; and when I looked about me, I could not tell where I was. I paused for some minutes, cast my eye around, but could not espy even a cottage; I rode on, and when I had gained the summit of a gently rising hill, I observed a castle, that out-topped a group of lofty trees at a distance. I made up to it, and was received in the most hospitable manner. The master of this Gothic mansion was, perhaps, the proudest of our *magnates*, as he traced his blood up to the founder of the Hungarian empire; but I found that he had little else to boast of except his herds, his slaves, and precious minerals.—I mistake—he had a daughter, worth all the herds, and slaves, and bleeding rubies in the world. Nature had formed her of the choicest mould, and

and her education was far superior to those of her rank. Such beauty demanded a tribute, and I laid my heart on the altar. This visit was succeeded by another, and every visit added fuel to my passion: it was refined; it was the purest flame, and I was happy to find that it warmed the most angelic bosom on earth. I must not detain you long:—one morning, as we stood together under a spreading palm, the emblem of our loves, her father and brother discovered our retreat. Regardless of my own life, I was only solicitous for that which was dearer to me; I thought to screen her from the fury of both. The son fired at me; I presented my breast to receive the ball, but the cruel fates were not so kind; it entered the bosom of his sister, and she sunk in my arms with a sigh. As soon as I saw that she was dead, I rushed forth like a boar galled with the dart of the huntsman: I drew my scimitar, and with one stroke laid him at my feet. The second brother by this time had reached the fatal spot; I flew at him, and in an instant his lifeless trunk sunk on the ground. The father levelled his pistol at me, but it missed fire; I raised my arm, but the breathless corpse of his daughter, beautiful even in death, restrained my fury, or I would have widowed the proud house of ——. A young man came up to

me; I know not as yet who he was; he led me by the arm to a large gate, where I found a horse ready saddled, which I mounted, and in an instant I was out of view. My wounds bleed afresh; but as I have proceeded thus far, I 'll go on. What was to be done?—I could not think of returning to my father's; I knew the enmity that subsisted between the two families; the pride of blood—the pride of domain—the pride of military exploits—these were the never-failing sources of that enmity; my return would only increase it. I rode, or rather flew, not from the pursuit, but from myself, rather; but I could not fly from myself. Tired at length, I alighted, and left the horse to chance—the faithful horse, that scarcely left the form of his hoof behind. The shades of night, and the shades of a still darker wood, enveloped me from every view but the view of Heaven. The next day I traversed the wood, unknowing what I sought; at night I ascended a tree, and about the hour of twelve I thought I heard the sound of a bell, slowly advancing on the undulating breeze. I was soothed with the sound; it spread a pleasing melancholy over my frame: at first I thought it might have been the effect of imagination, but in a few hours afterwards I heard the sound again, solemn, like the knell of some departed spirit. I began to think

think that it proceeded from some monastery, and I was right; for in a short time I saw the spires glittering in the beams of the morning sun. As I now had no interest in this world, it came into my mind, that I could not do better than to spend the rest of my days in such a retreat, in prayer, abstinence, reading, and meditation, as the only balm of a mind wounded like mine. Accordingly, I went up to the porter, and required to see the abbot, a venerable old man; I told all that had happened to me; he sympathized with my sorrows; I changed my name, and was admitted. I now bade adieu to the world, and seemed for some days to think, if every one knew the happiness of a monastic life, we should have nothing but monks and nuns; but I was soon disgusted with it. Instead of shutting out those passions that embitter human life, the gate was rather thrown open to them: such bickerings, contentions, superstition, ignorance, laziness, gluttony, &c. that I took the first opportunity that presented itself to make my escape, with a few books which I purchased, the dear companions of my solitude. I have now remained in this wood these three years; she that was once the idol of my heart, is now my guardian angel, and I have just finished an epitaph, which, if Heaven permit, I will inscribe to her memory, on a slab of white marble, which I have

polished for that purpose." The epitaph ran as follows:

"The fair whose dust sleeps underneath,
With us short time was doom'd to breathe;
Yet while she deign'd to dwell on earth,
Besides connexions and high birth,
Nature, thrice kind, with Fortune's dower,
Gave ev'ry gift within her power;
Each charm was fondly gaz'd upon,
And each had claimants more than one;
Compassion hop'd to gain her sigh,
Soft Pity languish'd for her eye;
The rose would court her fragrant breath,
Her song, the swain would sing in death.
Hopeless her fairness to assume,
The lily languish'd in its bloom;
Each virtue mark'd her for its own,
Love call'd her heart his rooted throne;
Prepar'd his bow, the arrow drew,
The shaft of death before it flew;
Yield all, yield love, unstain'd with pelf,
For God has claim'd her for himself."

He paused, and in that interval I 'll take the opportunity of saying, that I thought myself in heaven. I could scarce persuade myself for some moments that I was in company with a mortal being; he was young, finely formed, and his face shone like the face of an angel. I saw that he was pleased with my attention; it was deep,

deep, for every word he said sunk into the bottom of my heart, where it remains even at this distance of time. It was new to me, it was interesting to me; and therefore it is no wonder if it made a deep impression on me. He invited me to accompany him to his cave; it was at some distance; but conversation beguiled the length of the way.

Stranger. When I first entered this dark forest, I cannot describe the variety of passions that contended for the mastery in my breast. In a day or two, however, the tumult began to subside, and reason, that had been banished for some time from her throne, was recalled by religion and philosophy to resume the sceptre. It would appear romantic if I were to tell the variety of little incidents that befell me in the course of the first week:—I cannot pass over one: I think it was on the fifth day, as I was walking near the brow of a rugged precipice, I cast my eye on a spreading oak, that seemed to have some figures cut on its stem: I went up, and to my great surprise found four letters of the alphabet, curiously cut out beneath the rude figure of a man. I forget the philosopher that exclaimed in rapture, "Men have been here!" when he saw some mathematical figures on the sand in a desert. I looked round, and saw an opening betwixt two rocks; I entered with trembling steps, and found a hatchet

and a pair of compasses! I paused for some time in ecstacy over this treasure; I advanced to the upper end of the grotto, and there I saw a smooth stone with the following lines cut on it:

"Life 's made up of hopes and fears,
In other words, of smiles and tears;
But our smiles are easy reckon'd,
And they vanish in a second;
Whilst our overflowing tears
Can't be number'd up in years."

As I may say I was heir at law to the truth of these verses, I took possession of the cave; and as no one has, from that hour to this, attempted to dispute my claim, I have kept possession of it ever since.

Author. Nor is it likely that any one ever will. Did you meet with any thing afterwards that led to the discovery of the first inhabitant?

Stranger. Nothing: I wish I could. I intend to divide it with you, however; we shall be so happy!

Author. I look on this to be the happiest day of my life; my good friend the Pole used to say, that happiness unmixed was not to be tasted on this side the grave.

Stranger. If you do not shake the cup too often, the lees will sink to the bottom.

Author. Now, Sir, you see that I am young; I know

I know nothing of the world; I never had any intercourse with it; I know nothing of books; I never, as I have already told you, read but one in my life; and what is more, I know nothing even of the very country I was born in. I have seen two or three castles in my life, but I dare not approach them; they seemed to frown on the very cottage that strove to conceal the turf-crowned shed, at an humble distance. I have seen some of the domestics of these wealthy lords mounted on horses, richly caparisoned; the bridles glittered with precious stones, that shone even in the lustre of the sun; and the very horses themselves seemed to glory in the pride of their riders. I am indebted for the little that I know to the honest Pole; and so far I find that whatever he told me is true.

Stranger. It behoves every man to know something of the geography and history of the country that gave him birth. We are indebted to our natal soil in many respects: if our parents should die, or inhumanly desert us, our country will foster our infancy. These lessons ought to be the first taught in our schools; but instead of that, we are led in our youth to Rome, the proud mistress of the world. We are charmed with the conquests of those splendid robbers of mankind, the Romans: these conquests are exhibited in such captivating language, that we for-

get the miseries of the conquered in the triumphant shouts of the victors. But the time will come, that mankind will pay a little more attention to their own histories, and, if they do, they will find as many subjects for praise in their own heroes, as they now do in those of the people I have just mentioned: nay, I think the catalogue of the Roman heroes will be much diminished, when the beams of philosophy dissipate the clouds of prejudice, that now hang over the minds of men, and which, in some measure, will cloud the brightest understanding through time. I will now give you, as far as I can recollect, the outline of the history of our own state. I think it matters very little from what part of the globe we came. As to the emigrations of nations, they have been so numerous when war and conquest was the trade of mankind, that it is impossible, at this time of day, to trace any one nation to its native source: writers on writers have written on this fruitless subject, and I do not find that they have shed much light on it; nay, indeed, the light they have shed, *ignis fatuus* like, only serves to lead the reader astray. Language is the only guide that is now left us in this intricate path: *Qui gentium origines destitutas ab historia, ex linguarum mutua adfinitate, aut similitudine, nituntur illustrare, viam illi quidem ineunt non insolitam, &c.* (which he explained to me);

me); but even the links of this chain are often broken, and the history of the origin of every nation is blended with clumsy fables and fashionable lies. On this occasion the Hungarian language may well claim the superiority over that of any other; it is insulated—it bears no affinity to any one known language on earth. It agrees, undoubtedly, with the Turkish in twenty or thirty words, which may be easily accounted for from the intercourse of the two nations. The *Huns*, *Abares*, or *Avares*, and Hungarians, are one and the same people—*Asiatics*. In 479, they were divided into two classes, the Asiatic and European Hungarians; the latter were mixed with the Bulgarians; and about the sixth century the name of *Huns*, or *Hungarians*, was first known in Europe. As the seeds of war were sown in every man's bosom in those days, it is no wonder if the pages of our history down to the present day, stream with blood; so that you may turn over leaf after leaf, and scarce meet with any thing but plunder, devastation, fire, and famine; one castle reared its head against another, and the son stood in battle array against the father, and the father against the son; and I am sorry to say, that even time, and the precepts of Christianity, written in milk, have little tended to extinguish the sparks of private animosity and public indignation. The Hungarians

garians are gallant soldiers; they delight in the sound of the trumpet and the neighing of the war-horse: what they gained by the sword, they maintain by the sword; and if ever they yield it up, it will be with their breath. Hungary is the richest country in the universe: look at her surface—look at her vine, look at her fruits;—wherever the plough has been introduced, her vallies float in wheat and barley, and all sorts of grain: you see the reaper on the heels of the sower; nay, I may venture to say, that her spring is richer than the harvests of other nations. What are all these in comparison to the wealth she has concealed in her bowels: her mines of gold, silver, iron, lead, precious stones, quicksilver, &c.? It would seem that Nature, in some great revolution, had collected her treasures, and deposited them in the womb of this country. When I call precious stones treasures, don't think I intend to place so high a value on them as I do on the fruits and productions of the fields; precious stones may lose their lustre in the eye of beauty, and those that prize them at present; but Agriculture renews her age every moment—she appears in a new garb every day; she may be said to flourish in perpetual youth: content and health, and even arts and sciences, are found in her train: if she crowds the tables of the great with luxury, she fills the humble board

board with abundance; all those that are willing to enter into her service are rewarded; she fortifies the meanest cottage against the attacks of winter; she smooths the bed of the labouring hind, and amuses his slumbers with light fantastic dreams. Philosophy, however, like Nature, turns every thing to her own account, and to the best advantage: the sound of the anvil was heard long before the days of Pythagoras, but it was reserved for the Samian sage to turn those sounds into music, and to range them in sweet concord under the banners of science. Whilst our *magnates* are diving into the mine for diamonds, the natural philosopher will yet dive into the same in pursuit of what is more precious than diamonds—truth. It is in the bowels of the earth that we are to search for the works of God; it is there we are to trace the revolutions of nature, as Pliny, the Roman naturalist, very justly observes: *Sunt sub terra minus nota nobis jura naturæ, sed non minus certa:—crede infra, quidquid vides supra.* Perhaps it is the bowels of the earth that the chronologist will yet look for those years that rolled away: perhaps it is in the bowels of the earth that the divine will yet look for additional proofs of Holy Writ, if any are wanting. Perhaps it is in the bowels of the earth that the physician will yet look for medicines, that may soften the agonies of pain, and

expand the rose of health on the pallid cheek of youth; nay, even the geographer, who has traversed the surface of the globe, may yet find in the interior of it, the remains of cities swallowed up by earthquakes, or those that have sunk under the silent touches of time. Having now given you a faint outline of the wealth of our native country, you have a right to expect that the inhabitants of it are the happiest of the human race; they ought to be so, but I am sorry to say that they are not. Our nobility are ignorant; they have not yet emerged from barbarism; they pride themselves in the extent of their domains, the antiquity of their families, the number of their horses, and the fleetness, ferocity, and sagacity of their dogs; nay, dogs and horses engross their affection. I do not blame them for their attention to those animals in a certain degree. A horse is one of the most finished animals in the creation: nature, as well as man, seems to be proud of the stately steed: Grettla, the Icelandic poet, has sung the praises of a horse, in numbers that will live through all eternity; and the fidelity of the dog is proverbial; yet there are some truly noble amongst our lords. As to the people, the common herd, they are not even considered as drops of water in the bucket, or dust in the balance: you 'll find no breast warmed with the love of letters; our monasteries

nasteries are filled with ignorance and superstition; you scarce meet with a book in one of them, or, if you do, it is a book of cookery. As to war, I can't blame my fellow-subjects; the situation of our country is warlike, if I may use the expression; we are encircled by powerful nations on every side, who would swallow us up, if we did not keep the bow always ready; but I look forward to happier days. When the *crescent** is in the wane, then the sun of Hungary will shine in milder glory, and the lord and the peasant will rejoice in its beams; but that period is remote. We are at present composed of seven different nations, and as many tongues; when their sounds are mixed and lost in one, then our interest will be one; we shall then have the same enemy and the same friends. Our situation as a nation ought to render us happy; we are cut off from the ocean, and of course from foreign commerce; for it is trade that debauches the human heart, and teaches us to place a price on the best affections of the mind in a commercial country. Connubial love is bought and sold; there is a price annexed to it in the national sale catalogue; the very patents of their nobility shine in golden sands. All commercial states have a certain period of duration, as well as those that are founded on extensive conquest.

* The Turks.

The

The Phœnicians built Malaga; they planted colonies in Abdera and Carthage, and not content with the gold of Spain, they brought tin from the Cassiterides; they sunk in splendid ruin, and have not left even a native poet or historian behind them. Tyre, the daughter of Zidon, is no more: Tyre, that was situate at the entry of the sea, "a merchant of the people for many isles," is sunk into oblivion:—her emeralds and broidered work are no more.

This shews you the superior advantages of agriculture, and the happiness of an inland state, blessed with abundance, and good laws impartially administered. I am afraid, after what I have said, that these flowers and fruits will fade in your eye, and that you will one day exclaim, "It is not good for man to be alone."

Author. On the contrary, those fruits and flowers appear brighter than ever in my eye; and if I even indulged an inclination to visit the world, you have cured me.

Stranger. Then let us be happy together; I have some books; they are written in Latin, but I 'll teach you that language: I 'll teach you all that I know, and I 'll tell you all that I know.

Author. Then you 'll make me happy, indeed!

This specimen will enable the reader to judge of the advantages which a willing mind might derive from the society of such an enlightened man.

man. As I had, what is called in my language, a *moist* memory, susceptible of every impression, it should be matter rather of surprise than otherwise, if I did not make a rapid progress in the Latin language. I was not more charmed with the fables of Virgil than I was with those of Livy, the father of Roman history. I was enraptured with his harangues, and blessed the imagination of the historian that had penned them: they convinced me that the son of Padua had a perfect knowledge of the character of his countrymen, and that he was a master of his own language, which is more than every writer can boast; for language and music may be well compared, and the magical effects of one and the other cannot be described even on the coldest ear and the dullest heart.

He also formed a globe, on which we traced all the flights of the Roman eagle, as well as the conquests of Attila, &c. I was young, and, of course, inexperienced: I followed these barbarous conquerors into the very heat of the battle, and as often as victory perched on their standard, I rejoiced. My friend saw this: he found a ready apology for it in my youth; he depicted those enemies of the human race in their proper colours, and taught me to detest the laurels that were stained with the blood of the innocent, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and the

the orphan. Though he was an excellent geographer, and had seen many places with his own eyes, yet I could not help perceiving, that as often as I touched on the situation, &c. of any country, he availed himself of the first opportunity to change the conversation. There are some that cannot bear even to reflect on past pleasures, and there are others who are never so happy as when they are talking of them. I recollect that I asked him one day if he had ever been in Bohemia; he paused, and with a sigh answered, that he had spent some happy days in that country. I expressed a wish to know something of it, when he gave me the following particulars, which I treasured up in my memory, that faithful recorder of all my joys and all my woes. "The first inhabitants of Bohemia were probably the Celts, who, in the earliest ages of antiquity, inhabited the north-west part of Europe. They were conquered by the Marcomanni, and these, in their turn, were obliged to yield to the arms of the Slavi, who have retained that kingdom ever since. The manners of the ancient inhabitants resembled those of other barbarous nations. The young women bore arms, and fought by the side of the men; they wore even the same dress; but after the death of Libusse, their first chief, they assumed a lighter garb of many colours, but would not acknowledge

ledge the superiority of man in war, or in the chase. Towards the latter end of the thirteenth century, the men wore their beards, and valued themselves not a little on the length of their hair, which generally flowed over their shoulders. The dress of the nobles consisted of a short strait coat or jacket, with a bonnet that ended in a point somewhat in the form of a cone. The peasants were vested in long cloaks and pantaloons. The priests wore bonnets in the form of a crown; and, what may appear a little extraordinary, never appeared in public without a sword by their side. They buried their dead in the woods: the ceremony of interment was immediately succeeded by a *fête*, which sometimes continued without interruption for a fortnight, nay, even longer, in proportion to the quality of the deceased. Their heathen ancestors were sunk in the grossest idolatry; nor has the light of Christianity, even at this day, entirely dissipated the dark clouds of Paganism. The present inhabitants are lusty, with bright eyes, and pale brown hair: the women are very well made, fantastic in their dress, passionately fond of music and dancing, and, I may add, amorous. The peasantry are stupid—as stupid as those of Germany; but those whom fortune has released from the toils of the plough and the spade are lively, and even sometimes blunder out a witti-

cism. They consume large quantities of Hungarian and German wines; but their ordinary beverage is beer, which is lighter and less bitter than the malt liquors of Saxony, which are much esteemed. They speak German in many of the towns, but the Slavonian is their native language. Bohemia is a very fertile country, but little indebted to agriculture. You mentioned the other day something of Arabia, and you seemed to think the inhabitants of that country the happiest in the universe; I was almost going to say, that happiness is a relative term, and I believe, if every man was called on for his definition of that word, that we should have as many definitions as there are men. Happiness is not to be localized; the inhabitants of the frozen regions would not exchange their frosts and snows for all the golden treasures of the East. Their frosts and snows are their treasures; they glide over the one, and sleep on the other with as much pleasure as if they sunk on a bed of down; the cold strings their nerves, and fills their veins with health and activity. I think that history would bear me out if I asserted, that all the eastern and southern nations have been conquered by the hardy sons of the North: men and steel will penetrate the remotest corner of the globe. The Sacæ, Dai, Getæ, Goths, Heneti, and Sarmatians, flowed from the north-east of Asia; the Tartars

Tartars under Tamerlane overran Asia; the Goths and Vandals devastated the rich provinces of Spain and the classic shores of Italy. The Assyrians conquered the Chaldeans; the Assyrians conquered the Medes; the Greeks triumphed over the Persians, and the quivered Parthian subdued the lettered Greek. Look at the descendants of the Tartar nation; one fills the throne of China—another wields the sceptre of Persia—a third wears the Ottoman crescent—and a fourth commands the palace of Delhi."

These observations were followed by a panegyric on the pleasures of solitude, and the study of nature; so that I secretly promised the rest of my life should be entirely devoted to that pursuit. We had now passed five years together, and enjoyed, thank Heaven, in all that time, an uninterrupted state of health. One winter's morning the flint was mislaid; he proposed to go out and look for one, but I told him that I could produce fire by rubbing two sticks together, and entreated him to witness the experiment: he told me I had no occasion to give myself all that trouble, as there were flints enough at a little distance, he would bring home some curious ones, and that it would amuse us to trace their different shades: at length I consented that he should go, but requested he would make all the haste he could back, which

he promised to do, as the morning was chilly, and he wished to warm himself by the fire. He was scarce out of my sight, when I repented that I had consented to let him go; I strove to amuse myself, but could not; I counted the minutes —I chid myself for my anxiety, but in vain; I walked up and down the cave, counted my steps, and paused at every one to listen; I walked to the door of the cave; I ran out at length, climbed up a tree, and called out as loud as I could. I gave him up for lost; I thought I saw his mangled body in the paws of a wolf; the sun shone bright, but it did not shine on me. The tears ran down my cheeks; I wept and prayed alternately. The evening came, and the clouds of night descended; but my friend, my brother, my dear companion, did not return! I passed the night, but I don't know how I passed it. The morning came, but did not bring any healing in its wings; I ventured out; I sought him, but could not find even the print of his foot; I called, but he did not answer: I wished for death a thousand times, but all in vain; I then gave him up for lost, indeed! I called on religion, and religion at last poured her balm into my wounded heart. A large quantity of snow had fallen, and I ventured out once more, in hopes that I might trace his footsteps: at length, I happened to alight on the mark of a human

foot; I knelt down and kissed it; hope and fear alternately ruled my bosom: I followed the track for miles, and ere I was aware, came to the cottage of a peasant. I entered the door, and was so faint with hunger and fatigue, that I sunk down senseless on a stool, that was handed to me. When I came to life, I saw the ruddy family around me, and the good woman of the peaceful cot employed in chafing my hands: I looked, and she redoubled her kind office, for she saw by my looks that I thanked her from the bottom of my heart.

I was so sensibly affected with the kindness of the good woman, that I cursed the man in my heart that ever said a word against the sex; for in truth, we should be but brutes without them—the last and best gift of heaven. As soon as my spirits found their level, I drank a little milk, warm from the cow, and ate a small slice of barley bread. The young man, whose footsteps had guided me to this peaceful abode, entered in a short time after; he was the eldest son; the mother threw her arms about his neck, and wept over him; he strove to conceal the tears that started in his eyes, and assured her that he had met with no danger by the way. I was pleased with the reciprocal affection of the mother and the son; the one in the meridian of life, and the other in the dawn of manhood, a fine youth,

well formed, a diamond that required little polish. In the evening, the head of the family returned, and on his very entrance seemed to forget the labours of the day in the smiles of his wife and children. He shook me by the hand; a token of friendship said to have been introduced into Hungary by the Goths. After supper, I told them my little story; and though some parts of it drew tears from them, yet they all laughed when I related the beating that I gave the steward. "Well," said the monarch of the cot, "thank Heaven, our steward is one of the best of men, as well as our lord: every person that lives under him is happy; he knows us all by our names; he visits us when we are sick; and if any man dare to oppress us, woe be to him!" I was highly pleased with the character of the master and the servant, and prayed most sincerely for the health and prosperity of both. The next morning, the young man insisted on my accepting a suit of his clothes, for he had two, and, as he was nearly of my own height, they fitted me very well. I wished to join the father and the son in the labours of the field, but they would not hear of it till I had at least rested myself. At night I used to entertain them with stories; and as they firmly believed in the existence of ghosts, particularly in the mines, I framed little tales, in which I introduced as many of

of those imaginary beings as I could: I always took care to have something of a moral in every story—something that might mend the heart, and point out the goodness of Providence in the creation and preservation of man. Superstition and ignorance had planted a large monastery at a little distance. One morning, the abbot appeared at the door on horseback; he was of such an unwieldy form, that every one in the house was called to assist him to alight; I joined the rest, and as my face appeared new to him, he surveyed me from top to toe; the moment he could draw his breath, and open his eyes, which were buried in a mountain of fat, he spoke to me. After some questions, he asked me if I was disposed to work; I told him that I was; that I had been brought up to labour from my infancy, and that I took a pleasure in it:—I thought it was best to say so: he desired me to call the next morning at the monastery. The whole family were rejoiced to hear that the abbot had taken notice of me; my mother (for so I shall always call her) knew very well, however, that it was in vain to approach the holy garrison, unless I carried a small present in my hand; she therefore gave me a little basket of fresh eggs. I was met at the gate by the rosy abbot, who entered into the following conversation with me.

Abbot. You say you have been brought up to labour?

Author. Yes, father.

Abbot. So much the better: idleness is the root of all evil. Every man should labour in his own vocation: one man was made to till the earth, and another to pray for the increase: you may be very happy here; you will be under the eye of many whose thoughts are in heaven; they have fled from the world, and all the false joys of the world, to abstinence and prayer. We are going to lay out a garden, and you will help to plant and weed it.—Do you know any thing of gardening?

Author. I do, a little.

Abbot. You must lead a life of sobriety:—drunkenness is the root of all evil; it turns a man to a beast—leads him into a thousand vices.

Author. Certainly, father.

Abbot. Then, as to women, you must avoid them as you would a speckled snake; you must not mind rosy cheeks and rosy lips; some of them, if they can't catch you one way, will catch you another; some will wound with a pair of bright eyes; some will entangle your heart in their hair: if they dance, your heart will dance with them; and if they sing—— to be sure I have known some women that have sung like nightingales—I say, you must take care of them.

Author. I will.

Abbot. You 'll say so: Solomon was a wise man,

man, and Sampson was a strong man, and yet they were both subdued by women. There is a young girl that lives at a little distance, and you must not go near her on any account; she's to be sure an angel in disguise; I wish her a thousand miles from this monastery, on your account, young man.

Author. I 'll follow your advice in every thing —you 'll find I will, father.

Abbot. You can lead my horse when I ride out?

Author. I will with pleasure.

Abbot. Then, God bless you; call on me in the evening about half an hour after you hear the *complein* bell ring.

The deductions I drew from his conversation, I must confess, were not very favourable to his chastity; and as to his appearance, I was convinced that I could not place abstinence and self-denial in the catalogue of his virtues. I called according to appointment. He led me to a room, with a bed, two stools, and a little table. "This is to be your sleeping-room," said he, "and you 'll eat and drink with the rest of the servants; I think," added he, "you 'll be pleased with your usage and fare." I thanked him a thousand times for his goodness, and promised again to do every thing in my power to please him. As the weather was fine, he rode out

out every day for the space of six weeks; I led the horse, and as often as he fell asleep, I was obliged to hold him in the saddle, which was not an easy task. I forget how it was that he found I could read: I was alarmed lest this discovery might lead to my ruin; but I was happy to find, however, that he expressed some pleasure at it. I must do him the justice to say, that he was very good humoured, at least, to me; but as to the monks that were under him, he used to keep them at an oriental distance. One day, he sent for me, and led me to the library, as he called it, which was composed of a few books, chiefly the lives of saints, stuffed with miracles, and catalogues of precious relics, as he called them. I affected to set a great value on these writings, particularly one, the life of Saint Anthony, written in barbarous Latin, which he praised to the skies as the very paragon of human composition. In the height of his rhapsody on the beauty and sublimity of the style, I soon perceived that he was a very poor judge of the Latin tongue, for in the rapidity of his reading he set all prosody at defiance; and when he came to construe a few words, syntax shared the same fate. I pretended that I was enraptured with his remarks, and gazed at him as a prodigy of learning: "Oh, Sir," said I, "what a pity such a treasure of knowledge should be buried in the walls of a cloister!"

cloister!" This piece of flattery had its full effect; he put four golden ducats into my hand, and made me a present of a pair of beads, with a silver cross. In passing through the hall, he cast his eye into a corner, and called to me in a hasty tone; "There," said he, "take that book; it is not fit that I should profane my hand with it; take it, and burn it—a book of necromancy; it belonged to my predecessor; I wish I could say, Lord have mercy on his soul! That book is full of lines and circles, all necromancy: he was a conjuror.—Burn it, burn it, immediately! While he lived, nothing prospered in the monastery; our wine lost its flavour; our wild-fowl lost their taste, and the devil entered into our swine.—Take it, I must not look at it." He then hobbled off as fast as he could. I took up the book, and found that it was a Treatise on Mathematics: I kissed it; I pressed it to my bosom; and lest it should be torn from me, I ran off with it to the woods, and left the monastery to the idle drones that consumed the fruits of the earth at the expense of the sweat and labour of others.

I was so intent on my book—on my treasure, that I thought of nothing else: it was the first mathematical work I had ever seen; for my dear friend, the companion of my solitude, after he had led me by the hand through all the flowery

fields of poetry; after he had opened to my view all the treasures of history, rich with the spoils of ages; after he had conducted me within view of the temple of philosophy and the bowers of contemplation, paused, and told me, that mathematics exceeded them all; that the study of that science would enable me to trace the footsteps of truth with certainty; that words would bud and blossom, and fall away like the leaves in autumn, but mathematics would remain when the heavens would be gathered up in a roll, and when the earth would melt away with fervent heat. Every thing that fell from his lips made a deep impression on my heart; and as all the faculties of my mind were directed to one object, the discovery of Truth, it will not appear surprising if I grasped, with enthusiastic ardour, the clue that promised to guide me to her mystic abode. I ascended a tree, and read and thought till the shades of night fell all around me. I leaned my head against one of the branches, and began to meditate, not on the dangers I had escaped, nor those that might await me in future, but on lines, sines, and tangents. The morning gale was cold; the branches were covered with a heavy dew, but the sun soon spread his golden mantle over the tops of the highest trees: the sight was beautiful; I enjoyed it, for my mind was at

ease.

ease. As it now seemed to be written in the book of fate, that I should pass the rest of my days in the company of trees, birds, and wild beasts, I looked out for a convenient place in which I might remain in security. After traversing the forest for some days, I found one at last, and remained in it for two years: at the end of that period, a thought came into my head; it was a wicked one, to be sure; but I have promised to conceal nothing; it was to rob the library in the monastery of all the books I could carry away. My mind revolted at first against the idea, but I reasoned thus with myself: "These books are of no manner of use to those that possess them; they are like lamps in sepulchres, that only warm the unfruitful urn; I may turn them to some benefit; I may leave something behind that may render my name dear to posterity: in a few years they will be eaten up by the worms, or melt away in the damp; besides, the abbot is indebted to me:—the labourer is worthy of his hire—and I worked hard for less than a penny a day." Religion, reason, and common honesty, opposed themselves to these reflections, but in vain; I was determined to put my plan into execution, with this salvo, that I should return them when I had collected all the honey contained in the most precious flowers:

flowers: "For it may be," said I to myself, "that I shall find some flowers amongst the weeds which I saw." Accordingly, I set out from my cave, and having gained the verge of the wood that lay next to the monastery, I concealed myself in the darkest part of it, till the night fell. About the hour of twelve, when all the fraternity were buried in sleep, I clambered over the wall that encircled the cloister. As I was preparing to ascend the library window, the watch-dog began to howl; I ran towards one of the gates, and ascended it in an instant; I thought to make my escape, but in the hurry I fell down on the opposite side, and received such a shock in the fall, that I fainted away. When I recovered, I found myself in the hands of the porter and his two sons: they carried me to the lodge, bound me hand and foot, and about ten o'clock in the morning led me into the presence of the abbot. I read my fate in his countenance:—such a map of Africa—such a collection of wild beasts! I could hear them in his voice: the growl of the tiger, the howl of the wolf, the churning of the bear, and the whine of the hyena. "Well," said he, "we have caught the young fox at last, and in his own trap too—the young necromancer! but his lines and his circles will not avail him; Saint Jerome has

has delivered him into our hands. He thought to get at the few bottles of *Sirmian* *, which I ordered to be left in the library, and which was blest, too, by Saint Nicholas; but Saint Jerome has delivered this young magician into our hands, and the devil, his master, shall not snatch him out of the net in which he was caught." On saying these words, he ordered me to be conveyed to the old cellar, which was upwards of thirty feet under-ground. About twelve o'clock the turnkey conducted me on a platform, which was erected for the purpose in the front of the monastery, where I was exhibited to an immense crowd, with a label on my breast, on which were written the following words: "This is a necromancer, that deals with the devil." There was a person appointed to read the lines to the people: some were for tearing me to pieces, and others for starving me to death. One of the monks, in whose face I could discern something of the human kind, appeased the fury of the enraged multitude. Having remained an hour in this situation, I was re-conducted to my prison: I was allowed a little bread and water, which I mingled with my tears. I stretched myself that and the succeeding nights on the cold flags. When the jailer brought the bread and

* A very rich and pleasant wine, which grows in the south of Hungary.

water,

water, he seemed to tremble at the sight of me, and begged that I would not touch him, nor even speak to him, and that he hoped in a few days to see me burned alive. My confidence in Heaven never deserted me; as to death, there was no terror in his threats. On the fourth morning, curiosity led me to survey the extent of my prison, and as it was quite dark, I groped my way along the wall; to my astonishment, I found a door in one of the corners which opened with a little pressure: a ray of light—of heavenly light, firstborn of creation, shone in upon me; and what was almost as dear, a breath of fresh air, that lightly fanned my bloodless cheek. I paused, and examined this second apartment, and found another door, which opened to a subterraneous passage: I walked along it with trembling foot, and when I came to the end, I found some steps, which I ascended, and when I had gained the uppermost one, I pressed my hand against a flag, or board, I know not which; it gave way, and in an instant a flood of light broke in upon me. I thought I was in heaven, and so I was; for the presence of God is every where. I inhaled the fresh breeze; every pulse beat with new-born life; the sky, the fields—— but it was no time for contemplation: I fled on the wings of the morning, and gained the summit of a vast precipice, that pro-

jected

jected over the richest valley in the universe. I thought it best to pass a few days in this situation, till the pursuit cooled; on the fifth day, I began to think of the most secure mode of regaining my cave, which contained all that was dear to me on earth—my mathematical book: in less than two days, some kind angel conducted my weary steps to it. Solitude was now dearer to me than ever. One morning, as I was gathering some withered sticks to make a fire, as I raised my head, I was surprised by the appearance of a young man at a little distance, with a hunting-pole in his hand: he called out, and entreated me not to be the least alarmed, as he never injured any one in his life. My mind told me that I had nothing to fear, so that I walked up to him, and saluted his cheek. I brought him to my cave, and made him drink a glass of wine of my own preparation. He took me by the hand, and pressed it: "I tell you again," said he, "that you need not be afraid of me; I have heard of all that happened to you in the monastery. I received my education in Vienna, and of course I laughed at the charges they brought against you: I am glad, however, that you gave Saint Jerome the slip; for if you had not, they would have burned you at the stake; but henceforward, I 'll share your fate, and if you are doomed to drink hemlock, I 'll

pledge you. I shall endeavour to get you conveyed out of the country; for the revenge of a monk never dies; and at this minute they have bloodhounds, in human form, in pursuit of you; but, thank Heaven, the light of the Reformation begins at length to shine in this long-benighted country, and in that light these monasteries will melt away like snow in the beams of the sun." In short, I accompanied him to his father's house, where I remained concealed for two months. As successive troops of pilgrims from Bohemia were now on their march to the shrine of Saint Martin, it was agreed that I should join one of those superstitious idle gangs, which might be compared to locusts, that devoured every thing in their way, and even surpassed the gipsies in thievery. I was soon trimmed out in a pilgrim's suit, with a staff, and pair of beads—I was going to say, a league in length: I was also taught to mumble some prayers over them. In this dress, I joined a group composed of the merriest fellows in the universe. I was pleased with the conversation of two in particular; one might be about twenty-four years of age, and the other about forty; of a gay, lively disposition. I affected to be very grave, but they soon saw that it was not my natural disposition. For the sake of distinction, I shall call the young man a *rake*, and the other was a physician. On

the third evening of our march, the Doctor whispered me to follow them at a little distance, as soon as I should see them separate themselves from the rest: I did so, and when I came up to them, they began to rally me on my affected gravity, and to turn the shrine of Saint Martin, and all his devotees, into ridicule. Having walked about half a league, we came to a very fine house: I was surprised to see them enter it with as much familiarity as if it were their own. The lady of this stately mansion received us in the kindest manner, and ordered the maids to bring water and wash our feet. Every thing was new to me; the walls were hung with fine paintings, glasses, &c. They were all highly pleased with my simplicity, which they soon saw was not affected. The supper was sumptuous—the richest wines of Virovichitz: the lady was a Slavonian; she honoured us with her company. As soon as the cloth was removed, and the lady had withdrawn, my companions pushed about the glass, and their conversation added an additional flavour to it. I was left to drink as much or as little as I pleased. I told them my adventures, and they laughed heartily at them: they were highly pleased with my description of the fat infuriated abbot, and his charge to me about the young girl. "Well," said the Doctor, "you must take care and bring no more eggs to a monastery;—

nastery;—your abbots are excellent judges of eggs.

"Regula presbyteri jubet hæc pro lege teneri,
Quod bona sunt ova hæc, candida, longa, nova."

"I bless my stars," said the young Bohemian, that I was not caught in one of those cages called a monastery: but how do I pity the poor nuns, immured in a living sepulchre!—for what is a nunnery but the grave of youth, beauty, and innocence? My father," said he, addressing himself to me, "is a very good kind of man, but the priests rule him; they have fettered his mind with beads; they eat his meat, they drink his wine, they ride his horses, and if a murmur should escape him, he is threatened with the fire of purgatory. He thinks I am now kissing the shrine of Saint Martin; but I would much rather kiss——"

Doctor. Take care—you must humour the old man:—he is very rich, you know.

Bohemian. I wish he may live to enjoy his wealth: I have an estate of my own; I am fond of my pleasures, it is true; but I am no spendthrift: I am not like one of those that live on the harvest of next year's sickle; I shall never drink a glass beyond the relish of it. He wants me to marry a rich widow: no, no, none of your jointured widows for me, even though she possessed

sessed a palatinate; she would consider me as a purchase, and as such she would treat me: let me have one of my own choice, my equal in years, in estate, and temper.

Doctor. A rare jewel!

Bohemian. A jewel that I could wear in my bosom. You have fine women in Hungary—(addressing himself to me).

Author. I never saw many of my fair countrywomen.

Bohemian. But I have seen many of them: such shapes and complexions—as straight as a pine—every hair finer than Cupid's bowstring—the lily and the rose contending for the empire of their cheeks—with lips like the bleeding ruby, and only made to kiss each other: how your cold philosophers and snarling cynics have endeavoured to decry the loveliest part of the creation! It is for woman, after all, that we live; and it is woman that sweetens all the cares of life: it is for woman that the poet first tunes his lyre: the painter is happy to catch the distant semblance of her angelic face: it is love that invites the sculptor's chisel, and wings the shuttle: in war, who would be roused by the sound of the trumpet, if the general did not tell us that we were called forth to bleed for the safety of our fair countrywomen?

Author. Though I cannot speak from expe-

rience, yet I feel the truth of what you say. But war——

Bohemian. Yes, war, I confess, has many inducements: the finest men, the finest horses, the richest dress, the finest music, and the greatest reward—the heart and hand of the woman you idolize—these are the inducements that lead to the tented field.

Author. We should not go to war for the sake of war.

Doctor. But what will you say to the prince or general that kindles the flames of war merely for the sake of plunder or conquest?

Author. I would be one of the first to meet that prince or general in the gate on such an occasion; I should look on death to be glorious in such a cause. I know that there are spirits in the world, who, salamander-like, can only exist in fire; such men, if it be fair to call them by that name, may well be marked as the enemies of the human race.

Doctor. May such names be gibbetted to all eternity!

The Bohemian entertained us with several stories of the tricks which he had put on monks, to the no small merriment of the company, which was now enlivened by the addition of the lady of the house, and her sister, a beautiful young woman, who had been bred in Prague. About

About ten o'clock, the servant entered the room, and beckoned to his mistress. On her return, there was something in her look that eclipsed the gaiety of the conversation. The Doctor begged that she would conceal nothing: she paused; and having cast a look at me, she said she hoped that her fears were ill founded, but that some men of a suspicious appearance had been observed walking under the hedge by the light of the moon. There was no time to be lost in deliberation. As there was no place in the house in which I could be concealed, it was agreed that I should make the best of my way to a wood that lay at some distance. I walked out of the back door as softly as I could, and when I had gotten about half a mile off, I thought myself quite secure; when three men started from behind a tree, seized, bound me hand and foot, and threw me across a horse, that was tied to one of the branches. They swore in the most horrid manner, that if I attempted to make the least noise, they would immediately light a fire, and burn me in it. Their threats, however, did not prevent me from calling out, which brought some people about us. The wretches swore that I was a magician; that I had bewitched two monasteries, and that they had caught me in conversation with the devil; on which the people cried out, with one voice, "Burn him, burn

him!" In this manner they carried me to the castle of Plindeburgh, where I was committed to the keep, a dark, cold dungeon, forty feet under-ground. In this state I remained for three days and as many nights; my only sustenance a little bread and water: on the morning of the fourth day, I was conducted into the presence of the governor, a venerable old man, descended from the ancient house of Toekoeli; he was covered with wounds, which he had received in the Turkish wars. He desired that I should be unbound: "Now," said he, "I shall listen to all you have to say; but raise your voice, for my hearing is rather dull." I told him all in as few words as I could: when I had done, he ordered some bread and wine to be set before me; several officers were present, not one of whom attempted to speak; at length, the old man said, "Your countrymen have not treated you very well, and yet it is to lines and circles that they are indebted, in a great measure, for their safety:—this garrison is raised on the principles of mathematics." He then proposed a mathematical question to me, which I had the good luck to solve to his satisfaction. "Well," said he, "to put you out of all danger at once, you had better join my regiment; you are young and healthy, and you 'll make an excellent soldier in time." I assured him that I should be proud

proud to have the honour of serving under him in any capacity; that I was no stranger to the military achievements of his illustrious house; that Hungary was still dear to me, though I had been hunted down by a parcel of monks. The old general started up, put his hand on my mouth, and said, "You must not say a word against the monks; they rule this country; they rule us; nay, they rule the Emperor himself, God bless him. But we have gotten their spurs off, and, perhaps, through time, we may dismount them; but, alas! it will not be in my day." He then called a non-commissioned officer, and desired him to take care of me, and, as I was fatigued, to procure me a bed, and to call with me the next morning. The sergeant had heard a good deal of what had happened to me, and as he had seen some service in Germany, his mind was somewhat enlightened. He cursed the monks with all his heart; and swore, that if ever one of them attempted to set a foot in the garrison, he would bucket him. The next morning, the old general gave me some accounts to copy out, and promised, that, if I behaved well, I should not be forgotten. I was happy to find that he was so universally beloved by the whole soldiery, that they would have laid down their lives for him; and no wonder; he had often led them on to victory, and bound up their wounds with his own fingers. I began

I began by degrees to like the life of a soldier tolerably well: when I was not on duty, I used to employ my time in study. The officers were very kind to me, but the monks were determined to embitter my happiness, as far as lay in their power. They were not the only enemies I had to contend with; the lawyers thought they might make something of the matter, so they joined the cry with open mouth, determined to hunt me down at once. The general sent for me one evening, and spoke thus: "You have behaved very well ever since you came into the regiment, and I doubt not, in case of danger, but you would be the first on the breach, and the last in the mine:—yet, withal, I am sorry to tell you, that I received, about two hours ago, an order from the chancery, to deliver you up to the spiritual power. The lawyers of that court have drawn up an accusation against you, and I am afraid they will not grant you a copy of it; and if they even did, it would not avail you, for innocence is but a slender shield in the spiritual court: there, I am sorry to say—(see that no one is listening)—you 'll find your judge your accuser, and your accuser your judge.—Heaven protect you, for I cannot." At these words he turned aside, and I saw the tear steal down his cheek. "My good man!" I was immediately taken into custody; a guard of twenty-five soldiers, picked out of a regiment composed

posed of the refuse of all others, received orders, in my hearing, to conduct me to Buda, the old capital of Hungary. When we had marched about six leagues, we were met by a troop of monks, mounted on the finest horses I ever saw. The instant I caught their eyes, they set up a barbarous yell, in which they were joined by the soldiery: they looked at me to see what effect it had on me, but I never changed countenance. The morning was fine; but about twelve the sky was overcast, and in less than an hour the rain began to descend in torrents, as if the cisterns of heaven had been broken. Our guide lost the way, and led us into a large plain, which was covered with water in the course of a few hours. The horses were so fatigued, that they could scarce move a foot; the soldiers complained of hunger: the monks offered to divide their provisions with them, but they were not content with a division—they plundered them of all, and told them, with a sneer, that they could dine on their prayers. At length, we reached the castle of Pressin: I was committed to the strongest and the darkest cell in it. The next morning, I was told, that four of the friars, having caught cold, were in a high fever, so that the rest would stay behind to attend them. On the sixth day we reached Buda. I was committed to prison, a loathsome dungeon, where I remained

remained six weeks: at the end of that time, I was ordered to prepare for trial. The gaoler came to me about twelve at night with a large wax taper in his hand, and bade me not to be afraid, as the king himself would sit on my trial, and hear every word I had to say; adding, that the king was a great lover of justice, and that, if I was innocent, I would come out of the fire like tried gold. In the morning he brought me a large basin of water to wash myself, with a clean linen doublet. I was so weak, that I could scarce ascend the steps that led to the court. The king was seated on a temporary throne; two archbishops on his right hand, with a row of monks and lawyers on his left. The appearance, undoubtedly, made an awful impression on me. My accusers were first heard: there were four secretaries, in judiciary robes, who wrote down every word they said. They preferred a string of charges against me, drawn up in the most artful and plausible manner. The king then called on me for my defence, and desired that I would not be daunted, but that I would tell all, and advance nothing but the truth, for that truth was the best advocate in a court of justice. I began with the charges *seriatim*; and when I had done, I addressed his Majesty in these words: "Oh, king Matthias, you have deigned, with a gracious ear, to listen to the defence

fence of the meanest, but at the same time one of the most loyal of your subjects. You are a lover of justice;—it is the brightest jewel in your crown: that exalted virtue is worthy of the eulogium of Saint Cyprian: '*Justicia regis pax est populorum, tutamen patriæ, immunitas plebis, munimentum gentis, cura languorum, gaudium hominum, temperies aëris, serenitas maris, terræ fœcunditas, solatium pauperum, hæreditas felicium, et sibimet-ipsi spes futuræ beatitudinis.*' You are called by the voice of Heaven to preside over a gallant nation, and the richest country in the universe; but what avails it that the clouds drop fatness on our plains; that our corn stands thick, and waves its golden song into the reaper's ear, if science is to be persecuted by ignorance, self-interest, and superstition? Of what am I accused? — the study of mathematics! a science that has enlarged the boundaries of empires, and strengthened them afterwards against the invasion of the proudest foe;—a science that has stretched its lines over the pathless deep, by which the mariner has been able to steer his course with safety from one nation to another. The lovers of mathematics have been encouraged and protected by all wise and good kings: Thales the Milesian, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Œnopides, Democritus, Plato, Eudoxus, Cnidus, were patronized by Pagan princes:

shall

shall the lovers of that study, then, find less favour in the eyes of a Christian prince?" His Majesty then waved his hand; and after a pause of some minutes said, "Heaven forbid that the reign of Matthias should be stained with the blood of the innocent! I have listened to the accuser and the accused, and I find that Thomas Sainvitz is innocent—that he has been unmercifully persecuted, and my order is, that he be sent back to his regiment, under a safe guard, appointed for that purpose." There was a dead silence for some minutes; I fell on my face, and thanked the father of his people. The monks and lawyers sneaked away. The old general received me with transports of joy: his Majesty settled a pension on me, and ordered that I should be provided with a number of mathematical instruments and books; so that I now, thank Heaven and my prince, pass my days in ease and tranquillity.

I inquired about the steward, and learnt that he had been beheaded by order of his lord, for attempting to poison the family. I never could gain any tidings of my dear friend, to whom I am indebted for the rudiments of all that I know. I thought it my duty to write this small pamphlet in justification of my own character; I cannot conclude it, however, without saying, that there are many worthy monks in Hungary, but

but the generality of them prefer the sound of the dinner-bell to the sound of the bell that invites to prayers: as to the secular clergy of the catholic and reformed churches, I am much obliged to them; they have taken my part on all occasions, and I am not a little indebted to their communication on several branches of science.

THE PRAYER OF ORPHEUS.

BY THE REV. MR. EVANS.

MR. Evans was born in the state of Connecticut, in America; he was educated in Yale College, where his genius outstript his years. His intense application to study impaired his health at a very early period of life: he died in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He left several poetical pieces behind him, which his friends collected after his death, and published in a slender volume. This little garland has been enriched by some verses to his memory, composed by different hands.

Sad monarch of the world below,
Stern guardian of this drowsy shade,
Through thy unlovely realm I go,
To seek a captive thou hast made.
O'er Stygian waters have I pass'd,
Contemning Jove's unjust decree;
And reach'd thy sable court at last,
To find my lost Eurydicé.

Of

Of all the nymphs, so deckt and drest,
Like Venus of the starry train,
She was the loveliest and the best,
The pride and glory of the plain.
O, free from thy despotic sway,
This nymph of heaven-descended charms,
Too soon she came this dusky way,
Restore thy captive to my arms.

As by a stream's fair verdant side
In myrtle shades she rov'd along,
A serpent stung my blooming bride,
This brightest of the female throng:
The venom hast'ning through her veins,
Forbid the freezing blood to flow;
And thus she left the Thracian plains,
For these dejected groves below.

Even thou mayst pity my said pain,
Since love, as ancient stories say,
Forc'd thee to leave thy native reign,
And in Sicilian meadows stray;
Bright Proserpine thy bosom fir'd,
For her you sought th' unwelcome light,
Madness and love in you conspir'd
To seize her to the shades of night.

But if, averse to my request,
The vanish'd nymph, for whom I mourn,
Must in Plutonian chambers rest,
And never to my arms return,
Take Orpheus too; his warm desire
Can ne'er be quench'd by your decree;
In life or death he must admire,
He must adore Eurydicé

ICELANDIC WITCHES.

OF the witches, and the estimation in which they were held among the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, we have some curious notes in Erin's Rauga Saga, and other Icelandic annals. One of them is thus described: "There was an old woman named Heida, famous for her skill in divination, and the arts of magic, who frequented public entertainments, predicting what kind of weather would be the year after, and telling men and women their fortunes. She was constantly attended by thirty men servants, and waited on by fifteen young maidens." These venerable hags were all old women; for age among our ancestors was always connected with an idea of wisdom; and princes and great men were desirous to invite them to their houses, to consult them about the success of their designs, the fortunes of themselves and families, and any future event which they desired to know. On these occasions, they made great preparation for their honourable reception, and entertained them in the most respectful manner. The description of the witch Thorbiorga, in Rauga Saga, and her interview with Earl Thorchill, are curious. She is represented as the only survivor of nine sisters, all witches or fortune-tellers, who were famous for their knowledge of futurity, and who

frequented public entertainments, when invited. Earl Thorchill, in order to be informed when a sickness or famine would cease, which then raged in the country, sent for, and made proper preparations for the reception of Thorbiorga. On her arrival in the evening, she was dressed in a gown of green cloth, buttoned from top to bottom; about her neck was a string of glass beads, and her head was covered with the skin of a black lamb, lined with that of a white cat; her shoes were of calf's skin, with the hair on, tied with thongs, and fastened with brass buttons; and on her hands were a pair of gloves, of white cat's skin, with the fur inward; about her waist she wore a Hunlandic girdle, at which hung a bag, containing her magical instruments; and she supported herself on a staff, adorned with many knobs of brass. On her entrance, the whole company rose and saluted her, and Earl Thorchill advancing, took her by the hand, and conducted her to the seat prepared for her, on which was a cushion of hens' feathers. After some ceremony, and refreshment was set before her, Thorchill, humbly approaching the prophetess, requested to know what she thought of his house and family, and if she would be pleased to tell them what they desired to know? She answered, next day she would fully satisfy them; accordingly, on the morrow, having put her instruments

struments of divination in order, she commanded *Godreda*, one of her maidens, to sing the magical song called *Vardlokurb*, which she sung with so clear and sweet a voice as delighted the company, and in particular the prophetess, who declared that she then knew many things respecting the famine and sickness which before she was ignorant of. The famine would be of short continuance, and the sickness would abate. Each of the family then asked her what questions they pleased, and she told them every thing they desired to know.

KING OF PRUSSIA AND PROFESSOR GELLERT.

Conversation between the King of Prussia and Christian Gellert, Professor of Philosophy at Leipsic; extracted from a Letter, dated Leipsic, January 27, 1761.

THE 18th of October last, about three in the afternoon, as Doctor Gellert, who was indisposed, was sitting at his writing-table, in his morning gown, he heard a rap at his chamber door, and desired the person to enter. The gentleman who made his appearance said to him, "My name, Sir, is Quintus Julius; I have long wished to

have the honour I now enjoy, of beholding one of the greatest men in the republic of letters: it is not, however, in my own name, that I approach you;—it is on the part of his Prussian Majesty, who is anxious to see you, and he has ordered me to invite you to call on him."

Mr. Gellert, after some apologies on the ill state of his health, was at length induced to accompany Major Quintus, who introduced him to the King, when the following conversation took place:

The King. You are Professor Gellert?

Gellert. Yes, Sire.

The King. The British envoy has spoken of you as a man of great merit.—Of what country are you?

Gellert. Of Hanichen, near Freyberg.

The King. What is the reason that Germany has not hitherto produced any good writers?

Gellert. Your Majesty need only cast your eyes on one this instant, whose writings have been judged worthy even by the French themselves, to be translated into their language, whence he has been honoured with the name of the German La Fontaine.

The King. That is, undoubtedly, a great proof of merit.—Have you ever read La Fontaine?

Gellert. Yes, Sire, I have read him; not with a view of imitating him; I am ambitious of being an original in my own manner.

The

The King. And I find that you have succeeded; but, after all, what is the reason that our Germany cannot boast of many such writers as you?

Gellert. Your Majesty appears to be prejudiced against the Germans.

The King. Not at all, I assure you.

Gellert. Or at least, against those that write.

The King. It is true, I don't entertain a high opinion.—How comes it that our country is not yet indebted to one good historian?

Gellert. Sire, to many: Cramer, amongst the rest, has continued Bossuet: I need scarce mention the learned Mascow.

The King. A German, the continuator of Bossuet!—how can that be?

Gellert. He has not merely continued, but he has executed that difficult task with such success, that one of the ablest professors in your Majesty's states has not hesitated to pronounce the continuation, in point of style and arrangement, to be superior to that which Bossuet began.

The King. Be it so: but how is it that Tacitus has not yet found a successful translator in Germany?

Gellert. Tacitus is one of those writers that set translation almost at defiance; he is extremely difficult. Little can be said even in praise of the French translations.

The King. On this point, I am of your opinion.

Gellert. Different causes have conspired, even to the present moment, to impede the progress of the Germans in the higher walks of literature. When Greece gloried in the triumphs of the arts and sciences, the Romans were occupied in the destructive arts of war, which almost extinguished the sparks of learning in their empire. In this respect, we may be compared to the Romans: to this melancholy truth may be likewise added, that our writers are neglected by those that ought to patronize them; this was not the case under the brilliant reigns of Augustus and Louis XIV.

The King. Saxony has, notwithstanding, produced two Augustuses.

Gellert. Under the auspicious dawn——

The King. But can it be otherwise expected, when the public mind is torn asunder by such divisions?

Gellert. That is not the point: I only wish that every sovereign should encourage genius in his own dominions.

The King. Have you ever travelled out of Saxony?

Gellert. I have been once in Berlin.

The King. I think you ought to travel.

Gellert. I do not feel myself disposed to travel; and if I even did, my circumstances would not permit me.

The King. What is your ordinary disease?—that of all men of letters, I presume.

Gellert.

Gellert. Be it so, since your Majesty has thought proper to give it that name: it would be excessively vain in me to say so myself.

The King. I am not exempt from its effects myself; you should exercise more than you do; you should ride out, and take rhubarb once a week.

Gellert. The remedy would be more dangerous than the disease: if the horse was spirited, I should risk my neck:—I am but an indifferent horseman.

The King. In that case you should take a carriage.

Gellert. I am not rich enough.

The King. Too frequently the case with the votaries of the muse! Times are very bad.

Gellert. Yes, Sire, very bad indeed; but your Majesty can render them better.

The King. How?

Gellert. By restoring the blessings of peace to the Empire.

The King. How can I do that? Don't you know that I have three enemies in three crowned heads?

Gellert. It may be so; I am little acquainted with modern history; the ancient is my favourite study.

The King. Which of the epic poets, Homer or Virgil, do you prefer?

Gellert. Homer, in point of genius and creation, is certainly entitled to the preference.

The King. Virgil is more correct.

Gellert. We live in an age too remote from that of Homer, to be able to decide, with any degree of confidence, on the style and manners of those early days; it is on the authority of Quintilian that I give the preference to Homer.

The King. We ought not to pay, in my judgment, too servile a deference to the opinion of the ancients.

Gellert. I do not bow to their opinion merely because they are ancients—that would be a blind submission indeed; but I am obliged to consult the sentiments of others in such a case as that in question, which time has enveloped in a cloud, that I cannot pierce with my own eyes.

The King. I am told that your fables are justly admired; would you favour me with the recital of one of them?

Gellert. I do not know, in truth, Sire, that I can trust to my memory.

The King. Try, I entreat you; I shall pass a moment in my closet in order to give you time to recall your ideas. *(The King, on his return.)* Well, have you succeeded?

Gellert. Yes, Sire, a short one: "A certain Athenian painter, in whose bosom the love of fame had extinguished every thought of fortune, requested,

one

one day, that a judge of his art would give his opinion of a painting which represented the God of war. The *connoisseur* very candidly pointed out what struck him as defects, particularly the too great appearance of art throughout the whole of the composition. At the instant, a person of less refined taste stepped in, who, at the first glance, exclaimed with transport, 'Good Heaven, what a picture! Mars is all alive; he 'breathes!—what terror in his looks!—Survey 'that foot—those fingers—those nails!—what 'taste!—what an air of grandeur in that helmet, 'and in all the armour of the terrible God!' The painter blushed, and let fall this whisper in the ear of the *connoisseur*: 'I am convinced of the 'solidity of your judgment, and the justness of 'your taste;' on which he drew his brush over the painting."

The King. Now for the moral.

Gellert. You shall have it: When the productions of an author, on any subject whatever, do not meet with the approbation of a man of taste and judgment, it militates very much against them; but when they call forth the admiration of the weak and the ignorant, they ought to be committed to the flames.

The King. Excellent. M. Gellert, I feel all the truth of your apologue, and the beauty of the composition; but when Gottsched read his translation

translation of the Iphigenia of Racine, I had the original before my eyes, and I assure you, that I did not understand a word of what he read to me. If I should remain a few days here, will you come and see me, and read some of your fables to me?

Gellert. I am afraid, Sire, that I should not please; I have got a kind of habitual tone that is not pleasing to a polished ear: I contracted it in our mountains.

The King. I understand: the tonation of our Silesians: you should endeavour, however, to read your own productions, if you wish that they should not lose a great deal of their merit. —But see me soon again, and often.—Farewell, M. Gellert.

The King was heard to say that night, at supper, "M. Gellert is a man very different from Gottsched; and of all the German writers, he is the most ingenious."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HANDS AND FEET.

Hands.

NOW, cousin *Feet*, as we have lived so many years in amity, what do you think if we were to converse a little together, on our past conduct?

Feet. I hate to think of what is past—I hate to talk of what is past;—I always like to look forward.

Hands. So far you are a philosopher.

Feet. Yes, I 'm descended from a celebrated sect; the Peripatetics were all pedestrians.

Hands. But a little conversation can do us no harm.

Feet. Proceed.

Hands. You recollect that I once stole a pair of shoes for you.

Feet. What then?

Hands. You walked off with them.

Feet. Or rather, ran off; for, if I had not; you would have been caught *in maner*, as the lawyers say.

Hands. But you never stole a pair of gloves for me.

Feet. But I was *fettered* for the gloves you stole for yourself.

Hands. And I was *handcuffed* for the shoes I stole for you.

Feet. Didn't I *kick* the fellow that *handcuffed* you?

Hands. And didn't I *cuff* the fellow that *fettered* you?

Feet. So far we acted like sworn brothers. I hope you don't forget that I was put in the stocks for the bottle of brandy you stole.

Hands.

Hands. That bottle was for our *throat*—our common friend.

Feet. I am afraid our poor throat will pay for all at last.

Hands. Away with your predictions! You say you like to look forward; you should sometimes look behind you.

Feet. No, I leave that to my heels.

Hands. In all our transactions, I never betrayed you.

Feet. Do you mean to say that I betrayed you?

Hands. Remember the great snow.

Feet. True; I was traced, and we were caught.—Didn't I assist you, however, to scale the wall?

Hands. You did—and to swim the river.

Feet. Yes—and to climb the tree.

Hands. Don't talk of trees—trees have been fatal to gentlemen of our professions.

Feet. And will be so, I fear. Since you have touched on old sores, it has not escaped your memory, I believe, that before you entered on your present line of life, you signed a warrant of attorney, by which you got us all, back, belly, and bones, into a stone doublet.

Hands. It was in that very stone doublet I learned all my tricks.

Feet. I wish you could unlearn them, but that I see is impossible; let me advise you now,

in future, to avoid all attorneys, and warrants of attorney; and if ever you are called upon to put your mark to any bond, bill, or note, let it appear on the left side; though it may not be so honourable a post as on the right, yet you 'll find it a less dangerous one.

Hands. True, but I am surprised you should presume to give advice to your betters!

Feet. Betters! I am descended, Mr. *Hands*, from the ancient family of the *Legs*: you are, it is true, descended from the proud family of the *Arms*: both have bled in the cause of their country, and when *yours* could no longer sustain the fight, *mine* have borne them off the tented field in safety. I know the *Spindleshanks* claim kindred as a branch of my ancestors, and they are a disgrace to it; we are proud, however, to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. *Deputy Oak*, a *sound* race, the pride of Old England, and the glory of Chelsea College.

Hands. Come, come, our ancestors are equally illustrious. But, in point of education—I can write.

Feet. And I can leave my mark. Has n't forgery brought many a man to the gallows?

Hands. And has n't one *false step* often done the same?—A truce, a truce!—let us forget all that is past—let us act in concert in future.

Feet. With all my heart: I 'll engage that you 'll

you 'll never attempt to put any plan into execution that you won't find me at the *bottom* of it: if you have a horse, arm my heels, and you 'll outstrip the wind; or if you trust to me, you'll find that I 'll leave our pursuers far behind.

DUKE OF MEDINA CELI.

IN consequence of the defeat at Saragossa, and the very low state to which France was reduced, Philip* apprehended he should be obliged to relinquish his pretensions to the throne of Spain. Amongst others, it was suspected, that the Duke of Medina Celi was in the interest of his competitor, Charles. To render so powerful a prince inactive, would be almost equal to a victory; but the method to effect it seemed difficult, especially in the exhausted state to which Philip was reduced. Sir Patrick Lawless, an Irish gentleman, then a colonel in the French service, charged himself singly to secure the person of the Duke. Having previously concerted all his measures, he repaired to the ducal palace, as charged with a special commission from Philip. He invited the Duke to take a walk on a fine terrace, in order to converse the more freely. As the conversation was interesting,

* Philip V.

interesting, they insensibly rambled to a considerable distance from the suite of the Duke, until they came to a passage which led to the high road, where the Colonel had a carriage in waiting. Lawless in a few words told his Highness, that he must directly, and without the least appearance of constraint, take a seat in the coach; as he had engaged, at the hazard of his head, to bring him to Madrid, where he would find Philip ready to receive him with open arms. The determined tone with which these words were uttered, the appearance of the man, and above all, his character for resolution and bravery, induced the Duke to resort to the only alternative. They soon arrived at Madrid, where he met with a most gracious reception. The battle of Almanza, which happened some time after, made the Duke deem his visitor, his preserver, as well as that of his immense estate. Lawless was raised in a short time to the rank of Lieutenant-general, and governor of Majorca, and in the course of a few years, Philip appointed him his ambassador to the court of Versailles.

THE FLOWERS.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

THESE violets to my fair I bring,
The purple progeny of Spring;
Nor thou, dear girl, the gift refuse,
Love's earliest tribute of the muse.
Whate'er has beauty, worth, or power,
Or grace, or lustre, is a flower.
Wit is a flower; and bards prepare
The flowers of fancy for the fair.
In flower of youth the loves appear,
And lovelier blooms when thou art near
The flower of health. The dancing Hours
Earth's joyful bosom dress with flowers;
And beauty's flowery fetters bind,
In sweet captivity, the mind.
With flowers the Graces Venus deck,
And these adorn a fairer neck;
That neck, whose paradise to range,
A flower I 'd prove, and bless the change.
One little hour I'd live, then die,
A violet in that heav'n to lie.
Of violets kisses first were made,
And Venus swore they ne'er should fade;
She swore, and by the oath she swore,
The spell improv'd and charm'd the more:
Purpling it rose, the fairest flower
That ever grac'd the poet's bower;
To Laura's lips in haste it flew,
And, blooming there, delights in you.

Still

Still as you charm, some flower we trace,
Some blossom of the mind or face.
When graceful Laura leads the dance,
We cry, The flower of elegance!
Does fashion's wreath her brow adorn;
We know the flower of taste is born:
As the soft hyacinth is seen,
The flower of breeding marks her mien.
Yon lily, symbol of her youth,
Blooms near her heart the flower of truth;
And well these violet buds express
Her beauty's spring of tenderness.
But not the brightest flowers of spring,
Whose odours charge the zephyr's wing,
Not all the vernal sweets that blow,
The violet's grace, the lily's snow,
Like thee in lustre can compare,
Or breathe so fresh, or bloom so fair;
For in thy bosom dwells a flower,
Not time shall taint, nor death devour;
A flower that no rude season fears,
And virtue is the name it bears.

PETER THE GREAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

DURING the troubles occasioned by the unbounded ambition of the Princess Sophia*, it is

* Eldest sister of the Czar, who, on seeing her brother placed on the throne, made several attempts on his life.

well known, that the revolt of the Strelitz* brought the empire of Russia to the brink of ruin.

A brother of the famous Tottelawitau, named Osakoi, a colonel of this body, was beheaded. This execution was followed by the forfeiture of all his property. The Colonel left a son behind him, in the most deplorable state. The young man miraculously escaped the officers of justice, whom Peter had sent in pursuit of him in every direction, and was so lucky as to reach the cottage of a slave who had lived many years with his father, where he remained concealed for some months. This domestic, who had shared the confidence of the father, was very much affected with the situation of the young son, as heir of one of the most illustrious houses in Russia; and as he had committed no offence, he thought the Emperor ought to have been satisfied with the blood of his family, that flowed on the scaffold. These considerations dwelt so powerfully on the mind of the old man, that he formed a plan, which he communicated to Osakoi, and which was neither more nor less than the assassination of the Czar. Notwithstanding he had worked up the feelings of the youth to a great height, yet he trembled at

* A militia, similar, in many respects, to that of the Pretorian amongst the Romans, or rather, the Turkish Janissaries.

the

the proposition: his personal safety, however, taught him to dissemble the impression that it made, so far as to listen to the means by which it was to be carried into execution. The slave, having supposed that he had succeeded in silencing the voice of religion and conscience, proposed that he should set out for Moscow, where he assured him he would meet with a trusty band of conspirators, ready to place him at their head. Actuated at last perhaps by the infernal spirit of revenge, or the victim of weakness, Osakoi followed his conductor. They arrived at night, and took up their lodging in an inn, near Kremlin, the residence of the Emperor.

The slave having found his friends, it was agreed, that, as no time was to be lost, they should hold a council that very night in the ruins of a house within a short distance of the palace.

During all this time, Osakoi had not been able to draw from his guide any knowledge of the number or quality of the conspirators: he pressed him earnestly on these important points, but in vain.

"The hour of meeting approaches," said the slave; "you are now going to join a number of persons, animated with a spirit of revenge. Notwithstanding your youth and inexperience, they have chosen you as their head. The humiliating state to which you are reduced, and

the blood of your father, which cries aloud for vengeance, ought to nerve your arm and inflame your courage: resolution is all that is wanted to crown the attempt with success!"

These words made Osakoi tremble, especially as the inn was full of a great number of Russians, who, according to the custom of the country, drank for the sake of drink.

It is true the slave spoke in a low voice, and in a dialect little known to the Russians at Moscow; but that was no reason that some one might not have overheard and understood the discourse.

The slave and Osakoi repaired to the place of meeting, where they found all the conspirators already assembled.

"You see," said one of them, who appeared to be the principal, addressing himself to Osakoi, "a circle of unhappy men, who have escaped the tyranny of the Czar. The greater part of our brethren the Strelitz have perished by the hands of the common executioner, and some of them even by the hands of the barbarian himself: he has not, however, been able to extend his fury to us. Heaven has reserved us for the instruments of its justice. The moment is now arrived: young Osakoi, I followed your father to the scaffold; I saw his blood stream down the block, but I could not save him. From that time

time to this, a period of ten years, we have wandered through pathless deserts; pressed with hunger, we have often done those things which did not become soldiers! But in a day or two this unfeeling tyrant, and his haughty courtiers, shall fall beneath the edge of our swords. Young man, we loved your father; he was our leader; we now call on you with one voice to fill his place; it is in your power to render yourself worthy of our choice."

Osakoi felt, under these circumstances, that the only alternative was to accept of the choice; and that the least appearance of dismay would be the signal of instant death: he therefore put on every appearance of courage and unshaken resolution.

It was agreed by the conspirators on parting, that they should assemble the night following, in the same place, and at the same hour. Osakoi and the slave set out to return to the inn by different roads.

Osakoi had scarce walked thirty paces, when he found himself by the side of a Russian, who begged of him to follow him. As he took him to be one of the conspirators, he assented. Having arrived at the foot of a narrow staircase, they ascended, and entered a little room: the Russian shut the door.

"Don't be surprised," said the Russian, "at

what I am going to say; it requires the greatest secrecy. I have just come from the meeting, as well as you, where the death of the Czar was resolved on. It was the first time that I was admitted into that assembly as well as yourself, and, like you, the spirit of revenge has rendered me the irreconcilable enemy of my sovereign. But, if his blood is due to the cruelties with which he is charged, our companions will do us little honour. For, in short, who are these conspirators? Guilty subjects, covered with crimes, who have fled from justice! a vile crew, that breathe nothing but murder, pillage, and theft. And who are their accomplices? The first persons in the state; but they did not venture to name any one of them. They could not; for what man of worth or honour would contaminate himself with such a gang? And what plot have they developed to ensure success? for whom are we to risk our lives? Of the projects, means of execution, resources, &c. nothing is known. Do they wish that we should be the blind instruments of such an enterprise? I have now, young Osakoi, stated my doubts and my fears respecting that meeting. The conspirators have named you their chief; I subscribe to the choice; but I wish to be informed on these points, and then you may repose on my arm."

A heart solely formed by nature, which chance had

had thrown at a distance from the intrigues of the city and the poison of a court, is little susceptible of treason: such a heart can little suppose that any one would endeavour to deceive it. Osakoi was struck with the openness of the Russian, and that openness induced him to unbosom himself with the same frankness. "You may have noticed my surprise," said he, "on seeing myself in the midst of such an assembly. Satisfied with my lot, I was contented with my humble cottage; a stranger to ambition, I neither looked for nor desired any thing beyond it. A person endeavoured to call forth the tears of filial affection in my eyes; he told me, that I ought to revenge the blood of my father; and, in order to revenge it, I ought to murder my sovereign. But have I known that father? am I certain that he was innocent? and in this doubt, am I to spill the blood of my master? I freely confess that this proposition is repugnant to my nature. For who am I to judge my emperor? What right or what authority has Heaven given me to punish him? The proposition froze the blood in my veins, but the fear of death sealed my lips, as the words expired on them. Since you have opened your heart, read what passes in mine. I detest the crime, and particularly a crime of so black a dye. A secret voice cries within me, *Love and respect your sovereign!*

reign! Pity my youth. I commit myself to your counsel; snatch me from those barbarians, who singled me out as the executioner of their master and of mine! for if it is decreed, that I should either perish, or that I should attempt the life of the Czar, I prefer to die innocent."

"You shall not perish, my son," cried the Russian; "it is the Czar himself that speaks to you, and who will not fail to reward the noble frankness of your sentiments."

It was undoubtedly the monarch himself, who, under the disguise of a slave, had heard part of the plot in the inn, which led him to mix in the assembly in which his fate was to be determined. He had marked the timidity and confusion of Osakoi in the answers which he gave in that meeting, and promised in his mind to save him, if he did not find him absolutely culpable.

Those who may be led at first view to look on this as a romance, should recollect, that the life of *Peter the Great* was filled with events of this kind.

This prince, born to be the creator of his country, and who wished to see every thing with his own eyes, used often to disguise, and introduce himself into those public assemblies, in which drunkenness and debauch rendered the tongue incapable of concealing a secret; and it was by this conduct, dangerous as it was, that he discovered

discovered upwards of twenty plots which had been formed against his life; so that the people, who at once feared and respected him, used to say in their merry meetings, *Come, let us be honest; the Emperor hears us.*

Having loaded Osakoi with thanks and caresses, he desired him to join his companion in the inn, and that he might say in excuse for his delay, that he was unacquainted with the streets of Moscow.

The slave was satisfied with the excuse, and, at the appointed time the next night, Osakoi went to the meeting. It was there agreed on, that the palace should be set on fire, and that in the confusion, whilst part of them should be engaged in pillage, the rest, led on by Osakoi, should join the conspirators in the castle, who would advance towards the apartments of the Emperor, who, in the moment of his appearance, was to be assassinated. They then began to administer the oath, by which they were to bind themselves to each other, when the imperial guards rushed in like a thunderbolt. They were arrested, conveyed to prison, and executed the next day. Osakoi was amply rewarded by the Emperor, and lived many years afterwards in the sunshine of his favour.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM LAUDER TO DOCTOR BIRCH;

In which he states his Reasons for interpolating the Authors which MILTON *had studied.*

E Mus. Brit. Bibl. Birch, 4312.

REVEREND SIR,

ON Wednesday morning last I had the honour to wait on his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in order to receive his Lordship's answer to a letter I had left for his lordship the day before; his Grace was pleased to forgive my offence, receive me into favour, to continue his allowance to publish Professor Ramsay's Sacred Poems under the patronage of his illustrious and venerable name, and even to promise to use his interest with others to promote the undertaking, so as to redound to my advantage. I wish all the rest of my illustrious and honourable patrons may follow his Grace's laudable and amiable example, and treat me with equal placability and mercy, as it is the property of great minds to be merciful, of which all men some time or other stand in need. For where is the man, I say, who does not at some time or other deviate from his duty? And God forbid

forbid that one offence, not of a capital kind, should be deemed sufficient to devote a man to destruction, whose life was formerly virtuous and innocent, for which I am content to appeal not only to the testimony of friends and acquaintance, but even to that of my most inveterate enemies, numbers of whom I still have the misfortune to grapple with.

I called for you at your house some time ago, but had the mortification to be told, you were resolved not to see me, but I might communicate what I had to say by a letter, which I confess shocked me as much as any thing I ever met with in my lifetime.

I informed you what friendly and honourable mention I had made of you to my Lord Chancellor, when I had the honour to wait upon him; you *was* conscious with what respect I treated you in my Essay, and the Rev. Dr. Cuming can inform you how favourably I mentioned you to him. So that all these testimonies of respect, on my part, merited, I thought, other kind of usage at your hand. In short, I fancied I was entitled to a fair hearing, face to face, when I could have told you, that you was the cause, the innocent cause I mean, of my offence, more than any man alive. I mean your Appendix to Milton's Life, where you relate an unparalleled scene of villany, as acted by Milton against

against King Charles I. who, in order to blast the reputation of that prince, the undoubted author of Eikon Basilike, stole a prayer out of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, and obliged the printer of the King's book, under severe penalties and threatenings, to subjoin it to his Majesty's performance, and then made a hideous outcry against his own action, merely to create a jealousy, as was observed just now, that if his Majesty was not the author of the prayers in that Treatise, he was far less the author of the Treatise itself, which thing is believed by thousands to this day, solely on the credit of Milton's affirmation, when he was the architect of the imposture himself. Now, if that action, when committed by Milton, is without malignity, why should it be deemed so criminal in me? And if it is culpable in me, as I deny not, it is also equally culpable in Milton, or more so, as he was the first transgressor, and as I only transcribed his worthy pattern, to give people a just idea of the nature of the action Milton was guilty of against the King, which they would never have been so sensible of, had I not acted so by him; as it is natural for people to be more affected where they are interested themselves, than when they are not concerned, and with present things more than things long since passed, and out of their reach. The fairness of which proceeding against Milton

ton (though I pretend not thereby to exculpate myself) is sufficiently justified by the approved maxim of the poet,

"Sua quisque exempla debet æquo animo pati."

For, allow me to tell you, it will not be Toland's opinion or testimony that will invalidate the evidence, which, I believe, would be admitted as competent in any court of judicature in the kingdom, whereas all the world knows what kind of a man Toland was.

Now, if this be the case, as you very well know it is, do you think I deserved so much to be reproached as I have been, only for acting by Milton as he acted by the King, and that with an express view to paint forth the horridness of the action, though at the expense of my character for a time, till the true design was unravelled?

And on this topic I intended first to have defended myself, where I must have alleged your authority, as from you alone I derived the information, had I not reflected, that his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, my Lord Chancellor, and several other great men, gave me a permission to make a new edition of some authors, whom it is certain in the opinion of some, and probably in the opinion of others, as the judgments of men are various, that Milton consulted

in

in composing his poem, and to inscribe them to their illustrious names; but upon this express condition, that I was not to pursue his steps any farther, with respect to his imitation of these authors, but leave every reader to judge for himself, as also to forbear from all further acrimony against this great writer.

Now, do you think it just or reasonable that I should be so severely reflected upon for fulfilling my engagement given to these great men, by deriving the whole blame upon myself, rather than by disclosing Milton's vile forgery against the King, to become the author of any public disturbance, by sowing the seed of jealousy between the friends and enemies of Milton, both which, you know, are numerous; and consequently administering fuel to inflame the animosity of contending parties?

I declare, therefore, sincerely, that had not Milton acted so by the King, as I am convinced in my conscience he did, and for which we have indisputable evidence given us, I would have submitted to any punishment sooner than either to have offered such violence to truth, or put such an imposition on Milton or the public.

For what is the vast reputation that Milton enjoys as a poet, to me? as I have no intention or ambition, far less ability, to rival him in that glory.

My

My quarrel, therefore, with Milton, should not have been for taking assistance in composing his poem, which was absolutely necessary, nay, highly commendable, but for using unfair practices to accomplish his political purposes, which was highly criminal and unjust.

As for the interpolations, I hope I have it in my power to replace them twenty-fold, which I am resolved shortly to do, to the conviction, I trust, of all persons of judgment, candour, and learning:—others, it is impossible.

Thus have I told you sincerely, the true motive which induced me to interpolate a few lines into some authors, quoted by me in my late Essay on Milton, which has made as great a noise almost as if I had denied the divinity of our Saviour, ridiculed his miracles, or declared open war against Heaven and earth: and yet not more than about twenty or thirty lines, at most, of Milton, were affected by them, which I hope I have in my power amply to replace.

So, after this honest confession of the truth, if you will be pleased to pardon my offence (occasioned rather by an imprudent zeal to vindicate the character of two great and good men, when unjustly attacked, than from any malicious design of imposing upon the public), also to favour me with your best advice at this critical juncture, now that matters are on the mending hand,

and as his Grace has been pleased to set a good example to others, I promise always to retain a grateful sense of your civility and friendship, and to requite it to the utmost of my power.

I send you a copy of my Apology, addressed to his Grace, which has been attended with such good success; so ample is his Grace's placability and clemency! Your liberality, I hope, will be displayed with equal readiness to one, who is

Your much obliged,

And most obedient, humble servant,

WILLIAM LAUDER.

I cannot forbear transcribing these lines from Ramsay:

Adcumulare bonis inopes, succurrere lapsis,
Consulere afflictis, oppressos clade levare
Divæ est mentis opus, quod Cœli gessit obire
Arbiter, et studiis jactat sese impiger ipsis.

Vale, et fac similiter.

THE CRIPPLE OF BETHESDA.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

MR. Montgomery was born in the town of Enniskillen, in the north of Ireland; a town long famed in the annals of that country;

as

as the fruitful mother of arts and arms. Having learned to read and write at an English school, he was placed under the instruction of the celebrated Doctor Dunkin, who at the time presided over the free school of Enniskillen, which may well be called the Eton of the sister kingdom. The Doctor paid the greatest attention to our young pupil, as he soon found that he was not born under the "laggard orb of Saturn." Having acquitted himself to the satisfaction of a teacher, "zealous for desert," he was removed from this seminary to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was entered as a pensioner.

It does not appear that he wasted a great deal of the midnight oil in the prosecution of the studies prescribed by the statutes of that university; he seems to have been content with the ordinary acquisition of them. If his academic exercises, however, did not sparkle with genius, they shone with solidity. His prospects in life having been clouded by the death of a friend, he graduated, and entered into holy orders, and matrimony, within a few months of each other. He married Miss Hughes, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hughes, a beneficed clergyman. As she was an only child, the father spared no pains on her education; so that she was considered as one of the most accomplished young women in that part of the country; where, it is but justice to

say, the cultivation of the female mind is properly considered as an object of the first importance. When the writer of this knew Mr. Montgomery first (in the year 1780), he was curate of the parish of Scrabby, near Granard, in the county of Longford. Disappointments, the prospect of a family, &c. seemed to have depressed his spirits, for he was naturally of a cheerful disposition, communicative, and could discourse on any subject almost, with facility and felicity.

If he is living, I hope he will excuse the liberty I have taken, by introducing him to public notice; perhaps, the very last thing in the world his modest diffidence would submit to: if he is dead, it is a debt I owe to the living, not to withhold from them so fine a specimen of chaste and pathetic poetry. The following lines would seem to have been written at a period when his sensibility had been roused by being overlooked in the humble and necessitous situation of a curate. Indeed, ingenious and susceptible minds must needs be hurt by reflecting, that they who do all the work nearly in the Christian vineyard, have scarcely daily bread for their pains—scarcely the crumbs that fall from their masters' table, whilst others of their brethren roll in chariots, and riot in periodic luxury.

AT fam'd Bethesda's pool, near Salem's gate,
While Salem flourish'd in her regal state,

Still

Still crowds of cripples in arrangement lay,
Impatient waiting the restoring day;
Where, at set times, as we recorded find,
An angel, in compassion to mankind,
By tinge divine, such efficacy gave,
Who first immerg'd, was rescu'd from the grave,
And, quite forgetful of his former pain,
View'd his less happy brothers with disdain;
Yet still but one at one immersion cur'd,
The rest their pains another year endur'd;
Whilst he who no kind aid had hardly got,
In sight of health, might on the margin rot.
A cripple here for years neglected lay,
Still hoping ev'ry turn to get away;
But friends in town, still otherwise employ'd,
Forgot his pains as they their health enjoy'd;
Not so they promis'd, when they left him there,
But words are wind, and vanish into air!
The blest Redeemer at the pool appear'd,
The lazar's tale of woe he knew ere heard;
"Take up thy bed and walk," the Saviour cries;
Lo! strength through all his limbs like lightning flies.
Elate and wond'ring, on his feet he stood,
Burst into tears, and glorified his God.
So, when death's angel, with a cold embrace,
Welcomes a rector to the throne of Grace,
Each lazar curate, in his fortune lame,
Strives to immerge into preferment's stream;
Each has his friend to aid him on the way;
They plunge, emerge, then cast the crutch away,
Forget their cot, small beer, and rusty gown,
Get taste for wine, and residence in town,

Grow dull and ruddy, insolent and chuff,
And think their quondam brethren have enough.
Whilst cripple I, of interest bereft,
Still on the clay-cold margin here am left,
No friendly hand its timely aid supplies,
And still I totter, as I strive to rise.
Yet, twelve long years have I this station kept,
Of all the joys of social life bereft;
Banish'd from friends, from town, and all most dear,
To starve genteel, on forty pounds a year;
Three helpless babes, a sister, and a wife,
To furnish with the requisites of life;
A purse-proud upstart sneering on my farm,
Who 'd pledge his soul to do a gownsman harm.
Of fam'd Astrea here no trace is found,
Her feet so tender, and so hard the ground!
Thou, who in time couldst to the cripple send,
By all deserted, so divine a friend;
Who by a word could former health restore,
And break those bands that fetter'd him before;
With pity touch thy lov'd apostle's breast,
To ease my wants, or take me to thy rest;
Small 's my request, as little I deserve,
'Tis only that I may not preach and starve;
Since sacred writings these directions give,
Who at the altar serve, shall by it live.

CONFESSION.

ACOSTA, in his History of the Indies, l. v. cap. 25, relates a strange mode of confession, observed

observed by the *Pagans* in *Japan*: "There are," saith he, "in *Oçaca*, very high and steep rocks, which have spikes in them, above two hundred fathom high, one of which surmounted the rest for height, and to the *Xambuses* (a kind of *pilgrims*, or pretended religious men of that country), terrible to behold: upon the top thereof there is a great rod of iron, three fathom long, placed there artificially; at the end of which is tied a balance, the scales whereof are so big that a man may sit in one of them; and the *Coquis* (the devils in human shape, whom they worship) will often command one of the said *Xambuses* to enter into one of them, and there sit: forthwith by an engine, the rod springs forth, and is pendent in the air, and the empty scale mounts up, and the *pilgrim* sinks proportionably in the other; then the *Coquis* telleth him, that he must confess all the sins that he can remember he ever committed, with an audible voice; at the recital of which, some of the heathens (who assemble in great numbers to the *ceremony*) *laugh*, and others *sigh*. At every sin mentioned, the other empty scale falls a little, till, having told all, it remains equal with the other, wherein the sorrowful penitent sits: the *Coquis* turns the wheel, and draws the rod and balance to him, and the *pilgrim*, empty from all his sins, and clear as the child unborn, comes forth; but if any sin be

concealed, the empty scale yields not to an *equilibrium*, and then if the *pilgrim* grows obstinate, and will hide any crime, the *Coquis* casts him down from the top, where instantly he is broken into a thousand pieces: but the terror of the place is such, that few will conceal any thing, and therefore is called *sange notocoro*, that is, *the place of confession.*"

FLATTERY.

The Speech of Henry Dowdall, Esq. Recorder of Drogheda, to King James II. at his Entry into the Town of Drogheda, April the 7th, 1689. Imprimatur, Patrick Clogher.

MOST SACRED SIR,

AMONG the many miracles which adorn almost every step and passage of your most sacred Majesty's life, we think none more conspicuous, taken in all its circumstances, and providential accidents, than your Majesty's late, more than miraculous, landing in this your ancient, loyal, and long suffering kingdom; a blessing by so much the more surprising, by how much the less expected; a blessing of which our ancestors never

never could dream, when their thoughts were proudest! a blessing for which we ourselves never could hope, when our misfortunes allowed no other consolation but what we were forced to seek in dubious prophecies, or in our almost worn and tried devotion! a blessing, in fine, which late posterity will scarcely believe, be it never so credulous.

For our shares, great Sir, we are forced to confess, that the novelty of our present happiness is still so surprising, that joy of the one side, and wonder of the other, have so divided our souls, that we can scarcely find leisure for a single thought! yet, we cannot but perceive, that as the descending of a God was formerly requisite to the restoring of lapsed men, that even so the coming of a godlike king was absolutely requisite to the redeeming of a loyal, distressed people from a captivity, in its cause, duration, and severity, not to be paralleled in story.

In effect, great Sir, faint beams from a distant sun through so many thick intervening clouds, were scarcely able to dissipate the envenomed fogs, for almost forty years so predominant in this isle; and nothing less could do it than the more powerful warmth of that sunshine, which on your Majesty's first landing overspread our hemisphere.

And though we cannot but utterly abhor and

detest the first moving cause of this your most gracious visit, yet cannot we but praise and bless Providence for having raised to us on the perjury, treachery, and perfidiousness of others, a fair opportunity of exerting those loyal principles which our slaughtered ancestors signed with their blood, and avowed with their dying groans.

Yes, sacred Sir, it must make for the credit of long wronged Ireland, that she still suffered for and with her royal master; and if now there be found in her any distemper, or present humours, it proceeds from too great fulness of pampered traitors, who, gorged with the fat of loyal sufferers, must at length have broke out in the old sores and ulcers of rebellion.

But since it pleased God and you, great Sir, to have preserved the head and heart still sound, the malignance of the distemper being now cast into the extremity of one limb, and the sore being brought to maturity, your Majesty may with safety apply a discretionary medicine.

What remains to me, great Sir, is humbly to implore your Majesty's acceptance of a sacrifice which this day I am commissioned to offer: it is, great Sir, the hearts and hands of this adoring crowd—the lives and fortunes of all these, the ancient inhabitants of your Majesty's most loyal town of Drogheda. That their blood is sincere, and proof against the scurvy of rebellion, wit-

ness

ness those walls; witness the pavements, consecrated by the gore of their ever faithful progenitors.

We will conclude, great Sir, with a short prayer; and it is not that your Majesty may either protect us in, or restore us to our lost property, our churches, or our benefices; no, our loyalty is so seraphic, that it rejects all those drossy allays of self-interest; but it is, sacred Sir, that Heaven (whose darling we are sure you are) may grant to your most sacred Majesty, after having dashed to pieces all treasonable and traitorous associations and conspiracies; and after having soared, like a sun in its full meridian, over the heads of all your enemies, and naturally rebellious subjects, after having dismembered rebellion itself, that infernal hydra, and driven it into its hellish mansions, where we were sure it took its first breath, a happy, a speedy, a safe and glorious return to your ancient imperial throne; in success, a Cæsar; in conquest, an Alexander; and a Constantine in religion.

DUKE OF YORK.

Speech of Sir Richard Stott, Recorder of the ancient Town of Berwick upon Tweed, spoken to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, upon his Entrance into Berwick.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

WE humbly and heartily congratulate your coming to this poor but ancient town, a place more considerable for its situation than its fortune; yet, happier now than in former times, when it was made a butt for the two kingdoms to shoot at. Without our walls, great Sir, you may see those hills, where that royal blood which runs (happily united) in your princely veins, whilst it was divided betwixt your *English* and *Scottish* ancestors, did contend for empire and for glory; and it is our happiness that this place, which was once the utmost limits of two great kingdoms, is now the middle of our sovereign's dominions. We of this corporation were the most ungrateful of subjects, and the unworthiest of men, if we did not pay all duty and obeisance to your princely person. Your royal grandfather (whose sacred name you bear) was our

our founder; he gave us, not only our privileges, which are great, but our subsistence, which supports us; and he tells us plainly, in his most munificent charter, that he did to oblige us to pay the greater duty and loyalty to him and his posterity for ever. Your royal father, the mirror of kings, was our benefactor, and our gracious sovereign hath largely extended his bounty to us, and we know that we cannot better express our duty and loyalty to him, than in giving testimony of it to you, great Sir, his only brother. We have yet powerful motives from yourself: your noble and heroic actions have been the wonder of all *Europe*, nor can any loyal heart forget how boldly and prodigally you ventured your life for the honour and prosperity of his Majesty in these kingdoms, when in the year 1663, by the blessing of God upon your incomparable valour and conduct, you overthrew and vanquished the greatest fleet that ever the sea bore: then it was that you made *Neptune*'s trident bow, and pay homage to the *English* sceptre. Let the ancient *Romans* tell us of their great sea-fight at *Actium* between *Augustus* and *Mark Anthony*; let our own histories relate the famous victory of your glorious progenitor, *King Edward* III. at *Scluse*; let the modern histories of Europe declare that celebrated victory of *Don John of Austria*, at the battle of *Lepanto:* those

must all strike sail, and veil our glorious triumph. If we search the annals of former ages, we can find nothing like it; and it is more than probable that the times to come may not produce a parallel. What shall we then render to you, great prince, for such inimitable actions and merits? All we can say is, that next after our prayers for the long life and happy reign of our most gracious sovereign, we ardently wish all increase of honour, renown, and happiness to the glorious *James*, his most princely brother.

OLIVER MAILLARD.

OLIVER Maillard, Doctor of Divinity, of the order of minor brothers of strict observance, was born in Britanny. He wrote several sermons and tracts of divinity in Latin. This good religious was universally allowed to be one of the best scholars of his day, but his zeal in the cause of religion and virtue outstripped his learning. He reproved the vices of his times with uncommon boldness, without any respect of persons, and depicted the sinners he had in view with such a masterly hand, that the likeness was immediately known. This conduct exposed him to the raillery of a number of wit-

lings, and the reproaches of those that could attack him with no other weapons; so that the purity of his life could scarce shield him from the poisoned arrows that were levelled at him in the dark. As his portraits were drawn from real life, his sermons may be compared to a picture-gallery, in which the reigning vices of that age are exhibited in the most faithful colours. There never was a preacher, perhaps, that waged a more successful war with hypocrites, debauchees, &c. with whom all the departments of the church and state were at that time filled. He wrote with the same felicity that he spoke—the same in the pulpit, and the same on paper: he was never known to sully his tongue or his pen with flattery, or to disguise the truth; so that he was called "the scourge of sinners." Having fought the good fight, he was called by his Lord and Master, whom he had faithfully served, to receive the reward of his labours, on the 4th of January 1502. His remains were deposited in a cemetery of his own monastery, at Narbonne. Henry Stephen has made honourable mention of this monk in his Apology for Herodotus. He has inserted some extracts from his discourses in that work. This zealous divine, one day, preaching before the parliament at Thoulouse, drew so finished a portrait of a corrupt judge, and his application to many of the members of

that

that body was so pointed, that they deliberated for some time whether it would not be proper to arrest him. The result of their deliberations was transmitted to the Archbishop, who, in order to sooth the resentment of those who had felt themselves wounded, commanded that he should not preach for two years. The good man received this mandate in all the spirit of humility, waited on the magistrates who were offended, to whom he stated his duty as a preacher of the divine word, in such impressive language, that they threw themselves alternately into his bosom, confessed their crimes, becametrue penitents, and in a short time after they embraced a monastic life.

LITERARY JOURNALS.

THE manner of acquainting the public, through the medium of a journal, with what passes in the republic of letters, is one of the most laudable attempts of the sixteenth century. The honour of this undertaking is due to M. De Salls, ecclesiastic counsellor in the parliament of Paris. His Journal was received with universal applause, and was soon followed by others on the same plan in Italy and Germany.

In

In 1682, Mr. Moncke began the *Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensia*, which was carried on several years with increasing celebrity. Soon after, two journals appeared in Italy, one at Venice, and the other at Padua. Messrs. Bayle and Leclerc, having come to reside in the *Low Countries*, the first at Rotterdam and the other at Amsterdam, were surprised to find that in Holland, which might then be called the mart of learning, and the rendezvous of learned men, in consequence of the freedom of the press, the number of booksellers, and immense libraries, public and private; in such a country, and with such advantages, these learned men were not a little surprised to find, that no person had as yet thought of publishing a *literary journal*. M. Leclerc immediately launched one, which he continued down to 1727. M. Bayle was so busily engaged in composing his Biographical Dictionary, a work of immense research, that he was obliged to drop his periodical labours in a few years: Mr. Beauval, however, took it up, and continued it under the title of *The Works of the Learned*. Mr. Bernard's *News from the Republic of Letters* was well received, as well as the *Journal de Trevoux*; the latter, however, was considered as a partial production, in matters of religion and politics, and was conducted by a party of Jesuits. M. de Pontchartrain, Lord High

High Chancellor of France, in 1710, engaged some of the ablest pens in the academy, to conduct a *new Journal*. M. Fontenelle wrote the philosophical part, M. Du Pin laboured in divinity with general approbation, and M. Vaillant acquitted himself, with great reputation, in antiquities, &c. M. De la Croze, at the instance of Bishop Stillingfleet, published a Journal in English, which he dedicated to that learned prelate. The Rev. Mr. Droz began a literary journal in Dublin, in 1744. As he was a man of letters and unwearied industry, he kept it *alive*, if the expression may be used, for some years, which is the more surprising, as the Irish in those days, in the words of Mr. Pinkerton, were not much addicted to reading.

PHILIP DUKE OF ORLEANS,

REGENT OF FRANCE IN 1768.

IN the year 1708, Captain Stanhope, cruising off Genoa, or some part of that coast, gave chase to a felucca, and took her. In rifling, they found a man on board who appeared like a gentleman: he was carried to the captain, who asked him who he was; but the man appeared extremely

extremely rejoiced, and asked Captain Stanhope if what he had heard from the boatmen, that he was General Stanhope's brother, was true? The Captain replied, that he was; upon which the gentleman told him, he was charged with an important commission for his brother, and he was sure the General would be well pleased if the Captain would convey him to the place where he was. To this the Captain told him, he was going the wrong way for Spain. "Yes, Sir," answered he, "but I was ordered to address myself to the first English minister that will convey me to Spain to your brother; I therefore hope you will forbid my cloak-bag and little trunk to be rifled, as there are things in them of the utmost consequence." To convince him, he shewed a bill of exchange for above an hundred thousand livres upon Genoa, or any place where there was trade. Captain Stanhope, though before a little suspicious, not believing the bill to be forged, fancied there might be some little truth in the story, but told the gentleman what the consequence would be of his leaving his station: but the gentleman assuring the Captain that he would be indemnified for it, and that he would pledge his life for the consequences, he consented to carry him to Barcelona, which he did immediately. Upon landing, he opened his powers; and went to General Stanhope to treat with him

from the Duke of Orleans (afterwards regent), who then commanded the French army in Spain, about bringing over that whole army to the English, as all the commanding officers of corps were devoted to him, upon condition they would make him King of Spain: he promised, on his part, to grant the English free trade—to give them Alicant, Cadiz, and several other seaports; that all the treasures from the Indies, and all other merchandises, should be brought to Spain in English bottoms, and convoyed by English men of war. He further desired General Stanhope would meet somebody he would send, in the mountains of Catalonia, at the time he would appoint.

The General was a good deal surprised at the strangeness of these propositions; but being convinced it was not a forgery, sent a trumpet to the Spanish camp, under pretence of getting back one Desborough (now Lieut. General), who was at that time prisoner, and by that means appointed the time and place of meeting. The Duke of Orleans wrote with his own hand to General Stanhope, by Mr. Desborough, telling him, that he hoped the present of snuff which he had sent him by such a one (naming the gentleman taken at sea) was agreeable to him; desired, if he liked it, he would let him know, that he might procure more of the same; and the rest

of

of the letter in such terms. However, the time and place of rendezvous being appointed, the General, under pretence of reconnoitring, with an escort of an hundred horse, went to the place appointed, and in the night had a very long conference with the person appointed by the Duke; after which he returned back.

This (though not with the knowledge, it may be imagined, of the Duke) was imparted to the Emperor, then King of Spain; and Brigadier Wade (now Marshal) was pitched on by General Stanhope and the Duke, to be the person to convey these propositions to England. He set out accordingly with the letter in cipher, which contained these proposals, and he had, beside, an order in his pocket, signed by the Duke of Orleans himself, to the governors of the seaport towns, in case he should be taken at sea, to let him have means of going through the heart of France to Calais, in order to get to England, upon his own private affairs, which were very urgent, as the passport expressed.

The Brigadier in fourteen days got to London, and went to Lord Godolphin's levee, who, little suspecting what he was charged with, talked to him about indifferent things. As soon as the levee was over, the Brigadier desired a private conference with Lord Godolphin, in which he disclosed to him the affair by word of mouth, giving

him at the same time the letter. The strangeness of the proposition amazed Lord Godolphin; but the letter being written in a *beak* cipher, took so much time in picking out, that he desired the Brigadier would carry it to Lord Sunderland, which he did, and they there made out the cipher.

This project was afterwards laid before the Queen, and one or two of the Cabinet Council, one of which was Lord Somers. The Queen in answer to it said, she could not break her most solemn engagements with her old ally the Emperor: but she proposed to ereet a kingdom for him out of Languedoc and Navarre, and to give him Sardinia, or one of the islands in the Mediterranean, to make him maritime. But before the courier could get back to Spain with this answer, the Duke, upon some suspicion conceived of him at the court of France, was recalled out of Spain, and obliged to fall at old Louis's feet, who, though he had some intimation of this affair, never got to the bottom of it. The gentleman who met General Stanhope in the mountains was clapt up in prison, and when our army had reached Madrid, he was by us set at liberty.

This anecdote was told me in all its circumstances by *Marshal Wade*, at Chateau d'Arstrum, in the Plains of Lisle, Aug. 12, 1744. JOSEPH YORKE.

SIR

SIR THOMAS MORE;

SIR John Danvers's house at Chelsea stands in the very place where was that of the Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More, who had but one marble chimney-piece, and that plain.

Where the gate then stood there was in Sir Thomas More's time a gatehouse, according to the old fashion. From the top of this gatehouse was a most pleasant and delightful prospect as is to be seen. His Lordship was wont to recreate himself in this place to apricate and contemplate, and his little dog with him. It so happened, that a Tom o'Bedlam got up the stairs when his Lordship was there, and came to him and cried, "Leap Tom, leap!" offering his Lordship violence to have thrown him over the battlements. His Lordship was a little old man, and, in his gown, not able to make resistance; but having presentness of wit, said, "Let us first throw this little dog over." The Tom o'Bedlam threw the dog down: "*Pretty sport!*" said the Lord Chancellor: "*go down and bring him up again, and try again.*" Whilst the madman went down for the dog, his Lordship made fast the door of the stairs, and called for help: otherwise he had lost his life.

Note of Mr. Aubrey's on TOM O'BEDLAMS.

Till the breaking out of the civil wars, Tom o'Bedlams did travel about the country. They were poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where, recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a-begging: *i. e.* they had on their left arm an armilla of tin, printed in some works about four inches long. They could not get it off. They wore about their necks a great horn of an ox, in a string or bawdry, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they did put the drink given them into this horn, whereto they had a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any one of them.

PRIOR.

Mr. Henry Villiers at the Election at Westminster, 1719.

DAN *Prior*, ut cecinit Joannes atque Joanna
Ingenio modico simplicitate pari,
Felix sponsa, viro felix, uxore maritus,
Cœnat uterque simul, dormit uterque simul,
Non speciosa nimis, non est nimis, arcta supellex,
Nec locuples, nec egens ille vel illa fuit,

Mollia

Mollia securæ peragebant otia vitæ,
Seu res succedat publica sive cadat.
Par nimium felix! tranquillæ gaudia vitæ
Non habuit Cæsar talia, nullus habet.

ADDRESS

TO AN OLD BLACK COAT, ON PARTING WITH IT.

WELL, it's in vain to moralize,
There 's nothing new beneath the skies;
I bought you from a hoarse-lung'd Jew—
The name was all—as good as new.
You only cost a one-pound note;
For months you were a favourite coat;
In truth you are a favourite still,
My *poverty*, and not my *will*—
The baker has sent in his bill.
When I reflect on all I owe you,
For thousands I should not bestow you;
On your account I oft was bow'd to,
By beaux and belles, and by the proud too:
And I was vain enough to think,
Because I sometimes wasted ink,
And, what was more, my precious time,
In spinning out some flimsy rhime,
That I was rank'd with Peter Pindar,
(Whose fire's reduc'd now to a cinder,)
When I could soon have trac'd the matter
Back to the tailor or the hatter;

For, if the hatter mounts a block,
He fills it with the sense of Locke;
A curate, with a rusty beaver,
Should have been bred a smith or weaver,
Though he should like an angel preach,
And practise more than bishops teach.
Then, dearest coat, it grieves my heart,
To think that you and I should part;
For we have liv'd whole years together,
And buffetted all sorts of weather;
How oft have you imbib'd the rays
Of summer suns in noontide blaze!
How oft, when clouds dissolv'd in rain,
Remote from shelter on the plain,
You clasp'd me closely round the waist,
As close as pie-crust clasps the paste;
And not content in sun or wet
To pay what you conceiv'd a debt,
You follow'd me to bed at night;
And if the quilt chanc'd to be light,
You spread your arms in friendly aid;
Nor did you think the debt was paid,
Unless you hung around my chair,
To guard me from the chilling air,
Oft as I read, or lonely sat,
In conversation with the cat;
And still, as this were not enough,
I can't forget the pliant cuff,
That to my finger ends would run,
Instead of gloves, for I have none.
Then, dearest coat, where shall I find
A substitute so good and kind?

Shall I exchange thy sable hue,
For dirty red, or spotted blue?
Alas! such colours quickly fade!
They fly before the tailor's paid;
And oft the wearer takes the hint,
And flies along, too, with the tint.
What colour may with thine compare?
In ev'ry charm you boast a share;
In ev'ry age the sable brow
Has claim'd the lover's earliest vow.
In love it still maintains its power;
In short, 't is beauty's richest dower;
Whilst those that make the least pretence
To gravity or common sense,
The murky garb all, all assume;
It spreads a reverential gloom.
Religious books are bound in black,
But never letter'd on the back;
For that would be a crying sin,
To take the silly buyer in.
Thus, often struck with outside graces,
With dimpled smiles and painted faces,
We take a vixen in disguise,
Because we trusted to our eyes.
A widow at a midnight ball,
In sable stole and muslin shawl,
Like snow upon a raven's wing,
Outrivals all the sparkling ring;
Then, *Buonaparte**, how could you
Raise such objections to this hue,

* Buonaparte, in February 1803, prohibited, under a severe penalty, the intermarriage of *blacks* and *whites*.

As

As to decree that *black* and *white*
In wedlock bands should not unite?
As well, vain man, you might decree,
That Britons should not rule the sea,
As to suppose that nature's rules
Should yield to you and all your fools!

JOHN LYNN.

ON the 12th of August 1762, the Havannah surrendered to the British arms under the command of General Lord Amherst, Admiral Sir George Pocock, and Commodore Keppel. The Neptuno of 70 guns, Asia 64, Europa 64, Spanish line of battle ships, were sunk at the entrance of the harbour. The Tiger of 70 guns, Reyna 70, Soverano 70, Infanta 70, Aquilon 70, America 60, Vinganaza 24, Thetis 24, and Marte of 18 guns, surrendered to the British commander in the harbour of the Havannah, besides two ships of war that were on the stocks, with a considerable number of merchantmen. John Lynn, a journeyman baker, wrote the following epigram on that brilliant victory:

SPAIN, jealous and proud, sorely vex'd to be told,
Her Havannah was lost, her ships, castles, and gold,
Charg'd her governor home, for surrend'ring the place,
So much to his own and his country's disgrace.

A place,

A place, said the court, so strong in each part,
Defended by nature, and aided by art;
So impregnable thought, that we cannot conceive
How you could yield it up—what excuse can you give?
To which he replied, with a confident air,
Sirs, my plea is, that Keppel and Pocock were there.

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

JEREMIAH Twomey was executed at Gallows Green, near Cork, on Easter Sunday, the 18th of April 1767, for a burglary in the dwelling-house of Johanna Norton, at Crosses Green, near the said city. The robbers treated her husband in so shocking a manner, that he died in the course of a few days after. Twomey was convicted of the robbery only; and as some circumstances appeared in his favour on his trial, the mob entertained an opinion that he was innocent; in consequence of which, they brought him from the place of execution in his coffin, to the door of the prosecutrix, where they bled him, took the rope off his neck, threw it in at the window, after which they broke all the windows with stones, &c. Mrs. Norton resolutely defended the house, threw the rope into a river that ran by it, and fired several shots among the mob;

mob; many persons were hurt, but none mortally wounded. A party of soldiers at length came to her assistance, and took one of the ring-leaders into custody, who was afterwards whipt through the town as a part of his punishment.

CAMDEN.

The three following Articles are copied from a MS. in the British Museum, *entitled,* Alphabetical List of Lives, by EDWARD EARL of OXFORD and MORTIMER.

THERE is an account of Mr. Camden's life put before Edmond Gibson's edition of the Britannia, 1695, in folio, in English, dedicated to my Lord Somers. The same life of Mr. Camden, with a few alterations, is added to the new edition of the Britannia, published 1722, by the same Edmond Gibson, now become Bishop of Lincoln. I will only take notice of the great partiality of this worthy author. In the preface to the first edition, he mentions Dr. Charlet, Master of University College, with great respect, as he had many obligations to him, and being then at the same university, fellow of Queen's

Queen's College. But this in the second edition is also left out. Gibson wanted not Charlet; he was Bishop of Lincoln, in the high road to preferment, as he is now Bishop of London, where he hopes not to stop.

Poor honest Charlet died Master of University, in preferment, for he kept to the honest principles he set out in the world with; and Gibson, for being a turncoat rascal, is now Bishop of London.

SPENSER, EDMUND.

I was told by Lord Carteret, that when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1724, a true descendant of this Edmund Spenser, who bore his name, had a trial before Baron Hale, and he knew so little of the English language, that he was forced to have an interpreter.

WILMOT (JOHN) EARL OF ROCHESTER.

See Passages of his Life, said to be written by his direction on his death-bed, by *Gilbert Burnet*. This, I have some reason to believe, is a lie of that Scotch rascal.

WILLIAM DORRINGTON THE ELDER*.

April 10th, 1600. The Copy of Mr. Dorrington's Letter, left upon the Leads, when he cast down himself from the Top of St. Sepulchre's Church, in London.

On the Back of the Letter.

OH, let me live, and I will call upon thy name.

Within the Letter.

Let no other man be troubled for that which is my own fact. John Bunckley and his fellows, by perjury, and other bad means, have brought me to this end:—God forgive it them, and I doe; and, O Lord, forgive me this cruel fact upon my own body, which I utterlye detest, and most humbly pray him to cast it behind him, and that of his most exceeding and infinite mercy he will forgive it me, with all my other sins. But surelye, after they had thus slandered me everye daye that I lived, was to me a hundred deathes, which caused me rather to choose to dye with infamye, than to live in infamye and torment.

O, summa Deitas, quæ cœlis et superis presides, meis medere miseris, ut spretis inferis, læter superis, *reis* dona veniam.

* See Hearne's preface to Camden's Elizabeth, Archbishop Usher's Letters, p. 147, and Bacon's Works, vol. iv. p. 400.

Trusting

Trusting in his only passion and merits of Jesus Christ, and confessing my exceeding great synnes, I say, " Master, have mercye upon me!"

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Curious Dedication of a Funeral Sermon to Richard Cromwell, on the Death of his Father.

Title.

THRENI Hybernici; or, Ireland sympathizing with England and Scotland, in a sad Lamentation for the Loss of her Josiah: represented in a Sermon, preached at Christ Church, in Dublin, before his Excellency the Lord Deputy, with divers of the Nobility, Gentry, and Commonality, there assembled to celebrate a funeral Solemnity upon the Death of the late Lord Protector. By Dr. Harrison, chief Chaplain to his said Excellency.

And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for him. 2 Chron. xxv. 24.—This is a lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation. Ezek. xix. 14. 4 Reg. xiii. 14.—Pater mî, pater mî, currus Israel, et auriga ejus. 4 Reg. ii. 12.

Cicer. Somn. Scip. Omnibus qui patriam conservarint, adjuverint, auxerint, certus est in

cœlo ac definitus locus, ubi beati ævo sempiterno fruentur.

Senec. Nunquam Stygias fertur ad umbras inclita virtus.

London: Printed by E. Cotes; and are to be sold by John North, bookseller, in Castle Street, at Dublin, in Ireland, 1659.

Dedication.

To the most illustrious Richard, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

May it please your Highness, it was a saying of David, Psalm cxii. 6. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance; and of Solomon, Prov. x. 7. The memorial of the just shall be blessed. Divine Providence made it my lot to hear this sermon pathetically delivered by that pious divine, Dr. Harrison, in a full, fluent manner, extracting tears from the eyes, and sighs from the hearts, of the hearers. I moved the Doctor for the printing thereof, being so precious a piece, touching so unparalleled a person, that it was more fit to be made public, than perish in oblivion; who, in a modest manner, termed it a sudden, imperfect, and unpolished collection of scattered thoughts and notes, which brevity of time, and burthen of spirit, would not permit him more completely to compile; yet, upon my im-

portunity, he was pleased to condescend to my motion, and delivered me this copy, now printed, written with his own hand. The usefulness of the piece, replete with so many observations, together with the desire of erecting all lasting monuments that might tend to the eternising of the blessed memory of that thrice renowned patron and pattern of piety, your royal father (whose pious life is his never-perishing pyramid, every man's heart being his tomb, and every good man's tongue an epitaph), hath emboldened me, in all humility, to present it to your Highness as a lively effigies to mind you of his matchless virtues. And, as the learned author intended it not so much for the eye or ear as for the heart; not for reading only, but practice principally; so may your Highness please to make use thereof as a pattern of imitation for piety and reformation in the nations. That your Highness may become a successful successor of such a peerless predecessor, to inherit his goodness with his greatness, that out of his ashes you may spring another Phœnix, as a honeycomb out of the strong lion; a royal branch of that rare root; a strong rod to be a sceptre to rule: so shall your Highness's holy and ever virtuous progress be a new crown of comfort to the three nations, filling the people's heart with joyful hopes of happiness, and a firm well-grounded peace, that they may sit safely

under their vines and fig-trees, freed from the terrors and turmoils of tumultuous broils: and that your Highness may obtain and enjoy the continual protection of the omnipotent Protector, to crown your Highness and the nations with loving kindness and tender mercies, shall be the constant prayer of

Your Highness's most humble,

And faithfully devoted,

EDWARD MATTHEWS.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HALE.

HE resigned his chief justiceship about a year before his death, and betook himself to the most retired privacy, in order to a preparation for his departure, according to his own Paraphrase of Seneca's Thyestes, Act 2.

Let him that will, ascend the tott'ring seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; as for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be:
Give me some mean obscure recess; a sphere
Out of the road of business and of fear;
Let not my name be known ev'n to
The grandees of the times, toss'd to and fro

By censures and applause; but let my age
Slide gently by, not overthwart the stage
Of public action, unheard, unseen,
And unconcern'd as if I ne'er had been;
And thus while I shall pass my silent days
In shady privacy, free from the frays
And bustles of the mad world, then shall I
A good old innocent plebeian die.
Death is a mere surprise, a very snare
To him that makes it his life's greatest care,
To be a public pageant known to all,
But unacquainted with himself, doth fall.

Ex MSS. Ralph. Thoresby, Arm.

DR. CHARLTON.

IN one of his books, purchased by Dr. Howe at his sale, under his own portrait, were written the following lines on himself in his own hand-writing:

Fœminas quotquot vidit, amavit;
Voluit quas amavit,
Habuit quas voluit;
Stupente natura!
Quod unus omnibus sufficeret,
Non omnes uni!

BARON WALLOP.

HE was a great lawyer, and very witty: he was bold to stand up for the liberty of the sub-

ject, when few other lawyers would or durst; yet, when King William came in, was neglected very unhandsomely, which made Mr. (Julian) Johnson, at the end of one of his books, to ask, and that in great letters, why Mr. Wallop was not made a judge? to which one replied, "For the same reason that Mr. Johnson is not made a bishop." Both of them spoke and wrote sharply against the corruptions of men in power, which stopped the current of civil promotion to the one, and ecclesiastical to the other. At last Lord Chancellor Somers took notice of Mr. Wallop, and put him into Baron Tetlock's place, but not before he needed it; he did not enjoy it long, having died lately.

When King James put out his declaration for liberty of conscience, "This," said Mr. Wallop, "is but *'scaffolding*; they intend to *build a house* (popery); and, when their house is built, they 'll take down their scaffolds."

When the bishops put forth their declaration for the liberty of the subject, "What," said he, "now arbitrary government is broke out, do they hope thus to prevent it? This is, as when they had knocked out the barrel head, they should think to stop all in with their thumbs."

Dr. Sampson's MSS.

LA GENEALOGIE DE M. LAW,

FAIT A PARIS, 1720.

BEELZEBUB	engendra	Law
Law	eng.	La Banque
La Banque	eng.	Mississipi
Mississipi	eng.	Systeme
Systeme	eng.	Papier
Papier	eng.	Billet
Billet	eng.	Agio
Agio	eng.	Larron
Larron	eng.	Souscription
Souscription	eng.	Dividend
Dividend	eng.	Escompte
Escompte	eng.	Intrinseque
Intrinseque	eng.	Argent fort
Argent fort	eng.	Compte ouvert
Compte ouvert	eng.	Registre
Registre	eng.	Billon Idéal
Billon Idéal	eng.	Zero
Zero	eng.	Nihil, a qui la

puissance d'engendrer fut ôsée !

OMENS.

PRINCE Charles (afterwards Charles II,), when he was young, awoke one night in a very

great disorder and frightful passion out of his sleep. Dr. Duppa, who was his tutor, and lay in the chamber with him, got up to quiet him, asking what the matter was? He said, his grandfather had appeared to him. After a considerable time he was got to sleep again; but not long after, he cried more fearfully than before, and told the Doctor, and others that came about him, "My grandfather appeared a second time to me, *and told me he had left my father three kingdoms, but my father would leave me none*;" which proved true enough in twelve years, and might have been longer; but as a great prince* said of the English, that he had hitherto been a great admirer of them and their prudence, "But," said he, "I am of another mind now, since they have cut off their king's head, and then afterwards send for his son to revenge it on themselves."

From Dr. Lightfoot's MSS. to whom it was communicated by Dr. Duppa.

THE LADIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE critics of the fair sex tell us they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquettish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are, it is the fable

* Duke of Brandenburgh.—See Clery's Memoirs.

of

of the lion and the man; but since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learnt to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But if the ladies were what surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame?—Is it not we who spoil—who corrupt—who seduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain when we daily praise to her face her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity when we tell her, that nothing can resist her attractions—that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften—nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue; when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day, that her form is fairer than summer — more refreshing than spring; that her lips are vermilion; that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily with the incarnation of the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties; no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity when we tell her, that her hands were not made to touch the needle, or to soil their whiteness in domestic employments?

Can we blame her frivolity when we tell her, that the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple, in which the loves and the graces wanton; that reflection clouds her brow with care, and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is, that beauty supersedes and dispenses with every other quality, that all she needs to know is, that she is pretty; that to be intelligent, is to be pedantic, and that to be more learned than one's neighbour is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her, that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. With all she is a goddess, and to her all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant when there is no superiority?

Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise when she hears that the universe must be proud to wait

wait her commands; that the utmost of a lover's hopes is to be the humblest of her slaves; that to fulfil the least of her commands is the highest ambition of her adorers?

And are women so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation. When men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please.

The ladies do not force the taste of the men; they only adapt themselves to it; they may corrupt, and be corrupted; they may improve, and be improved.

JOHN DENNIS.

From a MS. Collection in the Hand-writing of the late Dr. Lyon.

THE 15th instant (April 1734) died the celebrated critic Mr. John Dennis. This gentleman had certainly great merit in the commonwealth of learning, but was unhappy from some peculiarities that his disappointments in the world had seemed to make almost natural to his temper, at least as some were of opinion, who made but small allowances for his unhappy circumstances. His talents, in short, created him

him many enemies among the small wits and minor poets, who, in some sort, made it a common cause to depress a judgment of which they had reason to be afraid. If, however, he had causelessly or unjustly offended any one, the wretched circumstances through which he had struggled, to a tedious, an indigent and helpless old age, was a revenge which the most exasperated mind could not wish to its worst enemy: and it will be always remembered, to the praise of two or three gentlemen of exalted genius as well as humanity, that they could overlook his little failings, and do him real benefit, for the sake of his greater excellencies. The political writings of this unhappy gentleman, together with several MSS. which never appeared, manifest his steady love to his country, and strict adherence to the Protestant interest. As to his other pieces, let better judges give them their due character; we shall only add, that we think he may be called *the last classic wit of King Charles's reign.*

DUKE OF SULLY IN ENGLAND.

WHEN King Henry IV. sent the Duke of Sully to England in the year 1604, to compliment King James upon his coming to the crown, it

it happened that the King of England, at the same time, gave a passage to the Constable of Castille and the ambassador which the Archduke Albert had on his part joined. He had ordered vessels for the conveyance of all these ministers, and had given orders to Robert Mansell, who had a command, to give a passage to the ambassadors of Spain and the Archduke, as Vice-admiral Turner had orders to pass the *Duke of Sully*. This last having arrived at Calais before the others were at Gravelines, where they were to be landed, would oblige Mansell to transport him in his vessel to Dover, and not being able to obtain it by reason of the contrary orders the English had, he entered into the ordinary passage-boat, and put himself in the way of passage. As soon as he arrived in the open sea, he caused *the flag of France* to be hoisted; but Mansell, believing that it was the intention of the Duke *to brave* that of the King of England, ordered the gunner to advertise the Duke by the discharge of one of his cannon without ball; and seeing that he took no notice thereof, with the second shot with ball he caused the flag to be battered. The Duke of Sully, on his arrival at the Court of England, where he had many friends, would make a noise, but received not the least reparation, all people commending the resolution Mansell

Mansell had shewn to maintain the right which the kings of Great Britain maintained over the four seas.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

THIS Cardinal (saith *Campian*, in his History of England) was exceeding wise, fair spoken, high minded, full of revenge, vicious of his body, lofty to his enemies, courteous to his friends, a ripe schoolman, allured with flattery, insatiable to get, and more princely in his benefactions; but whosoever will know the splendour of his chapel, the nobleness of his tables, the order of his daily attendance in term time to Westminster, and the glory of his state and grandeur, may read the same in Stow and Hollingshead, to whom I refer the reader. But when he fell under the King's displeasure, touching the matter of divorce between the king and queen, Katharine, through despair of recovering his favour, a deep melancholy seized him, and he died on St. Andrew's eve, at Leicester, anno 1530, 21 H. VIII. in his passage from York to London, and was buried in the great church there, of whom Hollingshead gives this description; that he was of a great stomach, counted himself equal with princes, obtained a vast treasure by crafty suggestion, forced title on simony, was not

not pitiful, conceited in his own opinion, would say in public that which was false, was double in speech and meaning, would promise much and perform little, was an ill pastor to the clergy, sorely hated, and he feared the city of London.

Chauncy's Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire.

DOCTOR MAGENNIS.

THE late Doctor Magennis (who was tried some years since at the Old Bailey, for the murder of Mr. Hardy, and to whose character Mr. Burke and a number of gentlemen bore the most honourable testimony) was descended from a very ancient family in the North of Ireland. Having occasion, when a young man, to visit the metropolis of that kingdom, he put up, on his way, at an inn in Drogheda. The mayor of that corporation had enclosed a piece of common contiguous to the town, for his own use, and, in order that he might himself enjoy the full benefit of it, he gave notice in the newspaper, that if any cattle should be found trespassing on it, they would be immediately impounded. The Doctor happened to fall in company with some boon companions, that winged the glass with song and joke, till Morpheus weighed down his eyelids with "soft oppression." When our

young

young traveller was ready the next morning to resume his journey, he called for his horse: the hostler scratched his pate, and after a pause or two, told him, that as his horse, in all probability, had not read the Mayor's advertisement—he had inadvertently, no doubt, stepped into the favourite inclosure, as it was certainly the most verdant spot in the neighbourhood; in consequence of which he was seized by one of his Lordship's Myrmidons, and committed for farther examination. Magennis immediately waited on the prætor, who heard all that he had to say in favour of the prisoner; on which he collected all his twelvemonth's pride, and in a few words told him, that the culprit should not be enlarged unless he paid down half a guinea, which was more at the time than our youthful Esculapius could conveniently spare. "Well, then," said the suppliant, "if so, it must be so; but I shall have a few verses into the bargain." On which he repeated the following lines:

Was ever horse so well befitted?
His master drunk—himself committed!
But courage, horse, do not despair,
You 'll be a horse when he's no may'r.

Such was the power of verse even on a city magistrate, that he immediately ordered his Rosinante to be delivered up to him free of all expense.

PAUL

PAUL HEFFERNAN.

PAUL Heffernan was a man of learning and ingenuity, notwithstanding the scurrility of Tom Davis, the bookseller, who did not dare, in the lifetime of the former, to look *uncivilly* at him. The eccentricities of Paul were remarkable: he was always *going your way*. To try the experiment as far as it would go, a gentleman of his acquaintance, after treating him with a good supper at the Bedford coffee-house, took him by the hand, saying, "Good night, Paul." "Stay," says the other, "I am going your way." His friend stepped onward out of his own way, with Paul, to Limehouse; when, contriving to amuse Paul with the *certain* success of his tragedy (the Heroine of the Cave, afterwards performed for Reddish's benefit with *no* success), he brought him back to Carpenter's coffee-house, in Covent Garden, at three in the morning, where, after drinking some coffee and punch, a new departure was taken, with "Good morning, Paul; I am going to the Blue Boar in Holborn."—"Well," says Heffernan, "*that's in my way*;" and, upon leaving his friend at the gate, he took his leave a second time, about five in the morning, and afterwards walked leisurely

 home

home to his lodging in College Street, Westminster, next door to the hatter's, where he died about twenty years ago; *not in want*, for he had a guinea and some silver in his pocket.

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THE LORD TREASURER BURGHLEY.

FROM MR. DELL'S MSS.

SIR SPIRRITT,

I DOUBTE I doe nickname you; for those of your kinde (they say) have no sense, but I have of late seen an *ecse signū*, that if an asse kicke you, you feele it soone. I will recant you from being my spiritt, if ever I perceyve yt you disdaine not such a feelinge. Serve God, feare yr kinge, and be a goode fellowe to yᵉ rest. Let never care appeare in you for such a *rumō*; but let yᵐ well knowne, yt you rather despise the righting of such wronge, by making knowne theyr error, then you to be so silly a soule as to foreslowe that you ought to do, or not freely delyvere what you thinke meetest, and pass of noe man soe much as not to regard her trust who puts it in you.

God bless you, and longe may you last,

9th May, 1563. Omnino, E. R.

GENERAL GREENE.

Character of the American General GREENE, *by Major* WILLIAM PIERCE, *of Georgia.*

WHO can forbear to express their sorrow for that great and illustrious character, Major-general GREENE? Who is there that could boast his acquaintance, but must lament that those great and amiable qualities with which he was endued, should sleep in dumb forgetfulness? On whom should a grateful country more liberally bestow her praises, than on a man who contributed to her freedom and peace? The memory of such a man ought to be treasured in our hearts. Formed for the duties of public life, he discharged the great trusts reposed in him with fidelity and honour. Splendid as a soldier, he figured through the revolution as one of the most distinguished of our generals; his military achievements formed a bright track in the annals of his country, that marks his career from the blockade of Boston to the battle of the Eutaws. With a mind that teemed with resources, he had always the means of surmounting difficulties; in every situation of danger he had the address to meet it to advantage; and, when pressed by necessity or duty in action, he "taught the

doubtful battle where to rage," with an equanimity of mind, and a steadiness of soul, that defied its terrors. The Southern States hailed him as their deliverer, and received him as the best friend of their oppressed country. He valued the rights of mankind, founded on rational principles; he knew them well, and respected those privileges that secured their civil happiness. A fortunate experience, and a well-directed intercourse with the world, had corrected his judgment, and fitted him for all the purposes of society. He was gentle, free, and correct in his manners, and was benevolent and friendly in his nature: objects of magnitude engaged his attention, but he could at all times unbend to social purposes. In private life he was as much esteemed as he was respected in his public station. When that awful stroke was given which numbered him with the dead, the sons and daughters of America wept over his bier. Cut off, as it were, in the bloom of life, with the most pleasing prospect of domestic felicity before him, his fall was every where lamented—his loss every where regretted! Dear departed GREENE, over thy relics shall sorrowing Friendship mourn!—at thy tomb shall Liberty and Virtue weep!

THADDEUS

THADDEUS RUDDY.

THADDEUS Ruddy was the last of the Irish bards:—this was uttered with a sigh, and I now record it with a tear. He was born near Lake Clean, the fountain of the Shannon, in the county of Leitrim, in 1623. I was told at first, that he could scarcely read his own language (Irish), nor even speak English; but on farther inquiry, I learnt that he had studied his mother tongue grammatically, and that towards the latter end of his life he could read a little English, but could not be prevailed on even to attempt to speak it. He was descended of a good family, but, to use his own expression, he first saw the light through the chinks of a ruined house, that once flourished in peace and plenty.

The following passage is taken from the introduction to one of his poems, called "The Spring and Summer of Life."

"The sixteenth *Lent* had scarce passed over my head, when the best of mothers was called to receive the reward that is promised to the pious. Death did not long separate those whom early love had united: my father soon followed, and they now sleep in one grave together, which is a great consolation to me. I was glad to hire myself out to a farmer in the neighbourhood, in

whom I found an indulgent father. In this situation the muse used to visit me, as it were, by stealth, for I was ashamed and afraid to acknowledge, that a ploughman should dare to approach the fountain of Aganippe; but it was love that first led me to it."

I could collect little more of his life than what I have just transcribed. Bridget Brady, it seems, was the object of his fruitless passion; she was the daughter of a purse-proud miller,; almost all the young women could repeat a number of the verses that he poured forth in praise of this inexorable beauty. I have attempted the translation of a few, in which I have endeavoured to preserve the local comparisons.

Bridget Brady.

She 's as straight as a pine on the mountains of Kilmannan,
She 's as fair as the lilies on the banks of the Shannon;
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms of Drumcallan,
And her breast gently swells like the waves of lake Allan.

Her eyes are as mild as the dews of Dunsany;
Her veins are as pure as the blue-bells of Slaney;
Her words are as smooth as the pebbles of Terwinny,
And her hair flows adown like the streamlets of Finny.

To the same.

I won't compare you to the rose,
The modest tenant of the shade;
Nor yet to any flower that blows:
The fairest flowrets quickly fade. I won't

I won't compare you to the spring,
Nor summer, yet in golden hue;
Nor morning clouds, on milkwhite wing,
Nor noontide clouds of heav'nly blue;

Nor winter yet, of stars untold,
That sparkle in her snowy vest;
Yet, when I feel the piercing cold,
'T is not so cold as Bridget's breast.

Then I'll compare you to the snow,
And cold that binds the headlong flood;
Yet, when the sun begins to glow—
Oh, may the simile hold good!

Fair Bridget, listen to my strain,
Though you should even slight it;
I know the power of verse is vain,
Though love should e'en indite it.

If you should turn your ear aside,
And flout my faithful numbers,
Remember, vengeance waits on pride,
And vengeance only slumbers.

Remember, beauty will decay,
At best a short-liv'd flower;
And when it fades and dies away,
Then, Bridget, where 's your power?

To these I shall beg leave to add the following:

The Life a Lover leads.

Pleasing hopes and chilling fears,
Words embalm'd in true-love tears;

Sighs more precious far than gold,
Neither to be bought nor sold;
Lips and cheeks of vernal hues,
Nods, and smiles, and soft adieus;
Dreams as light as summer air,
Valentines when linnets pair.
Now she 's coy and now she 's kind,
Then, as fickle as the wind;
Talks of nunneries and beads—
What a life a lover leads!

Connaught.

CONNAUGHT, long fam'd for pedigrees
Of man and beast of all degrees;
With many a *Mac*, and many an *O*,
The darling pride of high and low;
And if united in one race,
Make way and give *OMac* that place.
What do ye think, ye sons of earth,
Who place no price, alas! on birth,
Whose souls are all absorb'd in gains,
If you should visit these dear plains,
You'd be despis'd, and so you should,
For I myself can boast some blood.
Say, Connaught, fam'd for woods and waters,
Can I forget thy lovely daughters?
As straight as any solar beam,
As pure as any limpid stream;
With snowy neck and coal-black hair,
And breasts as soft as yielding air;

There

There Cupid should reside alone,
There Venus should erect her throne;
There Mars would find a body guard,
And ev'ry glorious deed a bard;
There hospitality resides,
There plenty flows in copious tides;
There Bacchus shews his honest face,
And there chaste Dian wings the chase.
Where'er I chance to roam by day,
In Connaught let me pass the night;
There let me modulate the lay,
There let the muse take her last flight.

If Thaddeus Ruddy could not paint his passion in all the glow of Petrarch, it was at least as warm and as pure; and if Bridget was not so beautiful as Laura, she was at least as cruel: poets, in truth, are seldom successful in love; the haughty fair seldom yield to the "concord of sweet sounds;" and our bard may be added to the number of those who have sung, but sung in vain; for Bridget gave her hand to a young man, that found a powerful advocate in a large herd of swine, and a flock of sheep. I could not learn how the poet bore this severe stroke; it appears, however, that he found consolation in religion, the never-failing balm of a bleeding heart! The battles between the Danes and the Irish have furnished the poets of both countries with fruitful themes, particularly the

latter. As the Song of Dearg is one of the most popular of these ballads, especially in the West of Ireland, I have attempted a literal translation of it, but must confess that it is not an easy task to catch the spirit of the original, as it was undoubtedly composed in moments propitious to poetry, and is allowed by the best judges of the original to be the most happy effusion of any that now remain of Thaddeus Ruddy, whose memory will be dear to the few who have any taste for productions of this kind.

THE SONG OF DEARG.

"The religion of the North was military; if they could not find enemies, it was their duty to make them: they travelled in quest of danger, and willingly took the chance of empire or death." *Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides.*

O, YE snowy-breasted nymphs of Erin, with gray-blue glistening eyes, lend attention to the song of Dearg! swell his weak notes with your accents, while softly he awakes the living string: while yet the whispers of the morn sleep on the pillowy palely lighted waves of Gowna, and the blue stream of light is yet untinged by the inconstant blushes of the East. I will sing oft he great man, and his exploits; the strong man, great

who rushed to our shore, full of glory and strength, to contend with our chiefs; the man whose name was Dearg Mac Drucoll. Before he rode to us on the bosom of the deep, he spoke the word, and sealed it with a vow, that the great and mighty of our land should bend to his power; for the wind had scattered the fame of our heroes abroad, and Dearg Mac Drucoll spread his sails to the breezes. From the East he came, from the country of Finnland, to the golden and peace-inviting vales of Erin*. He sought our men of strength to play death with them in every combat. He gained the white-toothed harbour of Bin Edur † of the host, for the powers of sleep had fallen on the souls of Rosglan, the son of Fion, and Coal Croda, the son of Criomtin, two of no slender courage, appointed to guard the haven of White Froth: they slept, and the strong man approached beneath a winning form, with the point of his sword foremost. He leaped from his bark, which floating softly after on the gentle swell, soon pressed the cloud-freaked sandy shore. His hair flew loosely on the wanton gale, or fell amusive in yellow folds of parting white; while eyes of softest blue shone mild, diffusing smiles around the warrior's ruddy brow.

* One of the poetical names of Ireland.

† The hill of Howth.

He ranged the shore, and climbed the rising pride of Edur; thence he viewed a wide and fertile land. He saw his ships now struggling with the wind, for it rose high, and rolled upon the deep with anger. He was troubled at the sight, and he descended heavily towards the waves. A lance, stained with the blood of thousands that had fallen beneath his arm, the hero bore; the hero who ranged around to encounter men of mighty deeds. A flowing robe, sprinkled with stones of living light, hung loosely over the chief, with eyes of beaming blue. A sword of flame, whose hilt was richly graced, filled his warlike hand. A golden shield, bright as the burnished moon, when she lifts her broad orb from behind the sea, fell over the left shoulder of the prince, the son of the high king; and a helmet of wondrous frame shone high on his towering head.

Dearg Mac Drucoll levied tribute from all the princes of the East, by his power and his strength, and mighty achievements in battles and single combat.

Now, then, bursting from the bonds of sleep, the son of the bright eye arose and seized his spear, which, glancing on the face of day, shone dreadful to the approaching foe. His wanton locks flowed loose, like new-poured gold, and his eye appeared like the evening star

of summer. The mellow blushes of his parting lips rose beauteous to the view, as a double plum; with steps swifter than the hunted wolf, he ran to meet the man of might, and his companion as swiftly followed.

Relate to us, O son of strength, we that are the guardians of the harbour; we that are the sons of kings, and appointed by the mighty of Erin to watch over the haven of rising swells, relate to us thy tale.

The man of the East, with features drest in firmness, then replied: "From the soul-invigorating clime of Finnland, parent of mighty men, I come; my name is Dearg, and the Finnland king my sire. With views full of ardour I posted hither on the winds, to seek the highest of your land."

"Why, then," said Rosgglan, his soul spreading on his front, "if you come to view our shores, our vales, our lakes, our woods, our mountains high, and hospitable roofs, welcome thou mightiest of the East; but, if pride and conquest drew thee here, my breast is Erin's shield; and should I fail against thy arm, and mine knows well the art of death, ten thousand, greater far than I, must fall, ere you ascend that hill."

"I come not hither, boastful youth," the Finnland man returned, "to talk with boys; I come to do the work of men. Behold those vessels

vessels on the bending flood: within their hollow trunks are lodged heroes famed for war; and, though an adverse gale denies their coming on, yet in vain will Erin's sons their rising still oppose."

"Keep back thy praises for another hour," replied the rising beam of Fion; "if thou art powerful, prove it."

"Think not, O son of pride," returned the blue-eyed chief, "I dread thy little voice; fatigue to me is glorious; I live in storms and battles; and to conquer is my birth-right; therefore be wise, nor tempt thy fate; the kingdom of Erin I claim: and who shall dare prevent me?"

"O Dearg, son of the high king," said Rosgglan, "there are men in this land, who would soon contend with thee, and dare thee to the fight."

"Find me one," said the hero of death, while his soul swelled high, and terror rode upon his brow.

"The mighty are not here," said Coal Croda of the generous breast, "but the brave are, and I will oppose thy arm."

"No," replied the son of Fion, "thou friend of my soul, thou shalt not go; that task be mine; thou art of no slender fame, but my sword longs to meet this man of blood."

"O! let

"O! let me meet him," said Coal; "thy fame is on every wind, but mine is young; let me go and mix my name with the champions of our land."

"Go then," said Rosgglan, "and I will retire to yonder rock; and may the spirit of our fathers attend thy arm!"

"Now," cried the exulting Coal, "prepare, thou mighty hero; thou that hast crossed the sea to try our strength;" and approached the well-formed Dearg, who said, "Come on; many have sought death beneath this spear; approach, and be added to the number."

Coal rushed upon the foe, who stood firm as the rocks of the North, when storms swell to the heavens! bright flew their steel in air, and gleamed dreadful to the eye! and now the sounding blows fell heavy on the shield of Dearg: Coal poised his, but of a less ample round. The Finnland chief, with backward steps retiring, gained a swelling bank; the son of Criomtin followed, but the man of the rough East towered above him, and, with a ponderous stroke, cut his bright shield across, that shewed like the moon when nearly one half is lost in the gloom of night, and the blood flowed from the arm of Coal; who, with a mighty leap, sprung up, and his descending sword would have sent the soul of Dearg to the hills of his country,

had he not thrown his head aside; but he received the blow slanting on his broad shoulder, and the red stream gushed fast around.

The enraged Dearg now flung his shield and sword behind, then seized the beamy spear in both his hands, and drove with fury at the breast of Coal, pierced it through, and he fell, like the stag of Lena beneath the hunter's dart, while Rosgglan ran, from where he viewed the fatal strife, to save his friend: O! he came too late; for the generous soul of Coal was fled to mingle with the shades of other worlds.

"Touch not my prey," said the blood-covered leader, "but submit; share his fate."

"I 'll share it," said the son of Fion, "or conquer thee:" and with impetuous arm he lanched a dart at Drucoll's breast, but his shield sent it lifeless to the earth. Then from the high-raised hand of Dearg another flew, which struck the well-formed shield of Rosgglan, and quivered there. Now blazed their swords on high, and their bucklers rung with many a mighty stroke; and the play of death was hurried on with dreadful skill: at length, the chiefs began to pause, and fiercely gazed. When anon, the East man wheeled, swift as a cloud driven by the blast of night, and seized a massy crag; then turning round, with sinewy arm he hurled it at the foe. The

lifted

lifted shield opposed in vain, for crash it came, with powerful force, against his breast, and down the warrior fell. Stretched was the manly form of Rosgglan, and his eyes rolled in the wilds of darkness. The sword of Dearg was then hid in the left side of Raigne, and his heart beat no more.

Night came on now, with hasty strides, from the East, and spread her broad wings on the hills, and the stars of autumn appeared red through the flying clouds. The trees bent their brown heads in the forest, and the huge waves sung loud on the shore. Many voices were now heard from afar, and thickened in the ear of Drucoll; for the combat had been heard by a lone hunter on the hill, and he spread the fame of it around; and the people began to gather; but no chief was with them.

With sullen steps the prince moved to his bark, and carried with him the arms of the slain. Four men, that waited there, received him, and took their small skiff round a rock, and hid her from the wind; and he rested there until morning; but his heart beat anxious for his heroes on the tide.

Loud were the calls around for Rosgglan and Coal, and loud were the echoes that returned their names; but grief seized a hundred hearts, when their bloody forms were found on the wild shore!

shore! Soon was the fire raised, and the flame blazed high. The fallen pride of Edur was laid on a mossy bed, and the circle of grief was formed: two bards were there, Macalla of the gentle string, and Sianblath of the swelling note; their harps were brought; ten virgins joined in the dirge, and the mournful song arose.

"Ye are fallen, O ye opening blossoms of Erin! ye, that were the pride of thousands, are no more! Ye roses, lovely to the eye, and the land smiled around you. The chiefs of our country heard of your fame, and rejoiced, and the bards often tuned their harps to your praises! But now the maidens will mourn; for ye were pleasant among them. Happy for those that bore you, they are now in the narrow house, and will not weep; but your fathers will bend their gray heads over your wounds, and bless their pale sons; for beautiful are the wounds of the breast, when the hills of our birth demand them.

"What will the melting eye of the gentle Mela say, when she hears of thy fall, O Rosgglan! thou, who wert the brightness of her soul! she will close it for ever in night, and meet thy spirit on the clouds. And what will the golden voice of the soft-bosomed Moina say, when she hears that Coal, the beam of her heart, is fled? She will pour out her soul on the winds, and join him

him in his airy hall. Oft will they meet their friends on the heath, when the evening closes her last gleam, and the wary hunter will be ravished with the sweet wildness of their notes."

And now the moon begins her gray journey, drest in starry fading folds: no linnet tunes his air-born note, nor gentle breeze on the reedy harp of Ulla's stream, sings the refreshing song; but the rude mountain gusts play a loud blast among the clouds, and send them scowling through the broad fields of heaven.

The bodies of the slain had been taken away, when Drucoll resumed his arms, and trod again the shore. He beheld his Finn-men labouring hard with the contending waves: at length they gained the land; a hundred warriors, dressed in steel, beamed round their chief. They ascend the mountain with shouts, and, led by their prince, with steps of strength, they bend their way to Tara—Tara, boast of Erin, and fairest among ten thousand hills where Cormack the Powerful reigned; Cormack of the mighty host.

The champions of Tara arose, for tidings arrived of the strangers' approach. They assembled round their king, in the great hall of their fathers. Strength was in their well-formed limbs, their looks were bold, and firmness dwelt in their souls.

deep throws the rising beams of the sun off its smooth surface, so did their arms give a double day.

The chariot of Fion now rested on its axle, and he spoke unto Gol, the first of mortal men: "O son of Moina," said he, "thou, whose arm did never yield, on thee our hopes depend: 't is thou, who must conquer this man of death: but, if thou fallest, it will be with glory, and thy name will never die."

"O Fion," replied the mightiest of Erin's sons, "thou art first in the division of spoil, but not foremost in danger."

"Three thousand ounces of gold, three times repeated, shall be thy great reward," said the prince of the Fions.

"I seek no reward," said the son of Moina, "but the fame of my land; thou hast often tried to lessen my fathers," continued he, "but now you call upon their son, and he will go; for Erin I go to meet this boast of the East; and my soul rejoices that he came to our land."

"Mount my chariot," said the car-borne Fion, "and remain here until the signal for the combat is given, and I will lead on the host."

Then Mac Comhul of the multitude led on to where Dearg of the finished form moved with pride;

pride; and he ranged the warriors in a wide circle, and Drucoll approached him with his spear, which drew after it a stream of light.

"Welcome, thou noble champion, full of glory and power," said Dearg, "and welcome all thy host. Though my men are fallen on this hill, yet will my arms meet all the force you can bring; it is not in Erin's chiefs, though all their strength is joined in one, to conquer me: my veins may bleed, but in your land I cannot fall. My arms were wrought in the hall of Woden, and my sword was steeped in Hela. The murky sisters have spread out the web of my life, and the woof of it is mighty deeds; and to get tribute here is one. Then let your men come on, until my sword drinks their blood."

"Great is thy strength, O foreign prince, we know," said Fion, "and many have fallen beneath thy hand; Rosgglan, my son, was one. Doin son of Sgail; the beauteous Con also, son of the valiant Conan; Conan himself; and the undaunted Sgail too reeled beneath thy stroke; with Faolan of the beauteous floating veil, and numbers more. But do not think we dread thy sword; nor shall two spears rise against thee at once, for generous are the sons of Erin; nor know we how to boast, but our swords can tell bloody tales."

Now a loud blast gave the signal, and a space opens for the approach of Gol, whose chariot rolled rapid in, like the bloody star of night, that fires the heavens with its train, and makes the people tremble: the son of Moina descended like a beam of light, and his countenance was dressed in flame.

The Dearg viewed him with wonder, and his heart began to know fear; but he called up his soul, and they met, like two adverse blasts, in the caverns of Ninna, when the storm sweeps the mountains. Soon were their spears shivered against their heavy shields; and now the Dearg drew a sword of poison, which hung round him; but it could not wound the strong shield of Gol. Not so his beaming blade: it fell like a tempest; and soon the shield of Drucoll was cut in twain, and his arm hung useless. Then rose the soul of Moina high, and another blow cut the helmet of Dearg; and the sword glancing sideways, the right temple and cheek lay upon his shoulder, and his huge bulk fell lifeless to the earth; and thunder shook the field with the voice of joy. So falls the unwieldy ox beneath the ponderous stroke; so falls the lofty oak beneath the red bolt of heaven; so sinks the tall ship beneath the frightful waves, when the spirits of the air shake the world in their wrath.

The pile rose high that night, and the East-

man's

man's ashes were given to the wind, for pride had filled his heart. A hundred bards sung the praises of Moina's son, and the presents of the king graced him for ever.

MRS. PILKINGTON.

MRS. Pilkington, whose poetical talents and frailties were, at one time of day, the alternate theme of praise and commiseration, tells us, in her Memoirs, that "from her ealiest infancy she had a strong disposition to letters;" but, her eyes being weak, her mother would not permit her to look at a book, lest it should affect them. As she did not place so high a value, however, on those lucid orbs as her mother, and as restraint only served to quicken her natural thirst for knowledge, she availed herself of every opportunity that could gratify it; so that, at five years old, she could read and even taste the beauties of some of the best English poets. She continued in this manner to improve her mind by stealth, till she had accomplished her twelfth year, when her brother, a little playful boy, brought her a slip of paper one day, and desired her to write something on it, that would

please him, on which she wrote the following lines:

Oh, spotless paper, fair, and white!
On thee by force constrain'd to write,
Is it not hard I should destroy
Thy purity *to please a boy?*
Ungrateful I thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the Muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart,
Ah! what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely, didst thou shew,
Like lilied banks, or falling snow:
But now, alas! become my prey,
Not tears can wash thy stains away:
Yet, this small comfort I can give,
That what destroy'd shall make thee live.

The Rev. Mr. Pilkington, the spouse and poetical rival of this lady, having incurred the displeasure of Dr. Swift, Mrs. Pilkington was resolved to exert the last feeble ray of her influence in favour of Mr. Pilkington, and, though far advanced in pregnancy, she waited on the Dean, who received her with coolness, but listened with patience to the long catalogue of virtues, which she ascribed to her repentant husband; and, to sum up all his good qualities in one, she assured his Reverence, that Mr. P. was the *best-natured man in the world.* "If so," said

said the Dean, looking steadfastly in her face, "go home, and let him father the bastard you now carry."

WILLIAM SALDEN.

WILLIAM Salden of Utrecht composed an excellent work, which was printed at Amsterdam in 1688, entitled, Guilelmi Saldeni de Libris variorumque eorum Usu et Abusu, Libri duo, cum Indicibus, in 8vo. This work is divided into two parts: the first consists of nine chapters; turns on the lovers of books, with the names of some persons who have written a great deal, or who have rendered their names immortal by their writings. The author then proceeds to treat of the manner in which the ancients composed books, the matter and form of the books themselves: he then shews that every age has produced some learned women, and that literary pursuits, under proper regulations, have contributed to the improvement and embellishment of the female mind.

The second chapter is devoted to a very interesting subject; the multitude of books, with a list of the most celebrated libraries, observations on the art of printing, &c. The author discusses the question, how far the immense number

number of books distracts the mind. He then lays down rules to enable the reader to judge of ill-written books, such as those that are written in haste rather *pro fame* than *pro fama*. As to the style, he says, that it ought to be modest, moderate, and flowing, sometimes elevated, according to the subject. In the third, he lays it down as an invariable maxim, that order is the soul of all writings, and that method is the only mean of avoiding confusion. In the fourth chapter he treats of the solidity of a writer, and in what it consists; in the fifth, of perspicuity; in the sixth, of brevity, and of the difference between a plagiarist, and those who make a judicious use of their reading.

The seventh is confined to reading in general, the advantages of which he points out in the learned professions. The eighth chapter treats of the choice of books, and the manner of reading the best writers to advantage: in the ninth, he takes a retrospect of many celebrated collections of books, and of different princes who have patronized science.

The second part is divided into five chapters; first, of the indifference which many persons have shewn for books, and its principal causes—idleness and avarice.

Secondly, the love of novelty, which insensibly supersedes all affection for works of antiquity. Thirdly,

Thirdly, pride, and the silly vanity of the learned, who affect to despise, and tarnish the merit of each other, the poison of literature.

Fourthly, envy, that rankles in the breasts of the learned.

Fifthly, Salden, in the last chapter, gives a list of those writers who have fallen a sacrifice to envy and malice.

BISHOP EARLE's CHARACTER OF A COMMON FIDDLER.

A POOR fiddler is a man and fiddle out of case, and he in worse case than his fiddle; one that rubs two sticks together (as the Indians strike fire), and rubs a poor living out of it, partly from this, and partly from your charity, which is more in the hearing than giving him, for he sells nothing dearer than to be gone. He is just so many strings above a beggar, though he have but two; and yet he begs too, only not in the downright "For God's sake," but with a shrugging "God bless you!" and his face is more pined than the blind man's. Hunger is the greatest pain he takes, except a broken head, sometimes, and the labouring John Dory; otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth; and 't is

some mirth to see him: a good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the scent. His other pilgrimages are fairs and good houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas, and no man loves good times better: he is in league with the tapsters for the worshipful of the inn, whom he torments next morning with his art, and has their names more perfect than their men. A new song is better to him than a new jacket, especially of bawdy, which he calls merry, and hates naturally the Puritan, as an enemy to his mirth. A country wedding and wholesome ale are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a musician, and overlooks the bagpipe: the rest of him is drunk and in the stocks.

SORTES VIRGILIANÆ.

IN the time of the late civil wars, King Charles I. was at leisure for a little diversion. A motion was made to go to the *Sortes Virgilianæ*; that is, to take a Virgil, and either with the finger, or sticking a pin, or the like, upon any verses, at a venture, and the verses touched shall declare his destiny that toucheth, which sometimes makes sport, and at other times is significant, or not, as the gamesters choose to apply. The King laid his finger

finger upon the place towards the latter end of the fourth Æneid, which contains Dido's curse to Æneas:

"At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iüli,
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funera; nec quum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur,
Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ!"

This made the sport end in vexation, as much as it began in merriment: the King read the fate which followed him in too many particulars, as time discovered. He was then, and afterwards, *vexed with the conquering arms of his subjects*; he would have been glad to have escaped with *banishment*; *he was torn from his son, the Prince*; he saw the *deaths of most of his friends*; he would gladly have *made peace* (at the Isle of Wight) upon *hard terms*; he neither *enjoyed his crown nor life long*, but was *beheaded on a scaffold* before his own door, *and God knows where buried!* Mr. Cowley was desired to translate the above lines into English (without being informed that the King had drawn them), which he did, as follows:

By a bold people's stubborn arms oppress'd,
Forc'd to forsake the land which he possess'd;
Torn from his dearest son, let him in vain
Beg help, and see his friends unjustly slain:

Let

Let him to base unequal terms submit,
In hopes to save his crown, yet lose both it
And life at once; untimely let him die,
And on an open stage unburied lie!"

Lord Falkland and some others were with the King at the time.

This anecdote is taken from the first leaf of Bishop Wilkins's Virgil, where it is written in his own hand-writing.

PORTRAIT OF BUONAPARTE.

BY MERCIER.

BUONAPARTE is of the middle size, a little stooping, thin, of somewhat a delicate frame, and nervous; his hair is of a deep chesnut, falling over a large forehead; his eyes are large, dark, quick, and piercing; aquiline nose; a raised chin, like that of the Apollo Belvidere; pale complexion, hollow cheeks, a voice unrestrained and composed; he listens attentively to those who speak to him, and answers briefly; his air is solemn, but open; he has not the austerity which characterizes the head of Brutus: you may judge from his address that he is a temperate meditative man, but tenacious in the point which

which he has in view; that his pale complexion reddens in a decisive action; that his body is all nerve like that of the lion; that he fights in the same way; that he is indefatigable, and flies like lightning towards the enemy, before whom he never knew fear: this fire is concentred; he reserves it for great and strong explosions, and it does not imprint on his motions that restlessness, natural to men who are only ardent, and who have not the faculty of self-possession.

PAMPHLETS.

Extracted from a scarce Work entitled, Icon Libellorum, or, a Critical History of Pamphlets.

FROM pamphlets may be learnt the genius of the age, the debates of the learned, the follies of the ignorant, the maxims of government, the oversights of statesmen, the mistakes of courtiers, the different approaches of foreigners, and the several encroachments of rivals. In *pamphlets*, merchants may read their profit and loss, shopkeepers their bills of parcels, countrymen their seasons of husbandry, sailors their longitude, soldiers their camps and enemies; thence schoolboys may improve their lessons, scholars their studies, ministers their sermons, and

and zealots their divisions. Pamphlets furnish beaux with their airs, coquets with their charms: pamphlets are as modish ornaments to gentlewomen's toilets, as to gentlemen's pockets: pamphlets carry reputation of wit and learning to all that make them their companions: the poor find their account in stall-keeping, and in hawking them: the rich find in them their shortest way to the secrets of church and state; in fine, there 's scarce any degree of people but may think themselves interested enough to be concerned with what is published in pamphlets, either as to their private instruction, curiosity, and reputation, or to the public advantage and credit; with all which, both ancient and modern pamphlets are too often over-familiar and free. To remedy the dangerous excrescences whereof, the whole constitution has hitherto struggled in vain; though its frame has been often threatened with convulsions thereby, yet both church and state have been thought to have been often cleared up by a seasonable display of the better sort of such pamphlet rays, and paper luminaries.

Whence it is no wonder, that pamphlets being poised up with their good and bad tendencies and sequels, pretend to unravel the whole creation, to lay open the springs of the universe, to turn upon the hinges of the world, to dive into the interest

terest of sovereigns, to foretell the declensions and vicissitudes of kingdoms, to touch upon the biass of republics, to expose the falsity of brethren, the treachery of friends, the tricking of nations, the buying of countries, the giving new kings to the earth, to examine treaties executing themselves, to satirize the frankness of Tories, the reservedness of Whigs, the restlessness of parties, the uneasiness of courts, and the designs of all parties, which they dare not own. In short, with pamphlets the booksellers and stationers adorn the gaiety of shop-gazing; hence accrues to grocers, apothecaries, and chandlers, retailing usefulness, as well as reasonable furniture and supplies to necessary retreats and natural occasions. In pamphlets, lawyers will meet with their chicanery, physicians with their cant, divines with their shibboleth. Pamphlets become more and more daily amusements to the curious, idle, and inquisitive; pastime to gallants and coquets, chat to the talkative, stories for nurses, toys for children, fans for misses, food to the needy, and practisings to newsmongers, ketchwords to informers, instructions to the ignorant, help to the wise, fuel to the envious, weapons to the revengeful, poison to the unfortunate, balsam to the wounded, employment to the lazy, opportunity to enemies, condemnation to the wicked, specu-

lations to the godly, trials of skill to the quarrelsome and proud, a comfort to the afflicted, appeals from the injured to the public, poverty to their authors, gain to the lucky, fatal to the unlucky, a satisfaction to the oppressed, a vent to melancholiness, heart-ease to censurers, fabulous materials to romancers and novelists; in a word, pamphlets literally unite contradictions, and are occasional conformists in all manner of acceptations and capacities, as well as in vicissitudes of matter and style.

MY OPINION, BY LORD DORSET.

AFTER thinking this fortnight of Whig and of Tory,
This to me is the long and the short of the story;
They are all fools and knaves to keep up this pother,
On both sides designing to cheat one another.
Poor Rowley, whose maxims of state are a riddle,
Has plac'd himself just like the pin in the middle;
Let which comer soever be tumbled down first,
Ten thousand to one but he comes by the worst.
'Twixt brother and bastard, those Dukes of renown,
He'll make a wise shift to get rid of his crown;
Had he half common sense (were it ne'er so uncivil),
He'd have 'em long since tip'd down to the devil.
The first is a prince, well fashion'd, well featur'd,
No bigot to speak of, not false, or ill-natur'd;

The

The other for government can't be unfit,
He's so little a fop and so plaguy a wit.
Had I this soft son and this dangerous brother,
I'd hang up the one, and kick down the other;
I'd make this the long and the short of the stories,
The fools might be Whigs—none but knaves should be Tories.

BABYLON.

Ex Epistola in Calcem scripta Libri MS. in Bib. Coll. Trin. Cant. de Matrimonio et Divortio, ded. Jacobo Regi, per Johannem Racster.

Ex MSS. Baker.

Qui te vidit, O Babylon, qui aliquandiu vixit in te, tibi qui valedixit, vere te de vixit, graphicèque mores.

Josephus Scaliger discedens scripsit.

Spurcum cadaver pristinæ venustatis!
Imago turpis puritatis antiquæ!
Nec Roma Romæ compos, sed tamen Roma,
Sed Roma quæ præstare non potes Romani:
Sed quæ foveris fraude, quæ foves fraudeni
Urbs prurienti quæ obsoletior scorto,
Et exoleti more pruriens scorti.
Quæ pene victa fæce prostitutarum,
Te prostitutam vinces, et tuum facta es
Tibi lupanar, in tuo lupanari.
Vale pudoris urbs inanis, et relicti
Tui pudoris, nominisque decoctrix!

SIR EDWARD BROUGHTON, KNT.

HORRID IMPRECATIONS.

(Extracted from the Wynne MSS.)

APRIL 12th, 1660. I, Edward Broughton, for love, in the presence of the great God of heaven and earth, who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, and the sincerity of mine at this tyme, I do, upon premeditation, and not rashly, implore the God of spirits to pour down his vengeance upon me, and my posterity for ever: not in any ordinary manner, but in the highest nature, in giving the devil power over our souls and bodyes, and that we consume upon earth, rot away alive, and be damned, and that my name and person may stinck upon earth, and molest the nostrils of men; and that I may be a fearful spectacle to all perfidious men; and that I may never walk upon the earth but with dreadful hideous shapes about me, and terrified conscience; and that I may linger, and not die, but, as Cain, may have a mark set upon me, so that men may shun me, and that I may outlive all my posteritie, and that they may be all extinct and damned, and that the devil may have a good title to my soul and body, and take possession of me here on earth, and carry me away alive; and that I may

never appeare before God but to receive that dreadful sentence, "Departe from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, to be tormented by the devil and his angels;" if I do not forbeare all rashe swearing, and all manner of drinking, and all manner of debauchery whatsoever; or if ever I am guilty of finding fault with any thing, how great a concerne soever, or small, without the knowledge, assent, consent, or advice, of Mary Wicks, my intended wife, and is to be Mary Broughton, when this shall effect; or, if she shall make any request unto me in her lifetime, it shall be of force never to be violated by me, although I surviving her, concerning body and soul, life or fortune, children or friends, how unreasonable soever: or if there shall happen any difference betwixt her and me, as there hath been betwixt me and my first wife, then, if I am the cause of it, let these and all plagues imaginable fall on me, and all the plagues God can inflict; or if there should arise any quarrels, she the only cause, yett, when I remember hereof, or she these vows, I most heartily pass by, forgive, and endeavour to pacify, and use all the art imaginable to please her; and if she could impose more, I would most willingly do it, or else may all those plagues, if there were greater curses or imprecations, I heartily pray they may be all poured downe, as the rain falls on thirsty ground, and upon my

posterity for ever: and this I doe heartily and voluntarily, and with serious consideration and premeditation, having taken a long time to consider this, and now most readily sign it with my own hand, and seal it with my own seale.

EDWARD BROUGHTON.

N. B. This was a Broughton of Marchwiel, in Denbeighshire, who married the daughter of one Wicks, keeper of the gate-house in Westminster, where Broughton had been long confined during the civil wars. This marryage producing no issue, he left his estate to his wife's brother, by which means the Wicks became possessed of the Marchwiel estate, which is now the property of the Brownes, the late Charles Browne, Esq.'s mother being the sister of the late Aquila Wicks, Esq.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Verses sent by Mary Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth, accompanied with an Adamant, in the Form of a Heart, set in a Ring.

NOR am I proud to be more hard in matter,
Than fire can temper, or than iron batter;
Nor that my spotless splendor is endowde
With a perspicuous luster am I proude:

Nor

Nor of his arte that formde me thus: nor yet
To be in shining golde so neately sett;
But that the figure of my ladye's harte,
I do resemble so in every parte,
That who could see it in her feverett brest,
Should not more plainly find it there exprest:
To each like constancy is firmely vowde,
Each with like spotless splendor is endowde;
Which, like perspicuous luster nought concealing,
Of close deceite, nor yet of double dealing;
Equal and all, and like in every parte,
Save only this, I am the harder harte.
Hence springs my second bliss, that I shall see
Soe fayre a queene, so bright a majestye,
As (having left my aire) I thought it vayne
Ever to hope to see the like agayne.
But oh, if ever my best fate would grante,
To see your harts in chayne of adamante;
Noe tide as no suspect, no emulation,
Noe envye, hate, nor age's desolation,
Might once dissolve, then should I bee more blest
Than other stones, and dearer than the rest;
And more of price and estimation,
As I am harder than all other stone.

RECEPTION OF AMBASSADORS.

Earl of Essex in Denmark.

IN the month of May 1670, the Earl of Essex, ambassador extraordinary of England to the two crowns of the North, arriving at the

Sound, neglected or despised the saluting of the castle of Cronenburg. The General Major Holke, who commanded, to put him in mind of his *devoir*, caused three cannon shot with balls to be fired at him. The ambassador found himself much offended: but Holke let him know, that he was obliged to maintain the rights of sovereignty of the King his master, who understood that one should render him upon the coasts, the respect which the King of Great Britain caused to be rendered to him upon his. The ambassador had no other satisfaction. I add hereto a particularity to be remarked, which is, the Earl, in making his entry into Copenhagen, was saluted by the artillery of the town, but the regiment of infantry of the General did not salute him; and it was said, that this was by reason of the mourning that there was for the death of the late King. He was received with an equipage of twenty coaches of six horses, all in mourning, and with two of two horses. I cannot well apprehend wherefore they would salute with cannon, and not with musket.

Ex MSS. Sir H. Sloane.

EXTRAORDINARY PETITION.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury.

The humble Petition of Ralph Griffith, Esq. High Sheriff of the County of Flint, for the present Year, 1769, concerning the Execution of Edward Edwards, for burglary,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner was at great difficulty and expense, by himself, clerks, and other messengers and agents he employed, in journies to Liverpool and Shrewsbury, to hire an executioner; the convict being a native of Wales, it was almost impossible to procure any of that country to undertake the execution.

Travelling, and other expenses on that occasion, 15*l.* 10*s.*

A man at Salop engaged to do this business. Gave him, in part of the agreement, 5*l.* 5*s.*

Two men for conducting him, and for their search of him on his deserting from them on the road, and charges in inquiring for another executioner, 4*l.* 10*s.*—9*l.* 15*s.*

After much trouble and expense, John Babbington, a convict in the same prison with Edwards, was, by means of his wife, prevailed

on to execute his fellow-prisoner. Gave to the wife 6*l.* 6*s.* and to Babbington 6*l.* 6*s.*—12*l.* 12*s.*

Paid for erecting a gallows, materials, and labour, a business very difficult to be done in that country, 4*l.* 12*s.*

For the hire of a cart to convey the body, a coffin, and for the burial, 2*l.* 10*s.* and for other assistance, trouble, and petty expenses on the occasion, at least 5*l.*—12*l.* 2*s.*

Which humbly hope your Lordships will please to allow your petitioner, who, &c.

SIR PHILIP PERCIVAL.

By the late CHARLES SMITH, M. D.

SIR Philip Percival was one of the most eminent subjects of his time: he had a vast estate both in England and Ireland; in which last kingdom he had 78 knights' fees, containing 90,000 acres of land. He was a Privy Counsellor to King Charles I. Register of the Court of Wards, and held several other employments in Ireland at the same time. When the Irish rebellion broke out, he fortified and defended five of his castles for several years, and suffered in the

the destruction of his woods, houses, castles, and loss of his rents, in six years time, 60,000*l.* The Parliament of England appointed him Commissary General of the army, with an allowance of 1200*l.* *per annum*; and also made him Providore General of the Horse, in which post he expended 1800*l.* which the family were never repaid. In 1643, he was ordered to attend the treaty with the Irish at Kilkenny, and signed the cessation with them. In 1644, he was summoned by the King to attend as a Commissioner at the treaty of Oxford; he was there offered a peerage to promote the measures of the court, which he refused, and was obliged to fly from the King's quarters to the Parliament; upon which the King confiscated his estate in England. Being a member of the famous Long Parliament, he opposed the Independent faction, and the army, to the utmost of his power; and thereby drew down many inveterate accusations from them, against which he defended himself with wonderful abilities and proof of his innocence. But Cromwell and the army growing stronger, and attempting to make themselves masters of the Parliament, Mr. Hollis, Sir Philip Stapleton, and many of the leading members, were impeached by the army, and fled; at which juncture Sir Philip Percival had the resolution to stay, and was chairman of those

those committees appointed by the Parliament to raise forces, and conduct the defence of the city and Parliament against the army. But the city being terrified, and the army coming up to London, he was obliged to fly, and conceal himself in the country for some time, till new accusations were framed against him, upon which he resolutely returned to take his trial the week after. At this juncture, he was, by the province of Ulster, appointed a commissioner, to manage their affairs with the Parliament of England. He was at the same time secretly concerned in the design to bring the English army over from Ireland, who had, by an unanimous address, put their interests under his direction; but the danger he was in, and the violence of his enemies, so affected him, that he fell ill of a fever upon his spirits, and died the 10th of November 1647, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was so respected by his very enemies, that he was buried at the expense of the English Parliament in the church of St. Martin in the Fields, London; and over him was placed the following inscription, written by R. Maxwell, Lord Bishop of Killmore; which monument, on the rebuilding of that church, has been within a few years entirely destroyed.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium clarissimi Viri Phillipi Pearcevelli, Equitis aurati Hyberniæ, qui obiit bonis omnibus desideratissimus 10°. *die Novembris, Anno Dom.* 1647.

Fortunam expertus jacet Phillipus utramque,
Dotibus ac genere nobilitatus eques;
Qui nisi (sed quis non multis) peccasset in una
Quod vitio vertat vix habet invidia *.

Which has been thus translated:

Philip here lies, at length subdu'd by fate,
By birth illustrious, and by fortune great;
Capricious Chance long taught him to explore
By turns her fickle fondness, and her power:
Could the remembrance of his virtues sleep,
Envy herself at the sad loss would weep.

John, late Earl of Egmont, was made a Privy Counsellor, before he was of age; he was afterwards offered a peerage, which, from the circumstance of the times, he refused. At the accession of King George I. being continued in the Privy Council, he was created a Baron by the style and title of Baron Percival of Burton. In December 1722, he was created a Viscount, by the style and title of Viscount Percival of Kanturk, with the fee of twenty marks to be annually paid out of the King's Exchequer. Upon the accession of his present Majesty, he

* The reader will observe this epitaph to be both false Latin and bad metre; but we give it as we find it.

was

was still continued a Privy Counsellor; and not long after, in the commission granted for the settlement of Georgia in America, he was appointed the first of the trustees, and president of the same commission, in which he conducted himself with great zeal and application for the interest of that colony. In the first Parliament of the same reign, he was returned member for Harwich in Essex; and upon the death of the Earl of Oxford, was made recorder of the same borough. Lord Oxford had succeeded to this place by the impeachment and flight of the late Lord Bollingbroke. And having steadily persevered in loyalty and duty to the crown, his Majesty, taking into consideration these his merits to himself, as well as his zeal to promote the interest of his country, both in this and the New World (as it is expressed in the preamble to his letters patent); and also in regard to the greatness and antiquity of his extraction, he was, upon the 5th of August 1733, advanced to the dignity of an Earl, by the style and title of Earl of Egmont, the above-mentioned ancient seat of the family. John, now Earl of Egmont, his only son, was member of parliament for the borough of Dingle in Kerry, being chosen at the age of twenty, and was permitted to maintain his seat, notwithstanding that defect of qualification: which place has been exercised for six descents in this family,

family, excepting one, which happened during the short time that Sir John Percival, grandfather to the present Earl, enjoyed his estate, which was the reign of late king James, when there was no Parliament called in this kingdom. On the 31st of December 1741, the present Earl, when Lord Viscount Percival, was elected a representative in Parliament for the city of Westminster, being attended by 6000 voters of all denominations to the hall where the election was made; and his Lordship was unanimously chosen by the concurring voices of all present, notwithstanding a violent opposition threatened by the opposite party. His Lordship is now representative for Weobley in Herefordshire, and gentleman of the bedchamber to his Royal Highness the Prince.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY.

IF we were to select the pages of French and English history, in which the counsels and military exploits of the different branches of the Sidney family are recorded, perhaps they would form the most interesting passages in the annals of the two countries. Sir William, the founder of this race in England, came over from Anjou with that gallant monarch, Henry II. who well knew how to appreciate the merit of so brave a man;

man; nor was he willing that France should solely boast so rare a subject; he was determined that his native country should at least divide the honour. Sir Henry, the subject of this sketch, was the eldest son of Sir William Sidney, steward and chamberlain to Henry VIII. He was born in 1529. Henry VIII. was his godfather; a mark of very high honour. He was knighted by Edward VI. and, in the twenty-second year of his age, was sent ambassador to France.

It was soon found that he was not invested with this important office, merely on account of his youth, nor yet the beauty of his form, which were undoubtedly powerful recommendations in a court at that time the most brilliant in Europe. The satisfactory manner in which he executed his mission, and the dignity with which he maintained his rank, evinced, that his talents even surpassed the hopes of those that formed the brightest predictions of maturer years; and fully justified the choice of his sovereign on that occasion. On his return, he was appointed Vice-treasurer. In the reign of Philip and Mary, he was appointed Lord Justice of Ireland, an office of great trust and dignity. Queen Elizabeth, duly sensible of his meritorious services, invested him with the Order of the Garter, and appointed him Lord Deputy of Ireland. This office, however honourable and lucrative, might rather be called

called a service of danger, that required a union of talents, rarely found in the greatest favourite of nature. Such was the distracted state of Ireland in those days, that when the flames of civil war seemed to be extinguished in one part, they burst forth with redoubled fury in another: so that it even required the most skilful hand to pour oil into the wound, and to bind it up with balmy fingers. He was received by one party with open arms, whilst those who had smarted under the extortions of his predecessors, looked up to his justice; and even those, who had forfeited all claim to that virtue, reposed on his clemency. The sword of justice, says St. Augustine, ought to be tempered in the tears of mercy; and his conduct proved, that if he had not read this sentence in the good old father, it was written in his heart. Severity was only resorted to in the most desperate cases when it was absolutely necessary that a limb should be lopped off to save the body.

The following extract is taken from Sir James Ware, who, it is acknowledged, observed a due measure of *praise* and *blame* throughout his history, composed in the midst of expiring factions.

" Sir Henry Sidney landed at Skyrries on the 12th of September 1575, from whence he went to Tredagh, where he was sworn on the 18th;

the plague then raging in Dublin. But upon advice, that Surleboy had, immediately after his landing, assaulted Knockfergus, in which encounter Captain Baker, and above forty men, were slain. Nevertheless the prey was rescued; and the Scots repelled by the valour of the defendants. Sir Henry Sidney marched with 600 horse and foot, and speedily brought Surleboy to terms of agreement and submission, as also Mac Mahon, O'Donnell, and the chief of the Mac Guires; and soon after Turlogh Lynouth himself came and submitted, and was permitted to return home.

"This being performed, the Lord Deputy marched into Leinster, where he found the county of Kildare almost ruined, as was also the barony of Carbery, by the O'Mores, and the King and Queen's counties, by the O'Connors; but Rory Oge, the principal amongst them, was persuaded, by the Earl of Ormond, to come to Kilkenny, and submit himself to the Lord Deputy, which he accordingly performed.

"At Kilkenny, the Lord Deputy heard of Sir Peter Carew's death, which he much lamented; and honoured his funeral at Waterford with his presence.

"During the Lord Deputy's stay at Waterford, he was nobly entertained by the major and aldermen, for which he returned them thanks, after

after he had given the city a check for their former behaviour, in insisting on their privileges, when the public required their assistance.

"From Waterford he proceeded to Cork, where the Earls of Desmond, Thomond, and Glencar, with others of the nobility, and prime gentry of Munster, waited on him, and kept their Christmas. After which, he began his sessions there; and many complaints coming before him of great outrages, murders, spoils, and thefts, committed in that province, twenty-three of the most notorious offenders were executed. And the better to prevent the mischiefs usually done by Tories, every nobleman and gentleman were obliged to give in the names of all their servants and followers, to be registered in a book; and if any of them were found not registered, he was to be accounted and used as a felon, whereso-ever he should be taken; and their lords and masters were to answer for all such as were registered; which, at the same time, they seemed cheerfully to comply with; and in order thereunto, a proclamation was published all over Munster.

"After his departure from Cork, the Lord Deputy marched to Limerick, where he was magnificently received; and having kept his sessions there a few days, hearing the complaints of the poor, and ordering the idlers and vagabonds to be registered, as he had done at Cork, he went

towards Thomond; where being arrived, he banished some, and executed others, for the thefts, rapes, murders, and other outrages by them committed.

"He staid not long there, but, having appointed commissioners to hear and determine the rest of their complaints, he continued his progress to Galway, which, together with the adjacent country, was then almost desolate, for most of the inhabitants had forsaken it, by reason of the great ravages made by the two sons of the Earl of Clanrickard, against whom all the people made sad complaints, which the Lord Deputy promised to redress. But the said Earl's sons, coming unexpectedly into the church of Galway, in time of divine service, upon their knees humbly submitted themselves, and supplicated for a pardon; which, after a short confinement, and a severe reprimand, was, by the advice of the privy council, granted them.

"From Galway, the Lord Deputy returned towards Dublin, where he arrived the 13th day of April 1576, having kept sessions in every one county, and placed garrisons in all most convenient places, through which he marched."

Sir James concludes his account of this illustrious character in these words:

"This Sir Henry Sidney was the son of Sir William Sidney, godson to King Henry VIII. companion and bed-fellow to King Edward VI. who

who died in his arms; several times ambassador from Queen Elizabeth, head president of Wales, treasurer of war in England, knight of the most noble order of the Garter, and had been four times Lord Justice of Ireland, and thrice Lord Deputy; in which places he most honourably acquitted himself."

In the year 1558, Gerald, the sixteenth Earl of Desmond, one of the greatest subjects in Europe, raised a rebellion, that ended in the ruin of himself and his family. His first disturbances were against the Earl of Ormond, whom he fought in a pitched battle on the 15th of February 1564, where he was taken prisoner. These Earls were both ordered into England to account for their conduct, where they were examined before the privy council; but their mutual accusations were so contradictory, that no order could be made, and therefore they were referred to the council of Ireland, who advised them to submit to the Queen's determination; in consequence of which her Majesty wrote the following enigmatical letter, with her own hand, to Sir Henry Sidney, on the occasion of this dispute.

"HARRY,

"IF our partial slender managing of the contentious quarrel between the two Irish Erles did not make the way to cause these lines to passe

my hande, this gibberidge should hardly have cumbered your eyes; but warned by my former fault, and dreading worse hap to come, I rede you take good heed that the good subjects' lost state be so revenged, that I hear not the rest be won to a right by-way to breed more traytors stocks, and so the gole is gone. Make some differenec betwixt tried, just, and false friends; let the good service of well deservers be never rewarded with loss; let their thanks be such as may encourage new strivers for the like; suffer not that Desmond's denying deeds*, far wide from promised works, make you trust for other pledge than either himself or John, for gage. He hath so well performed his English vows, that I warn you, trust him no longer than you see one of them. Prometheus let me be, and Prometheus has been mine too long. I pray God your old strange sheep, late as you say, returned into fold; were not her woolly garments upon her woolfy back? You know, a kingdom knows no kindred, *si violandum jus regnandi causa*, although no harm is perilous in the hand of an ambitious head, where might is mixed with wit; there is no good an accord in government: essays be oft dangerous, especially where the cupbearer hath received such a preservative, as what met soever betide the drinker's draught, the

* Noisy deeds.

carrier

carrier takes no bane thereby. Believe not, though they sware, that they can be full sound whose parents sought the rule, that they full fain would have. I warrant you that they will never be accounted of basterdy; you were to blame to lay it to their charge; they will trace the steps that others have passed before. If I had not espied, though very late, legerdemain, used in these cases, I had never paied my part; no, if I had not seen the ballances held awry, I had never myself come into the weigh house. I hope I shall have so good a customer of you, that all under officers shall do their duty among you. If ought have been amiss at home, I will patch, though I cannot whole it. Let us not, nor no more do you, consult so long, till advice come too late to the givers; where then shall wee wish the deeds, when all is spent in words? A fool too late bewares, when all the peril is past: if wee still advise, we shall never do; thus are wee ever knitting a knot, never tied; yea, and if our web be framed with rotten hurdles, when our loom is well nigh done, our work is new to begin: God send the weaver true 'prentices again, and let them be denisons, I pray you, if they be not citizens, and such too as your antientest aldermen, you have or now dwell in your official place, have had best cause to commend their good behaviour. Let this memorial be com-

mitted to Vulcan's base keeping, without any longer abode, than the leisure of reading thereof; yea, and with no mention made thereof to any other wight. I charge you, as I may command you, seem not to have but secretaries' letters from me,

"Your loving maistres,

"ELIZABETH REGINA."

AS we have given an extract out of Sir James Ware, we shall give another out of Dr. Borlase *: it is a debt to the living and the dead. *Imagines majorum ad virtutem accendunt.*

"1575. Sir Henry Sidney, September 18th, returned into Ireland, Lord Deputy; where (having pacified several rebellions, and that not with so much rigour as excellent conduct, having, at several times, been eleven years Justice and Deputy of Ireland, so as that kingdom is much indebted to him for his wisdom and valour) he, September 12, 1578, took boat at the Wood key, in Dublin, for England. He died at Worcester, May 5, 1586, and was buried amongst his ancestors at Penshurst; of whom Dr. Powel, in his Epistle to the Reader, in his History of Wales, writes, that his disposition was rather to seek after the antiquities and the weal public of

* See the Reduction of Ireland to the Crown of England.

those countries he governed, than to obtain lands and revenues within the same, for I know not one foot of land that he had either in Wales or Ireland, *cujus potentiam nemo sentit, nisi aut levatione periculi aut accessione dignitatis*, justly applicable to him, *Vel. Pater. f.* 109. He caused the Irish statutes to his time to be printed, *et sic ex umbra in solem eduxit.* And besides many other monuments yet surviving his equal and just government, we must not let pass the great expense and care which he bestowed upon the castle of Dublin, at first built, anno 1213, by John Comin, Archbishop of Dublin, a learned, facetious, and solid person, afterwards beautified and enlarged by Sir Henry Sidney, in memory of whom Stanihurst, that venerable historian, hath left these to posterity:

"Gesta libri referunt multorum clara virorum,
Laudis et in chartis stigmata fixa manent:
Verum Sidnæi laudes hæc saxa loquuntur,
Nec jacet in solis gloria tanta libris.
Si libri pereant, homines remanere valebunt,
Si pereant homines ligna manere queant;
Ligna si pereant, non ergo saxa peribunt,
Saxa si pereant tempore, tempus erit,
Si pereat tempus, minimè consumitur ævum,
Quod cum principio, sed sine fine manet.
Dum libri florent, homines dum vivere possunt,
Dum quoque cum lignis saxa manere valent,
Dum remanet tempus; dum denique remanet ævum,
Laus tua Sidnæi, digna perire nequit."

Translation,

Translation, by T. D. Esq.

In books the godlike deeds of heroes shine,
And some new glory beams in ev'ry line;
But paper now divides the sacred trust,
And stones, long dumb, the bands of silence burst,
And tower sublime in long-fam'd Sidney's praise,
The darling theme, and wonder of our days.
If envy should efface the sacred strain,
And books should perish, men will still remain;
If men should yield to fate like vulgar things,
Still wood will flourish in successive springs:
If wood should sink at length in parent earth,
Then stone will boast a more substantial birth;
And if the hardy rock through years should fall,
Then Time himself will triumph over all;
And when his sand is run, and all is past,
Eternity will claim the prize at last.
Thus long as books shall flourish in each clime,
And man succeed to man in thought sublime;
As long as wood shall shade the verdant plain,
As long as rocks shall bound the swelling main;
As long as time shall wave his silent wing;
As long as bards shall touch the trembling string;
Through all eternity his fame shall rise,
And spread aloft through the remotest skies.

WRITTEN ON AN INSURANCE-OFFICE,

IN BALTIMORE, AMERICA.

IF you would have your goods secur'd
From fire or from water,
Step in; all things are here insur'd,
Except your wife and daughter.

SIR

SIR GEORGE SONDES'S TWO SONS, GEORGE AND FREEMAN.

THE unhappy catastrophe of these two sons, however unwillingly mentioned, must not be passed over in silence: the elder being murdered by the younger, in August 1655, the most probable story of which is, that the latter, then aged about nineteen years, being of a sulky and untoward disposition, became envious of his brother, not only for his being preferred for his better qualities, in his father's affection, and the good will of others, but that, being his elder brother, he was an obstacle to the consummation of his wishes with a young lady, to whom at that time he paid his addresses. These appear to have been the motives (for the story of his having committed this horrid crime, on account of a quarrel he had with his brother some months before, in relation to a doublet, for which he had been perfectly reconciled to him soon afterwards, seems to have been made use of by him in his confession before the justices, entirely as a pretence to conceal his real motives for it, as it appears both by his father's and Mr. Boreman's narratives). He committed this foul deed on his brother in an upper chamber in his father's house, whilst he was asleep in bed, by a deadly blow on the head with the back of a cleaver, which he had taken from

from the kitchen a day or two before, and had hid for this purpose; which blow he followed by others with a dagger, which he carried about him for the same intent; upon which he was put into the custody of a peace officer, a guard was set over him, and the next day he was conveyed to Maidstone gaol, the assizes being then holding there; the day after which, being Thursday, the 9th, he was brought to the bar, having been before examined before Sir Michael Livesey and Sir Thomas Style, and other justices; and his indictment being read over, he pleaded guilty, shewing a great desire to suffer death for his barbarous action, and appeared whilst at the bar with so composed a behaviour, as filled the judges, justices, and the whole court, which was crowded with other gentlemen of the county, with much astonishment: after which, being carried back to the gaol, he was put into the dungeon allotted for the condemned malefactors, and next day condemned to die. Judge Crooke, at the time of his passing sentence, seriously admonishing him to consider and repent of the foulness of the deed he had committed, pressing him to declare the motives he had for it, for the clearing of his conscience, and the satisfaction of the country; he replied, that he had already done so before the justices at his examination: and being further pressed, if he had any thing more to say,

to

to testify his remorse, he then, being slow of speech, and of a reserved nature, made no answer, but delivered a petition to the under-sheriff Mr. Eade, which was read, and was for a respite a few days only, that he might, by a more penitent remorse, and sorrow of conscience, make his peace with God, and reconcile himself to his deservedly and highly offended father. To this petition the judge condescended so far as to respite his execution to Wednesday the 15th; and afterwards to Tuesday, August the 21st, the week after, being the day fortnight on which he had murdered his brother; when he was conveyed from prison, in a mourning habit, on horseback, many gentlemen attending him, with two divines, Mr. Boreman, and Mr. Higgons, rector of Hinton. When he came to the place of execution, being dismounted from his horse, he stood for more than half an hour, whilst a discourse was made by the former on the heinousness of his crime; to which was added, a prayer; which ended, he went up the ladder, and standing in the midst of it, with great meekness he desired the prayers of those present, and with erected hands and eyes, he beseeched God to forgive him his sins against his father and brother, and praying, in a few words, for a blessing on his distressed father, he closed all with a resignation of his soul into the hands of

of his Maker, saying, in a low voice, *God's will be done:* after which words the executioner did his office: and his body, after it had hung a good while, being cut down, was put into a coach, and carried to Bersted, where it was interred in the church.

PORTRAIT DES FRANÇOIS.

TOUS vos goûts sont inconséquens,
Un rien change vos caractères,
Un rien commande à vos penchans,
Vous prenez, pour des feux ardens
Les bleuettes les plus legères.
La nouveauté, son seul attrait,
Vous enflamment jusqu'au délire,
Un rien suffit pour vos séduire,
Et l'enfance est votre portrait.
Qui vous amuse, vous maitrise;
Vous fait-on rire? on a tout fait;
Vous n'avez tous qu'un seul jargon:
Bien frivole, bien incommode;
Si la raison étoit de mode,
Vous aurez tous de la raison.

EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.

THE 7th of February 1732, O. S. the Rev. Mr. Taylor, curate of St. Peter's, in the city of Dublin, married, in the said church, a man, whose name was James Thompson, shoemaker, living in Kevan Street in the said city, to a woman named Agnes Roberts, living in the same street. Their ages put together, made 176 years. They both proved their ages to the minister. The groom was aged 90, and the bridegroom 86 years: both widower and widow. She was great great grandmother, having several great grandchildren.

SIR WILLIAM DAWES.

SIR William Dawes, Archbishop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him for the first time after he had lost his lady, he told them, he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to be in the time of poor Mary; and, looking extremely sorrowful, added, with a deep sigh, "She was indeed Mare Pacificum!" A curate, who pretty well knew what she had been, called out, "Ay, my Lord,

Lord, but she was Mare Mortuum first." Sir William gave him a living of 200*l.* per annum within two months.

AN EPITAPH:

By the Earl of Dorset.

HERE lies little Lundy *, a yard deep or more,
That never lay quiet or silent before;
For her brain was still working, her tongue was still prating,
And the pulse of her heart continually beating,
To the utmost extremes of loving and hating;
For her reason and humour were always at strife,
But yet she perform'd all the duties of life;
For she was a true friend, and a pretty good wife.
So indulgent a mother, that no one could say,
Whether Minty or Patty did rule or obey,
For the government chang'd some ten times a day.
At the hour of her birth some lucky star gave her
Wit and beauty enough to have lasted for ever;
But Fortune still frown'd, when nature is kind,
A narrow estate maliciously join'd
To a very great genius and generous mind.
Her body was made of that superfine clay,
Which is apt to be brittle for want of allay;
And when without show of outward decay,
It began by degrees to moulder away,

* She was one of the ladies of the bedchamber; and famous for her secret influence and intrigues.

Her

Her soul then too busy on some foreign affair,
Of its own pretty dwelling took so little care,
That the tenement fell for want of repair.
Far be from hence both the fool and the knave,
But let all who pretend to be witty or brave,
Whether generous friend or amorous slave,
Contribute some tears to water her grave.

LETTERS.

Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury) to Mr. Prior.

Deanery, New Year's Day, 1717-8.

SIR,

I MAKE you a better present than any man in England receives this day—two Poems*, composed by a friend of mine, with that extraordinary genius and spirit, which attend him equally in whatever he says, does, or writes. I do not ask your approbation of them: deny it if you can, or if you dare. The whole world will be against you; and should you, therefore, be so unfortunate in your judgment, you will, I dare say, be so wise and modest as to conceal it: for though it be a very good character, and what belongs to

* The Poems of Solomon and Alma.

the first pens in the world, to write like nobody, yet to judge like nobody, has never yet been esteemed a perfection.

When you have read them, let me see you at my house, or else you are in danger, lame as I am, of seeing me at yours; and the difference in that case is, that whenever you have me there, in my present condition, you cannot easily get rid of me; whereas, if you come hither, you may leave me as soon as you please, and I have no way to help myself, being confined to my chair, just as I was when you saw me last. If this advantage will not tempt you rather to make than receive the visit, nothing will.

Whether I see you, or not, let me at least see something under your hand, that you may tell me how you do, and whether your deafness continues. And if you will flatter me agreeably, let something be said at the end of your letter, which may make me for two minutes believe that you are half as much mine, as I am

Your faithful

Humble servant,

Fr. Roffen.

ELIZABET

ELIZABETH OF HARDWICKE,

Countess of Shrewsbury.

IT is a tradition in the family of Cavendish, that a fortune-teller had told her that she should not die while she was building; accordingly she bestowed a great deal of the wealth she had obtained from three husbands in erecting large seats at Hardwicke, Chatsworth, Bolsover, Oldcotes, and at Worksop; and died in a hard frost, when the workmen could not labour.

PURITANIC ZEAL.

The following Votes are extracted from the Journals of the House of Commons, dated July 23, 1645.

ORDERED, that all such pictures and statues there (York House) as are without any superstition, shall be forthwith sold, for the benefit of Ireland and the North.

Ordered, that all such pictures there, as have the representation of the second Person in the Trinity upon them, shall be forthwith burnt.

Ordered, that all such pictures there, as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon them, shall be forthwith burnt.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

Examination of Mr. Macklin, before the Committee on the Westminster Election, April 30, 1789.

I AM now in the eighty-ninth year of my age; I was born two months before the current century; I came to reside in Westminster in 1720; I have always resided there since, chiefly in Covent Garden; sometimes in a house in Wyld Street.

Do you remember most of the elections for Westminster?

I remember them, but many of them, as a chaos; at some of them I have voted; at many, when I could, I would not vote. I did not vote at the election of Trentham and Vandeput; I had a vote, but I would not give it.

Have you conversed with old persons who are now dead, respecting the right of voting for Westminster?

It was a common topic over both beer and wine.

State

State in what description of persons you collected from those persons the right of voting to reside?

They were generally men of business; sometimes we had a parson amongst us, and sometimes a lawyer. The conversation I mention was sometimes in neighbourly meetings, and sometimes men of estates and fortune were among us. They had a great wrangling among them, and great impertinence in their wrangling, of course; and were I to add partiality, I should do what was right. Upon the whole I collected, that a housekeeper had a right to vote—that was the reigning opinion of all the common-sense men. It was the general opinion notwithstanding. I understood no other requisite to be necessary to have a right to vote, but that a man should be a housekeeper. Many objections were offered, but they were not worth a farthing. Fools and rogues will offer reasons worth nothing, but we marked them as there being an absurdity in them; for we reduced our thinking on that matter to this principle; we thought the vote of a man in this country was his first great blessing in life: we would think of nothing else, and despised any man that suggested or offered any thing else; we hooted them at last.

The undoubted right was for a man to be a housekeeper, and that was the only requisite. I refused to vote myself, because I thought I had not a full house in my possession, and it was for a man I loved—Mr. Fox. Mr. Erskine came to me twice, and I said I would not vote, for I did not think I was above half a housekeeper.

As far as I know, this was the right acted upon in the several elections I remember.

I never understood that it was necessary a man should be resident any particular time to give him a right to vote. I did not know it, but I always thought there ought to be. I mean that there should be no imposition; no fellow foisted upon you.

I did not understand that the payment of any taxes was necessary to constitute the right—*that* belonged to the law, and not to the vote; we talked of that, but we thought that nothing should stop the vote. That was our principle; nothing but what stopped life or property; go to law for the taxes; I mean for every demand of that nature.

Did you understand that the payment of parochial rates had any thing to do with the right of election?

Certainly no, and for this reason—they endeavoured to take away a man's vote by giving him some

some charity, and we insisted that no such charity should operate to take away the vote.

Do you know whether the inhabitants of the Dutchy of Lancaster were used to vote at elections?

I don't know; I believe they did; I heard so, as I recollect; it was debated over pots of porter and gills of wine, whether they had a right, and it was concluded in favour of voting.

Cross-examined.

I was always attached to the broadest system of freedom.

In 1723, I first trod the stage.

Whether these conversations about freedom, and so forth, were not among the idle and profligate young persons you have mentioned?

No; they were among old persons.

How came you into the company of those ancient persons?

Sometimes for economy, sometimes to get a little knowledge, and sometimes to laugh at them.

Did you laugh at them when they talked about the right of voting?

No; I paid great attention to them: when I found they spoke absurdly, I did laugh at them. They were obliged to hear of the virtue of

voting; we pothered them into it; we rallied them into it.

Such things were talked about, as taxes being paid; but that it did not stop voting. A part of us did determine so, and part opposed it; but the opposers were held of no value; they were held in great contempt. I was of the party espousing it; I was a younker a long time in it; the party I espoused are what you call ale-house patriots, but remember they had very good sense; I mean, they were men of understanding.

I looked upon the receipt of charity as an evil, if it was given by a rogue to rob a man of his vote.

Were all the men that ever you knew vote, respectable housekeepers?

No, they were not; there were a great many rogues among them.

I have always heard that the Dutchy had a right to vote; to the best of my memory the Dutchy always did vote.

Committee.

Can you recollect the names of any of the persons with whom you conversed about the right, who are now dead?

I can't recollect a single man; not being my companions.

Do you remember an election in 1741?

Yes,

Yes, I do; I am not clear at what time I had my house in that year. I am sure I did not vote at that election.

Do you know any thing of the scrutiny that succeeded the election in 1749?

I remember the hubbub about it, but nothing else: I know of no decision about it.

I did not vote at any election in 1749.

Do you know whether people disputed the right of the Dutchy to vote?

I don't know; there were disputes about it, I believe.

I have heard that the inhabitants of St. Martin's le Grand voted.

MR. TAVERNIER.

IN 1555, Mr. Tavernier had a special license signed by King Edward the Sixth, to preach in any place of his Majesty's dominions, though he was a layman; and he is said to have preached before the King at court, wearing a velvet bonnet, or round cap, a damask gown, and gold chain about his neck. He appeared in the pulpit at St. Mary's with a sword by his side, and a gold chain about his neck, and preached to the scholars, beginning his sermon in these words:

"Arriving

"Arriving at the mount of St. Mary's, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

MARSHAL SAXE.

THIS gallant officer, a few weeks after the brilliant campaign of 1746, used to drive out in the environs of Paris, without any friend, or even attendant. On his return, one day, the coachman stopt as usual at one of the city gates, for the inspection of the gate-keeper, "*N'avez vous rien à declarer, Monsieur?*" Before the Marshal could reply, the officer, instantly recognising his person, said, "*Excusez, Monsieur*, laurels pay no duty."

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

THE great Turenne lies in the abbey of Saint Denis, without any monumental inscription, owing, as it is said, to the jealousy of a monarch, by no means wanting, in other respects, in magnanimity. Bertrand du Guesclin, an hero of earlier times, reposes in the same chapel, in

in a monument, unworthy of the sacred deposit. This warrior, the pride of chivalry, and the glory of France, appears, by the diminutive figure on his tomb, to have been little fitted for the arduous enterprises of war; yet, cotemporaryhistorians represent him of an athletic and manly size. The last scene of Guesclin's glorious career is singularly remarkable.

The governor of Rendon, to which he had laid siege, had capitulated, and engaged to give up the place, in case no succour arrived within a certain number of days. Du Guesclin fell ill before this time, and died on the day preceding the expiration of the truce. On the morrow, the governor was summoned to surrender: he kept his word; but as it was to Du Guesclin himself he had given it, he came out attended by the chief officers of the garrison, and going directly to Guesclin's tent, he placed the keys of the town upon the coffin of the breathless hero.

MONKISH SUPERSTITION;

OR,

A CURIOUS CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Archbishop ANSELM's *Letter to* BERNARD, *Monk of the Abbey of St. Warbugh, on the* IMPORTANT *Question, Whether it be more meritorious to whip one's self, or to be whipped by another * ?*

(Faithfully translated from the Latin.)

GREETING AND PRAYER.

YOUR Lord Abbot acquainted me, that you judged it to be of greater merit, when a monk either whippeth himself, or desires to be whipped of another, than when he is whipped, (not of his own will) in the chapter, by order of the prelate: but it is not as you think; for the judgment that man pronounces on himself is kingly, but that which he submits to in the chapter is an act of obedience, is monkish. That which I call kingly, kings, and proud-men, wallowing in wealth, command to be executed on themselves, but that which I consider as monkish, does not proceed from self-command, but obedience.

* Vid. Anselm. Epist. 255.

The

The kingly is undoubtedly much easier, so far as it agreeth with the will of the sufferer; but the monkish is so much the more grievous in proportion as it is repugnant to the will of the sufferer. In the kingly judgment, the sufferer is judged to be his own; in the monkish he is proved not to be his own. For although the king, or rich man, when he is flogged, sheweth himself to be a sinner in all humility, yet he would not submit to this humility at the command of any other, but would withstand the command with all his power. But when a monk submits in all humility to the whip in full chapter, in obedience to the command of the prelacy, it is evident, that the merit is the greater, inasmuch as he humbleth himself more, and more truly than the other. For he humbleth himself to God alone, because he knoweth his sins; but this man humbleth himself to man for obedience. Now he is much lowlier, that humbleth himself both to God and man, for God's sake, than he that humbleth himself to God only, and not to the commandment of God. Therefore, if he that humbleth himself shall be exalted; therefore, he that humbleth himself still more, shall be still more exalted. But when I said, that when a monk underwent the discipline of the lash, it was against his will, you must not understand it in that light, as though

though he would not patiently bear it with an obedient heart, but because, by a natural appetite, he would not suffer the smart; but, if you say, I do not so much fly the open flagellation, for the pains (which I feel as much as in secret) as for the shame, know then, he is a stranger that rejoices to bear this for obedience sake. Rest therefore assured, that one whipping of a monk, through obedience, is of more merit than innumerable whippings of his own desire. But whereas he is such, that he ought, on all occasions, to have a heart without a whimper to be whipt as often as the prelacy pleases, his merit then will be great, whether the lash is given in public, or in private.

BISHOP MAULE.

DOCTOR Maule was a native of Scotland; he was bishop of Meath in 1734, a truly primitive Christian divine. His charities were so extensive, that notwithstanding the immense revenue of his bishopric, he was the poorest man in his diocese; so that his books were sold to pay his funeral expenses. If not the founder, he was at least the warmest patron of the charter-schools,

schools, erected in Ireland, for the instruction and support of poor orphans, &c. the

"Plants of his hand, and children of his prayer."

He was a steady friend to the linen-manufactory in all its branches. By his means industrious young women were furnished with spinning-wheels, and indigent weavers with looms, gratis. His Lordship's character was attempted in the following lines, a few days after his death, by one that had often tasted of his bounty, and venerated his worth.

Old Maule is dead; fain would I write
His dirge, although the subject 's trite,
For scarce a fiddler now can die,
But newsboys roar his elegy;
Yet shall a prelate silent sleep,
And not one soul in metre weep?
But then his manners were so plain,
I doubt, my panegyric 's vain,
For what of him can well be said,
Who to the world hath long been dead?
Did he build domes by Attic rules?
No: nought but humble charter-schools.
Did he with taste adorn his rooms?
No: his lov'd furniture was looms.
Did he politely keep a day,
And then his elegance display?
No rich sirloins his table press'd,
The hungry, not the rich, his guest.
What civil thing then can I say
Of one, who liv'd so out o' th' way?

Vain

Vain 's the attempt, in vain I strive,
Nor would he thank me if alive:
For true it is, though somewhat odd,
He lov'd no praise, but that of God.

THE AFRICAN DUEL.

(Translated from the French.)

IN the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV. two African youths, the sons of a prince, being brought to the court of France, the King was so struck with the native dignity of their manners, that he appointed a Jesuit to instruct them in letters, and in the principles of Christianity; when properly qualified, his Majesty gave to each a commission in the guards. The eldest, who was remarkable for his docility and candour, made a considerable progress in learning, as well as in the doctrine of the Christian religon, which he admired for the purity of its moral precepts, and the good will that it recommended to all mankind. A brutal officer, upon some trifling dispute, struck him. The youth saw that it was the result of passion, and did not resent it. A brother-officer, who witnessed the insult, took an opportunity of talking to him on his behaviour, which he did not hesitate to tell him as a friend, was too tame, especially for a soldier. "Is there," said the young negro,

one revolution for soldiers, and another for gownsmen and merchants. The good father, to whom I am indebted for my instructions, has, above all things, earnestly recommended the forgiveness and forgetfulness of injuries, assuring me, that it was the very characteristic of a Christian to love even his enemy, and by no means to retaliate an offence of any kind."

"The lessons which the good father gave you," said the friend, "may fit you for a monastery, but they will not qualify you either for the court or the army: in a word," continued he, "if you do not call the Colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamous name of a coward, and avoided by every man of *honour*; and, what is more, your commission will be forfeited."—"I would fain," answered the young man, "act consistently in every thing; but since you press me with that regard to my honour which you have always shewn, I will endeavour to wipe off so foul a stain, though I must confess I gloried in it before." In consequence of which, he immediately sent a challenge by his friend to the aggressor, to meet him early the next morning. They met and fought; the brave African disarmed his antagonist; the next day he threw up his commission, and requested the royal permission to return to his father. At parting, he embraced his brother and his friend, with tears in

his eyes, saying, he did not imagine the Christians were such unaccountable persons, and that he could not apprehend their faith was of any use to them, if it did not influence their conduct. "In my country," said he, "we think it no dishonour to act up to the principles of our religion."

IGNORAMUS COMŒDIA.

AUCTORE MRO. RUGGLE, AUL. CLAR.

Corrected from Archbishop Sandcroft's Copy, with the Actors' Names, viz.

THEODORUS (Mercator) senex. Mr. Hutchinson, Clar. H.

Antoninus (F. Theodori) juvenis. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Hollis, Chr. Coll.

Ignoramus (Anglus) Causidicus, Mr. Perkinson, Clar. H.

Dulman, Musæus, Pecus — Clerici Ignorami: Mr. Towers, Reginal. afterwards Bp. of Peterb.; Mr. Perient, Clar. Hall.; Mr. Barber, Clar. H.

Torcol (Portugallus) Leno, Mr. Bargrave, Clar. H. afterwards Dean of Canterbury (Bargan MSS. A. C. Car.)

Rosabella (Virgo), Mr. Morgan, Regin.

Surda, nana Ancilla, Mr. Compton, Regin. afterwards Earl of Northampton.

Trico (Theodori) Servus, Mr. Lake, Clar. H. afterwards Secretary.

Banacar

Banacar (Theod. Servus) Maurus, Dr. Love, Clar. H.

Cûpes (Bibliopola) Parasitus, Mr. Mason, Pemb.

Polla (Cupis Uxor, Dr. Chesham, Clar. H.

Colla (Monachus) Frater, Mr. Wade, G. A. C.

Dorothea (Uxor Theod.), Matrona, Norfolk, Regin.

Vince (a Page Dorothea), Puer, Mr. Compton, Regin.

Nell (Angla Dorothea) Ancilla, Turner, Clar. H.

Richardus (Theodori) Servus, Grame, Clar. H.

Pyropus (Vestiarius), Mr. Wade, G. C.

Fidicen, or Tibicen, Rennarde, Clar. H.

Nautæ { Gallicus, Thorogood, Clar.
Anglicus, Mr. Mason, Pembr.

(Campo) Thorogood, Clar. H.

Personæ mutæ, quarum sit mentio.

Prologus prior, Mar. 8, an. 1614.

Prologus posterior ad secundum regis adventum habitus, May 6, 1615.

Archbishop Sandcroft's copy is at Emanuel, amended and supplied from three MS. copies, and from the printed edition, an. 1658.

The list, or catalogue of names, I compared with a MS. copy at Clare Hall, possibly Mr. Ruggle's copy; but it is not in his hand, nor the qualities of the actors mentioned.

Ex MSS. Thomas Baker.

ACCOUNT OF THE BARBAROUS MURDER

Committed on his Grace JAMES SHARPE, *Archbishop of St. Andrews, Primate and Metropolitan of all Scotland, &c. on the 3d of May* 1679.

JAMES Sharpe, son of William Sharpe, sheriff clerk of Banffshire, was born in the castle of Banff, May 13, 1613. He was educated in Aberdeen, and professor of philosophy and divinity, successively, in the college of Aberdeen. He was afterwards appointed minister of the town of Crail. During the troubles in his native country, he visited England, and passed much of his time at Oxford, in conversation with the learned in that university. On the restoration of the royal family and episcopacy, he was promoted to the archbishopric of St. Andrew, and was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th of December 1661: he possessed that see till the day of his murder. The following narration was drawn up a few weeks after the commission of that horrid deed:

"After that God had restored to these kingdoms their king and liberty (mercies never to be forgot, till by our ingratitude for them we have deserved to be thrown back into those miseries that

that we have so lately escaped), reasonable men might have concluded, that we would have rested with much satisfaction under those great blessings, for which we had so much longed. But that restless bigotry, which had in the late rebellion distracted our religion, dissolved monarchy, unhinged our property, and enslaved our liberties, did soon prompt the execrable authors of *Naphthali* and *Jus Populi*, who in those books endeavoured to persuade all men to massacre their governors and judges by the misapplied example of holy Phineas, and did in specific terms assert, that there could be no greater gift made to Jesus Christ, than the sending the Archbishop of St. Andrew's head in a silver box to the King; which doctrine prevailed with Mr. James Mitchell, a zealous Naphthalite, to attempt the killing of the said Lord Archbishop, upon the chief street of Edinburgh, in face of the sun, and of the multitude; and he having died, owning his crime as a duty, and others having writ books, comparing him in this crime to Sampson, twelve, or more, of the same sect did, upon the third day of May last, murder the said Archbishop in this ensuing manner.

"After his Grace had gone from the secret council, where, to aggravate their crime, he had been pleading most fervently for favours to them, having lodged at a village called Kennoway, in

Fiffe, upon Friday night, the second of May, he took his journey next morning at ten o'clock towards St. Andrews; and his coachman having discovered some horsemen near to Magus (a place near two miles distant from St. Andrews), advertised the Archbishop thereof, asking, if he should drive faster; which his Grace discharged, because he said he feared no harm: they drawing nearer, his daughter seeing pistols in their hands, and them riding at a great rate, she persuaded her father to look out, and he thereupon desired his coachman to drive on; who had certainly outdriven them, if one Balfour of Kinloch, being mounted on a very fleet horse, had not cunningly passed the coach (into which they had in vain discharged very many shot), and after he found that he could not wound the coachman, because his coach-whip did fright the sprightly horse, wounded the postillion, and disabled the foremost coach-horses; whereupon the rest coming up, one of them with a blunderbuss wounded the Lord Primate in the coach, and others of them called to him to "Come forth, vile dog, who had betrayed Christ and his church, and to receive what he deserved for his wickedness against the kirk of Scotland;" and reproached him with Mr. James Mitchell's death. Whilst he was in the coach, one run him through with a sword under his shoulder, the rest pulled him violently out

of

of the coach. His daughter came out, and on her knees begun to beg mercy to her father; but they beat her, and trampled her down. The Lord Primate with a very great calmness said, "Gentlemen, I know not that ever I injured any of you; and if I did, I promise I will make what reparation you can propose."—"Villain, and Judas," said they, "and enemy to God and his people, you shall now have the reward of your enmity to God's people:" which words were followed with many mortal wounds, the first being a deep one above his eye; and though he put them in mind that he was a minister, and pulling off his cap, shewed them his gray hairs, entreating, that if they would not spare his life, they would at least allow him some little time for prayer. They returned him no other answer, but that God would not hear so base a dog as he was; and for quarter, they told him, that the strokes which they were then giving, were those which he was to expect. Notwithstanding of all which, and of a shot that pierced his body above his right pap, and of other strokes which cut his hands, whilst he was holding them up to heaven in prayer, he raised himself upon his knees, and uttered only these words, "God forgive you all:" after which, by many strokes that cut his skull to pieces, he fell down dead. But some of them, imagining they had heard him

groan, returned, saying, that he was of the nature of a cat, and so they would go back and give one stroke more, for the glory of God; and having stirred about his brains in the skull with the points of their swords, they took an oath of his servants not to reveal their names; and so, desiring them to take up their priest, they rode back to Magus, crying aloud, that Judas was killed, and from thence made their escape. But God having, in an unexpected way, furnished probation against all who were present, it cannot but with a dutiful confidence be expected, that his Divine Majesty, who is so highly offended, will, by the same care, bring the assassinates themselves to suffer for that crime.

"This narrative, warranted by the depositions of many famous persons upon oath, will discover the many false insinuations expressed in a late relation printed at London; for, whereas it is pretended, that this murder proceeded from a private injury done to one of the assassinates, the contrary will easily appear by these subsequent considerations.

"First, that this murdering principle has been printed and practised by others formerly against the same person, such as he never knew nor offended.

"Secondly, it appears by the many expressions aforesaid, that he suffered for his function.

"Thirdly,

"Thirdly, many of the same persuasion had foretold it in several places; and one of the murderers had that morning, after a sacrilegious form of devotion, held up his hand, and sworn, that that hand should kill the Archbishop; whereupon his hostess kissed him. Nor can it be denied, but that he who commanded the foot for Mr. Welsh upon Reupar-Law (that famous field-conventicle), owned, that their friends thanked God for the Archbishop's death, but were sorry they knew not to whom they owed the obligation.

"Fourthly: It is known both by all the Archbishop's acquaintance, and the present low state of his fortune, that he never used any rigour to his debtors: and one of the lords of session, who transacted that inconsiderable affair relating to Hackstoun (on which the false NARRATIVE charges this murder), did declare publicly amongst his brethren-judges, that the Archbishop had dealt most generously with that miscreant, who was never a servant to his Grace. And how can it be pretended, in a nation, where no man was ever murdered for using legal execution, even in the greatest concerns, that the other eleven would have hazarded their lives and fortunes in killing a churchman, and a privy counsellor, to satisfy the useless revenge of one of their number in so mean a matter? And, their

their not taking his gold nor watch, and a considerable sum which lay open enough in the coach, did convincingly prove, that there was more of bigotry than of avarice in that undertaking.

" Fifthly: It is undeniable, that those of that same profession and way have lately wounded many of his Majesty's officers, for putting of his uncontroverted laws in execution; and particularly they contrived the death of the town major of Edinburgh, and in pursuance of that design, did, with many wounds, leave him, and some of his Majesty's soldiers, almost dead upon the place, one of them having been actually killed. They also at Loudoun killed one of his Majesty's soldiers in his bed, and wounded and robbed others of them without the least provocation; pretending in defence of their cruelty, that the soldiers were enemies to Christ, and that they would conclude themselves damned, if they paid the cess granted by the convention of all the three estates for the necessary defence of the kingdom.

" Sixthly: By a manifesto dispersed some few days before the murder, his Grace, and all who served the King in Fiffe, were threatened with certain death. All which does but too much justify the courses taken in that kingdom against such people, and refutes such as make that pass for

for cruelty, which is but necessary and self-defence: and by all which it appears, that this murder was not occasioned by private resentments, but by the principles of Naphthali; and such as were notorious ringleaders in that tribe, and their conventicles.

" It is likewise very observable, that the author of that most scandalous narrative has impiously lied, in asserting, that the bullets did not pierce the Archbishop's body; insinuating thereby that he was hard: whereas by a declaration under the hands of a physician and three surgeons (of which William Borthwick, to whom that author impudently appeals, is one), it is most evident, that the Archbishop's body was pierced by one of those shots: the words of which declaration (still remaining amongst the warrants of the privy council) are these: *The first of these wounds, being two or three inches below the right clavicle, between the second and third rib, which was given by a shot, not reaching the capacity of the breast.* Captain Castaires likewise had no commission from the Archbishop, but from the privy council; and Baily Carmichaell had no commission from the privy council, but from the Earl of Rothes, Lord High Chancellor, and Sheriff Principal of Fiffe by inheritance.

" The horror that attends this fact, the dreadful events for which it makes way, and the scandal that

that it raises upon the true Protestant religion, cannot but breed in all just men, a detestation of the principles from whence it flowed, and an abhorrence of those who endeavour to extenuate it with false pretences."

MISS AMBROSE.

THE vice-regal administration of Lord Chesterfield in Ireland, was distinguished in many respects beyond that of any other viceroy who had preceded him. As a judge and patron of learning, his levees were always crowded with men of letters, and the Castle drawing-rooms were enlivened with a constellation of beauties.

Miss Ambrose was universally allowed to be the brightest star in that constellation. She was a Roman Catholic, and descended of one of the oldest families in the kingdom. Her charms and vivacity (which were always tempered with modesty and prudence) furnished his Lordship with many opportunities of complimenting both, with a delicacy peculiar to a nobleman of his refined taste and wit. On the first day of July, the Protestants of Ireland wear orange lilies, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, which was fought on that day, and which is a grand gala at court. On one

one of these occasions, Miss Ambrose appeared with an orange lily in her bosom, which immediately caught the Viceroy's eye, and called forth the following extemporary lines:

Say, lovely traitor, where 's the jest
Of wearing *orange* on thy breast;
Where that same breast uncover'd shews
The *whiteness* * of the *rebel* rose?

A few days afterwards, a delegation from the ancient town of Drogheda waited on his Lordship with the freedom of their corporation in a gold box. Miss Ambrose happened to be present: as the box was of the finest workmanship, she jocosely requested that his Lordship would give it to her. "Madam," said he, "you have too much of my *freedom* already." Lord Chesterfield used to say, in allusion to the power of beauty, that she was the only dangerous Papist in Ireland.

Encircled by a crowd of admirers, in the heyday of her bloom, she had the good sense to prefer the hand of a plain worthy baronet (Sir Roger Palmer) to all the wealth and titles that were thrown at her feet. The marriage of this lady was announced in one of the Dublin prints in these words:

* The white rose, the ensign of the house of Hyde.

Dublin,

Dublin, Nov. 14, 1750.

"The celebrated Miss Ambrose of this kingdom, has, to the much-envied happiness of *one*, and the grief of *thousands*, abdicated her maiden empire of beauty, and retreated to the temple of Hymen. Lady Palmer is still alive; and has the second pleasure of seeing herself *young again* in a numerous train of grandchildren."

AN ATTEMPT TO DRAW THE MEDICAL CHARACTER OF THE LATE DR. WARREN.

By the late J. R——r, Esq.

PERHAPS there is not a more arduous task in the varieties of literature, than to designate a proper character to late departed merit: a friend, or an enemy, generally takes the pencil; by the former it is surcharged, and obscured by the latter. Fortunately, time meliorates the glowing tints, and raises virtue from the shade.

Great characters are rarely viewed in a proper light by their contemporaries: we are too intimate with the *human nature* of the man, to conceive the *soul*. If there is the least probability of forming any general idea, it must be by a person

son too remote from intimacy, or one incapable of envy.

I have taken up my pen as a poor compliment to the memory of Dr. Warren, leaving the task to his equals to pay due regard to his merit.

The early part of his life came not within the sphere of my observation: I saw him in his meridian—viewed him in his setting sun: when disease had overpowered the corporeal, still saw the preservation of the mental part. Almost, I believe, the last of the inferior medical men, who necessarily met him, the same humanity, the same judgment, and the same dignified humility, which some who thought lightly, or did not think at all, mistook for pride, accompanied him to his last visit. He forgot himself: he thought for his patient: they parted too soon, to meet again.

In reviewing the life of Dr. Warren, we are to consider the man who stood for thirty-eight years on the pinnacle of medical fame. It is commonly observed, that situations make men: here is an indubitable proof of the man being made for his situation. Ignorance could never maintain itself against the studious attack of science.

He had too many great characters to cope with, not to call forth all his exertions. Possessed of intuitive judgment, they admitted

his transcendent abilities, and silently receded. It is an honour to merit to give merit its due; and the mass appeared as great men, when they placed Warren at their head.

In a period of two thousand years, physic has little to boast of in the line of observing nature. Hippocrates laid down a plan which art seemed to shudder at as too simple: hence the multitude of rules, the family of physicians. A long chasm succeeded, never filled up to the time of Sydenham. Nature here began to revive again; and the good sense of his successors promises a continuance.

From a deep investigation of the father of physic, from a percipient power to attain the simplicity of Sydenham, from the ardour of his own mind, Dr. Warren acquired a celebrity equal to either of them.

His antagonists may say, He has left little or nothing in writing behind him. What did Socrates leave? Perhaps a future Plato of the school of Warren may condescend to inform us. Are we sure the Coan's observations are not mutilated? the son of Panarete was too much employed to favour us with a regular digest.

In observing nature, Warren's principal forte consisted in knowing what was to be done, without oversteppsng the proper bounds. If antiquity claims the merit of observation, modern times

times demand our praise for the elegant simplicity of medical formulæ; and, in his hands, these were carried to as high a pitch as the art will ever attain.

With an encyclopedic mind, he girted the storehouse of nature, and drew from the various auxiliary sciences all that was necessary to complete the physician. The great Sydenham did not live to see the medical garden weeded from its superfluities: hence arose prescriptions too disgustful for modern practice. It is but of late date, an inquiry has been made, what the powers of medicine will do, and a right art of appropriating them to that purpose: it is a just, a proper refinement of the modern school.

DIALOGUE

Between an English Gentleman on his Arrival in Ireland, and Terence, his Servant, a Native of that Country.

Master. DOES it rain?

Terry. No, Sir.

Master. I see the sun shines—*Post nubila Phœbus.*

Terry. The *post* has not come in yet.

Master. How long did you live with Mr. T.?

Terry. In troth, Sir, I can't tell. I passed my

time so pleasantly in his service, that I never kept any account of it. I might have lived with him all the days of my life, and a great deal longer if I pleased.

Master. What made you leave him?

Terry. My young mistress took it into her head to break my heart; for I was obliged to attend her to church, to the play, &c.

Master. Was not your master a proud man?

Terry. The proudest man in the kingdom; for he would not do a dirty action for the universe.

Master. What age are you now?

Terry. I am just the same age of Paddy Lahy: he and I were born in a week of each other.

Master. How old is he?

Terry. I can't tell; nor I don't think he can tell himself.

Master. Were you born in Dublin?

Terry. No, Sir, I might if I had a mind; but I preferred the country. And, please God, if I live and do well I 'll be buried in the same parish I was born in.

Master. You can write I suppose?

Terry. Yes, Sir, as fast as a dog can trot.

Master. Which is the usual mode of travelling in this country?

Terry. Why, Sir, if you travel by water, you must take a boat. And if you travel by land, either

either in a chaise, or on horseback; and those that can't afford either one or t'other, are obliged to trudge it on foot.

Master. Which is the pleasantest season for travelling?

Terry. Faith, Sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his purse.

Master. I believe your roads are passably good.

Terry. They are all passable, Sir, if you pay the turnpike.

Master. I am told you have an immense number of horned cattle in this country.

Terry. Do you mean cuckolds, Sir?

Master. No, no: I mean black cattle.

Terry. Faith, we have, Sir, plenty of every colour.

Master. But I think it rains too much in Ireland.

Terry. So every one says: but Sir Boyle says, he will bring in an act of parliament in favour of fair weather; and I am sure the poor haymakers and turf-cutters will bless him for it. God bless him: it was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold a quart.

Master. As you have many fine rivers, I suppose you have abundance of fish.

Servant. The best ever water wet. The first fish in the world, except themselves. Why,

master, I won't tell you a lie; if you were at the Boyne, you could get salmon and trout for nothing, and if you were at Ballyshanny, you'd get them for less.

Master. Were you ever in England?

Servant. No, Sir, but I 'd like very much to see that fine country.

Master. Your passage to Liverpool, or the Head, would not cost more than half a guinea.

Servant. Faith, master, I 'd rather walk it than pay the half of the money.

NEW ENGLAND DUEL.

GOVERNOR Bradford, in his Register of the first Plymouth Colony at Plymouth, America, says, that the first duel fought in New England happened on June 10th, 1630, upon a challenge at single combat with sword and dagger, between Edward Doty and Edward Leister, servants of Mr. Hopkins. Both being wounded, the one in the hand, the other in the thigh, they were adjudged, by the whole company, to have their head and feet tied together, and so to lie for twenty-four hours, without meat or drink, which was begun to be inflicted; but within an hour, because of their great pains, at their own and

and their master's humble request, upon promise of future good behaviour, they were released by the governor.

CONGREVE.

MR. William Congreve was the son of a younger brother of a good old family in Staffordshire, who was employed in the stewardship part of the great estate of the Earl of Burlington in Ireland, where he resided many years. His only son, the poet, was born in that country, went to school at Kilkenny, and from thence to Trinity College, Dublin, where he had the advantage of being educated under a polite scholar and ingenious gentleman, Dr. St. George Ashe, who was after Provost of that college, then Bishop of Clogher, and then Bishop of Derry. This prelate had the great good fortune of having two pupils, the two most famous poets, and most extraordinary men of their own, or any other age, Dr. Swift, and Mr. William Congreve. The latter was entered of the Middle Temple. His first performance was a novel, called *Incognita*; then he began his play, called the *Old Bachelor*. Having little acquaintance with the traders in that way, his cousins recommended

him to a friend of theirs, who was very useful to him in the whole course of his play. He engaged Mr. Dryden in its favour; who, upon reading it, said, he never saw such a first play in his life: but, the author not being acquainted with the stage, or the town, it would be a pity to have it miscarry, for want of a little assistance; the stuff was rich indeed; it wanted only the fashoniable cut of the town. To help that, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Arthur Mainwayring, and Mr. Southern, did it with great care; and Mr. Dryden put it in the order it was played. Mr. Southern obtained of Mr. Thomas Davenant, who then governed the playhouse, that Mr. Congreve should have the privilege of the playhouse, half a year before his play was played, which was never allowed to any one before; which play made him many friends. Mr. Montacue, after Lord Halifax, put him into the commission for hackney-coaches, and then into the pipe office; and then gave him a patent place in the Customs of 600*l.* a year.

Biog. Anecdotes. Brit. Mus. 4221. *Plut.*

REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

ON Tuesday, April 18, 1732, one Richard Smith, a bookbinder, and prisoner for debt within

within the liberties of the King's Bench, and Bridget his wife, were found hanging near their bed, about a yard distant from each other, and in another room their little child, about two years old, was found in a cradle, shot through the head. The following letters left in the room, one directed to their landlord, and two others enclosed to Mr. Brindley, a bookbinder in New Bond Street, will best account for this melancholy action.

To Mr. Brightred.

"SIR,

"THE necessity of my affairs has obliged me to give you this trouble; I hope I have left more than is sufficient for the money I owe you; I beg of you that you will send these enclosed papers, as directed, immediately, by some porter, and that without shewing them to any one.

"Your humble servant,

"RICHARD SMITH.

"P. S. I have a suit of black clothes at the Cock in Mint Street, which lies for 17*s.* 6*d.* If you can find any chap for my dog and ancient cat, it would be kind.

"I have here sent a shilling for the porter."

"COUSIN BRINDLEY,

"IT is now about the time I promised payment to Mr. Brooks, which I have performed in the

best manner I was able: I wish it had been done more to your satisfaction; but the thing was impossible. I here return you my hearty thanks for the favours which I have received, it being all the tribute I am able to pay. There is a certain anonymous person whom you have some knowledge of, who, I am informed, has taken some pains to make the world believe he has done me many services. I wish that said person had never troubled his head about my affairs; I am sure he had no business with them; for it is entirely owing to his meddling that I came pennyless into this place; whereas, had I brought twenty pounds in with me, which I could easily have done, I could not then have missed getting my bread here, and in time be able to come to terms with my plaintiff, whose lunacy, I believe, could not have lasted always. I must not here conclude; for my meddling friend's man, Sancho Pancho, would, perhaps, take it ill, did I not make mention of him; therefore, if it lies in your way, let Sancho know, that his impudence and insolence was not so much forgotten as despised. I shall now make an end of this epistle, desiring you to publish the enclosed; as to the manner how, I leave entirely to your judgment. That all happiness may attend you and yours, is the prayer of

"Your affectionate kinsman, even to death,

"RICHARD SMITH.

"P. S.

"P. S. If it lies in your way, let that good-natured man, Mr. Dunoome, know, that I remembered him with my latest breath."

To Mr. Brindley.

"THESE actions, considered in all their circumstances, being somewhat uncommon, it may not be improper to give some account of the cause, and that it was an inveterate hatred we conceived against poverty and rags; evils, that through a train of unlucky accidents, were become inevitable; for we appeal to all that ever knew us, whether we were either idle or extravagant; whether or no we have not taken as much pains to get our living as our neighbours, although not attended with the same success. We apprehend the taking our child's life away to be a circumstance for which we shall be generally condemned; but for our own parts, we are perfectly easy upon that head; we are satisfied it is less cruelty to take the child with us, even supposing a state of annihilation, as some dream of, than to leave her friendless in the world exposed to ignorance and misery. Now, in order to obviate some censures, which may either proceed from ignorance or malice, we think it proper to inform the world, that we firmly believe the existence of Almighty God; that this belief of ours is not an implicit faith, but deduced from the nature and reason

reason of things: we believe the existence of an Almighty Being, from the consideration of his wonderful works; from a consideration of those innumerable, celestial, and glorious bodies, and from their wonderful order and harmony. We have also spent some time in viewing these wonders, which are to be seen in the minute part of the world, and that with great pleasure and satisfaction; from all which particulars we are satisfied that such amazing things could not possibly be without a first Mover—without the existence of an Almighty Being: and as we know the wonderful God to be almighty, so we cannot help believing but that he is also good; not implacable; not like such wretches as men are; not taking delight in the miseries of his creatures; for which reason we resign up our breaths unto him without any terrible apprehensions, submitting ourselves to those ways which in his goodness he shall please to appoint after death. We also believe the existence of unbodied creatures, and think we have reason for that belief; although we do not pretend to know their way of subsisting. We are not ignorant of those laws made *in terrorem*, but leave the disposal of our bodies to the wisdom of the coroner and his jury, the thing being indifferent to us where our bodies are laid, from whence it will appear how little anxious we are about a *hic jacet*; we, for our parts,

parts, neither expect nor desire such honours, but shall content ourselves with a borrowed epitaph, which we shall insert in this paper:

Without a name, for ever silent, dumb,
Dust, ashes, nought else, is within this tomb;
Where we were born or bred, it matters not,
Who were our parents, or hath us begot;
We were, but now are not, think no more of us,
For as we are, so you 'll be turn'd to dust.

"It is the opinion of naturalists, that our bodies are at certain stages of life composed of new matter, so that a great many poor men have new bodies oftener than new clothes; now, as divines are not able to inform us which of those several bodies shall rise at the resurrection, it is very probable that the deceased body may lie for ever silent as well as any other.

"RICHARD SMITH.
"BRIDGET SMITH."

The coroner's jury found them both guilty of self-murder, and of wilful murder as to the child. They were both buried in the cross-way near Newington turnpike.

The following is copied from a MS. note in an old Magazine, in which this melancholy event is related: "I knew Smith; he was a very sober, honest, industrious man, a constant attendant at church, but too fond of reading metaphysical

physical books, which, I take it, bewildered his understanding, for it was his favourite theme of conversation; '*To be, or not to be,*' was always in his mouth.

May 22, 1732. "JOHN PAUL."

SUICIDE.

THE irresistible power of love over the human mind, has been manifested in a thousand instances, as well in civilized as in barbarous nations. About forty years ago, a melancholy event occurred in the town of Enniskillen in the north of Ireland. A young woman of good family, handsome person, and well educated, a native of that town, had scarcely attained her eighteenth year, when she was courted by a young man, every way worthy of her hand, except in point of fortune. This single *defect*, in the view of her parents, was an insuperable bar to their union. As they could not see with their daughter's eyes, they reproached her in the sharpest terms for indulging the least sentiment of esteem for a young fellow, who had *nothing* to recommend him, but his education and morals. They insisted, that she should break off all correspondence with him, and that she should turn her attention to one that could support her in

in a manner suitable to her birth and fortune. In vain did she attempt to remonstrate: the father called up all his authority, and insisted that his commands should be obeyed without a single murmur. The young lady protested, in the bitterness of her heart, that, if forced to give her hand to any other, it would not, nor could be, accompanied by her heart, for she was no longer mistress of it; and that all the wealth in the world could not compensate for the loss of her lover. A young man in the neighbourhood, however, was base enough to marry her on these terms. It is but justice to say, that he behaved to her with the greatest tenderness, and did every thing in his power to conciliate her affections, but in vain; she did not carry herself towards him with any sullenness, but conducted herself in a very becoming manner as a wife. Having a large company one morning at breakfast, she seemed so gay, that every person in the room took notice of it, and congratulated the husband on the opening prospect of his future felicity. When the visitants were gone, she went to a cupboard, took out a tea-cup, and drank the contents of it; her husband observed that it was a sweet draught. "Yes," said she with a smile, "the sweetest I ever drank in my life." When she had withdrawn, he examined the cup, and found that the sediments were white; as he was not without his suspicions,

suspicions, he communicated the matter to a friend, who desired him to return and question his wife in a gentle manner: she did not hesitate to tell him, that it was poison, and that she began to feel the *happy effects* of it. She told him this with so serene a countenance, that he scarcely knew what to believe; in a short time, however, he found that she had told him the truth. Remedies were forced on her, but without effect. The potion was so strong, that in less than an hour the cold hand of death sealed those eyes that even smiled in the midst of agonies.

M. BOISSY.

GENIUS is a plant of celestial growth; when it happens to rear its sickly head in earthly soil, it is always bedewed with the tears of poverty. For the truth of this, we need only appeal to the lives of the poets, &c. in all ages and in all nations. M. de Boissy may well be added to the catalogue; a French dramatist of considerable merit, whom poverty, in the words of Otway, "had chased in view," from his cradle almost to his grave. He was industrious; but who would "meditate the thankless muse," in this degenerate age, when even the cheap reward of

of empty praise is doled out with niggard hand? M. de Boissy was not doomed to drink his bitter cup alone; the fates, severely kind, had ordained that an affectionate wife and an infant child should share it, even to the dregs. Having contended with the waves of adversity day after day and night after night, with all the fortitude of a man, the affections of a husband, and the tenderness of a father, he found his strength at length begin to fail, and that it was in vain to struggle any longer; he had friends, a few, but as he always endeavoured to appear in a decent habit, and to assume that gaiety which is almost peculiar to a Frenchman, they thought that his circumstances were easy, and that they might, perhaps, offend the man, if they offered to relieve the poet. He did not attempt to undeceive them; his pride forbade it. His wants now became pressing; he cast his eye around; the prospect was dark on every side; not a ray of hope to brighten up the gloom of a miserable garret, nor yet to play upon the face of his only child, a little girl of two years old. In such a situation, what was to be done? Death at length presented himself. On any other occasion, perhaps, the very idea of the grisly phantom would have carried terrors with it; but he came as a friend that promised to relieve a wretched family of all their afflictions, and to wipe away their tears at once.

once. How great must have been the conflict, when a man of Boissy's sensibility could bring himself at last to relinquish every idea of life, and the muse, which every true poet loves better than life! But he was not willing to leave his wife, nor yet the pledge of their mutual love, behind, to the mercy of an unfeeling world. Perhaps, he thought that the little innocent would plead the cause of the hapless father and mother in the presence of an offended Deity. The arguments which he used to prevail on his wife to join in this resolution must be left to the imagination of the reader. There are many ways that lead to death, and the path at length chosen was undoubtedly a lingering one, but perhaps that which was conceived to be least shocking, in the dreadful alternative of self-murder, as the very idea of spilling blood stains the soul with horror! Let us pass over this conflict in silence. They agreed to starve themselves to death. In order to carry this dreadful resolve into effect, and to avoid all interruption, they barricaded their obscure apartment, and placed themselves in two chairs, opposite to each other. In this situation they continued till the evening of the third day, when a friend, accustomed to visit want when it could not visit him, came up stairs, and found that door shut which always used to fly open at his presence: he rapped, but received no answer;

he listened, and at length heard a groan that came from the heart. Having collected his strength, he burst open the door, and stood aghast at the view that presented itself; he was at no loss to account for it; life was just on the last wing; he reasoned, and, though his reasonings were forcible, they would have proved ineffectual, if the little baby had not sent up her looks. Those looks were too powerful to be withstood; they pleaded with the tongue of an angel, and the father and mother yielded. Proper cordials were administered, and the friend took care that those victims of distress should never have occasion to resort to such an alternative again.

M. D'Alembert, in his "Hist. des Membres de l'Académie Françoise," vol. vi. 12mo. Paris, 1787, mentions the extreme indigence of Boissy, and that he shut himself up with his wife and child in his room, with a resolution of starving.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

AS soon as Henry had broken off his engagements with Margaret de Valois, he contracted a second, very contrary to his inclination (but for the good of the state, and in hopes of a successor), with Marie de Medicis. Sully, who had recommended and promoted this union, had no

sooner obtained the King's consent, than he sent off dispatches, married the King by proxy, brought the Queen over to France, and conducted her as far as Lyons, before Henry had any idea that the first forms were carried into execution. When Sully told him the Queen had arrived at Lyons, he seemed struck with amazement, and remained silent for some time; at length, clapping his hands smartly together, "Well then," said the King, "be it so;" and accordingly prepared to set out immediately for Lyons, and arriving there at night, while the Queen was supping in public, he entered the hall, and mixed with the crowd, to steal a first sight of her. The Queen, who knew he was upon the road, and expected him that night at Lyons, went rather through the ceremony of supping, than eating her supper, and was glad to retire to her private apartment, where she had been but a very short time, before the King was at her door: she instantly went forth, and meeting him in the passage, threw herself at his feet. The King raised and tenderly embraced her, led her back to her apartment, where, after some general conversation, he took her by the hand and retired from the rest of the company to another part of the room, where he held half an hour's private conversation, and retired to his supper—a supper, like the Queen's, soon over. He then desired Madame de Nemours

nours to inform her Majesty, that, coming in so great a hurry, he was without a bed, and waited to know whether he might flatter himself with the honour of taking part of hers. Madame de Nemours having delivered this truly elegant message, she returned to the King, and informed him, that the Queen desired to have it known, that she came to obey his commands, and shew upon all and every occasion that she was his obedient servant.

I shall only remark here, that in matters of delicate address, the people of France then were superior to all the world; the wit of man could not have contrived a more flattering message to a lady, who, though his wife, was a stranger, and whose heart was agitated by a thousand fears as well as hopes. I know not any situation so delicate as that of a sensible woman under such circumstances: she was married, it is true—but to an ambassador,

——Who beds the Queen,
With the nice caution of a sword between.

CANADIAN INDIANS.

By Mr. Long.

SOME years ago the Shawano Indians being obliged to remove from their habitations, in their

way took a Muskohge warrior, known by the name of Old Scrany, prisoner; they bastinadoed him severely, and condemned him to the fiery torture. He underwent a great deal without shewing any concern; his countenance and behaviour were as if he suffered not the least pain. He told his persecutors, with a bold voice, that he was a warrior; that he had gained the most of his martial reputation at the expense of their nation; and was so desirous of shewing them, in the act of dying, that he was still as much their superior, as when he headed his gallant countrymen against them, that although he had fallen into their hands, and forfeited the protection of the Divine Power, by some impurity or other, when carrying the holy ark of war against his devoted enemies, yet he had so much remaining virtue as would enable him to punish himself more exquisitely, than all their despicable ignorant crowd possibly could; and that he would do so, if they gave him liberty by untying him, and handing him one of the red-hot gun-barrels out of the fire. The proposal, and his method of address, appeared so exceedingly bold and uncommon, that his request was granted. Then suddenly seizing the red-hot barrel, and brandishing it from side to side, he forced his way through the armed and surprised multitude, leaped down a prodigiously steep and high bank into

into a branch of the river, dived through it, ran over a small island, and passed the other branch, amidst a shower of bullets; and though numbers of his enemies were in close pursuit of him, he got into a bramble swamp, through which, though naked, and in a mangled condition, he reached his own country.

The Shawano Indians also captured a warrior of the Anantoocah nation, and put him to the stake, according to their usual cruel solemnities. Having unconcernedly suffered much torture, he told them, with scorn, they did not know how to punish a noted enemy; and therefore he was willing to teach them, and would confirm the truth of his assertion, if they allowed him the opportunity. Accordingly he requested of them a pipe and some tobacco, which was given him; as soon as he had lighted it, he sat down, naked as he was, on the women's burning torches, that were within his circle, and continued smoking his pipe without the least discomposure. On this, a head warrior leaped up, and said, they saw plain enough he was a warrior, and not afraid of dying, nor should he have died, only that he was both spoiled by the fire, and devoted to it by their laws; however, though he was a very dangerous enemy, and his nation a treacherous people, it should be seen that they paid a regard to bravery, even in one who was mark'd with

war-streaks at the cost of many of the lives of their beloved kindred; and then, by way of favour, he, with his friendly tomahawk, instantly put an end to all his pains. Though the merciful but bloody instrument was ready some minutes before it gave the blow, yet I was assured, the spectators could not perceive the sufferer to change either his posture or his steadiness of countenance in the least.

MURDER DISCOVERED.

IN the year 1689, there lived in Paris a woman of fashion, called Lady Mazel. Her house was large, and three stories high. In a small room, partitioned off from the hall, slept the valet de chambre, whose name was Le Brun. In the floor up one pair of stairs, was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door, and laid on a chair, by the servant who was last with the lady; who, pulling the door after her, it shut with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. On the second floor slept the Abbé Poulard. On the 27th of November, being Sunday, Le Brun, the valet, attended his lady to church, then

then went to another himself, and after supping with a friend, went home cheerful, as he had been all the afternoon.

Lady Mazel supped with the Abbé Poulard as usual, and about eleven o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids; and, before they left her, Le Brun came to the door; after which one of the maids laid the key of the chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out, and Le Brun following them, shut the door after him. In the morning, he went to market: he then went home, and transacted his customary business; at nine o'clock he expressed great surprise, that his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at seven. He went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighbourhood, and told her he was uneasy that his lady's bell had not rung. He then went home again, and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady; and when one said, she feared she had been seized with an apoplexy, Le Brun said, "It must be something worse; my mind misgave me; for I found the street-door open last night, after all the family were in bed."

A smith being brought, the door was broke open; and Le Brun, entering first, ran to the bed; and, after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said, "O! my lady is mur-

dered!" He then ran to the wardrobe, and took up the strong box; which being heavy, he said, "She has not been robbed: how is this?"

A surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds. They found in the bed, which was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat of coarse lace, and a napkin made into a nightcap, which was bloody, and had the family mark on it; and, from the wounds on the lady's hands, it appeared she struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself.

The key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door; but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, as a large sum of money, and all the lady's jewels, were found in the strong box.

Le Brun being examined, said, that, after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen; he laid his hat and the key of the street-door on the table, and sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour; and going to lock the street-door, he found it open; and he locked it, and took the key of it to his chamber.

On trying the bloody nightcap on Le Brun's head, it was found to fit him exactly; whereupon

upon he was committed to prison. On his trial, it seemed as if the lady was murdered by some person, who was let in by Le Brun for that purpose. None of the locks being forced, and his own story of finding the street-door open, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt; and that he had an accomplice was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was discovered not to be like his; but the maids deposed they had washed such a cravat for one Berry, who had been a footman to the lady, and was turned away for robbing her.

Le Brun in his behalf had nothing to oppose to these strong circumstances, but an uniformly good character, which he had maintained for nineteen years he had served his lady; and that he was generally esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture, which was done with such severity, that he died the week after of the hurts he received, declaring his innocence to the last.

About a month after, notice was sent from the provost of Sens, that a dealer in horses had lately set up there, by the name of John Garlet, but his true name was found to be Berry, and that he had been a footman at Paris. In consequence of this, he was taken up. On searching him, a gold watch was found on him, which proved to be

be Lady Mazel's. Being brought to Paris, a person swore to seeing him go out of Lady Mazel's, the night she was killed; and a barber swore to shaving him the next morning. On observing his hands very much scratched, Berry said, he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to be put to the torture. On being tortured, he confessed, he, and Le Brun, had undertaken to rob and to murder Lady Mazel; but when he was brought to the place of execution, confessed that he came to Paris on Wednesday before the murder was committed, and the Friday evening he went into the house unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay until Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread he had in his pockets; that about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady was gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and the door being open got under the bed, where he continued until the afternoon, when Lady Mazel went to church; that, knowing she would not come back soon, he got from under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin, which lay in a chair, and then sat down by the fire, until he heard the coach drive into the court-yard, when he again got under the bed, and remained there: that Lady Mazel having been in bed about an hour, he got from under it, and demanded her money; that

that she began to cry out, and attempted to ring; upon which he stabbed her; and that she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs until she was dead: that he then took the key of the wardrobe cupboard from the bed's head, opened this cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took all the gold he could find; that he then locked the cupboard, and replaced the key at the bed's head, took his hat from under the bed, and left the napkin in it: took the key of the chamber out of the chair, and let himself out; and finding the street-door only on the single lock, he opened it, went out, and left it open.

Thus was the veil removed from the deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which condemned Le Brun, were accounted for consistently with his innocence.

From the whole story, the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is; and the humane will agree, that, in such cases, even improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned, who may possibly be innocent.

GUY EARL OF WARWICK.

GUY Earl of Warwick, returning from the Holy Land, in the habit of a pilgrim, at a time when

when Athelstan, one of the Saxon monarchs, was in great distress for a champion to fight Colebrand, a monstrous Danish giant, who, in behalf of the Danes, had challenged any person the English should bring into the field; Guy accepted this challenge; and, without being known to any but the King, fought the giant near Winchester, and killed him; the Danes yielded the victory, while Guy returned privately to a hermit's cell near Warwick, and there ended his days.

See Speed's Britannia, pag. 53. Dugdale's Warwickshire; Stow, book iii. p. 193. Camden, p. 286. Echard's History of England, p. 36. Markham, p. 400. Pennant's London, p. 324.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

Songs.

AVERSE from all abstruse meditation, the American Indians are much delighted with songs. To an European ear these songs do not afford much entertainment; nor can such discern harmony, melody, or any variety in their tunes. However this may be, the savages are always delighted with music. Their songs are of a grave and

and serious turn. They never relate to the concerns of love, or any of the softer passions, but to their most serious employments. They have songs for war, songs for victory, and songs for death. Each of them is designed to excite and call forth the sentiments, feelings, and passions, that such occasions require; and they have a great influence on their feelings and actions. Amidst the severest sufferings of death, this is the resort of the savage; and, when burning at the stake, the last consolation is to sing the song of triumph and death.

Dancing.

Dancing has been the favourite amusement of all nations. In civilized society this amusement is designed to promote a refinement of manners; and serves to excite the sensibility and delicacy, which attaches and refines the sexes. Dancing is also the favourite amusement of the savage, in every part of the globe. It calls forth his active powers, which, when unemployed, languish and decay for want of exercise. Dancing, instead of being an amusement, an affair of gallantry, love, or refinement among the savages, is a ceremony of great importance and seriousness. With this ceremony war is declared, an ambassador is received, and peace is concluded. It is by a dance, that every important transaction in public

public or in private life is celebrated. Their dances are generally carried on by the men, and it is but seldom that the women are permitted to join in them. All the steps, figures, and motions of the dance are expressive, and significant of the business or transaction it is designed to promote. If war is to be proclaimed, the dance is expressive of the resentment and rage they bear to their enemies, and of the hostile manner in which they mean to treat them. If a party are going forth against the enemy, the dance of war is the prelude. In this, the transactions of the whole campaign are to be expressed. The warriors are represented as departing from their country, entering that of the enemy, surprising and conquering their foes, seizing prisoners, scalping the dead, and returning in triumph to the applause of their country. The performers appear to be agitated with all the natural passions that take place in any of these scenes. The cautions, the secrecy, the fierceness, and cruelty of the warriors, are represented in a natural and animated manner. The whole is designed to excite those passions and feelings in the warrior, which it is intended to represent. And so quick, exact, and dreadful is the representation, that the uninformed spectator is struck with horror, and looks to see the ground strewed with mangled limbs and slaughtered bodies.

If

If peace is made, this is also represented by a dance; the dance is adapted to signify, that the hatchet is buried, that the blood is all washed away, that the ghosts of the slain are appeased and at rest, and that both nations are now to live in all the friendship and familiarity of brotherhood. Thus, instead of being barely an amusement or diversion, dancing among the Indians is a very important and serious ceremony.

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHIUM CHYMICUM.

HERE lieth, to digest, macerate, and amalgamate
with clay,
in balneo arenæ,
stratum super stratum,
the residuum, terra damnata, and caput mortuum,
of BOYLE GODFREY, Chymist,
and M.D.
a man, who in this earthly laboratory,
pursued various processes to obtain
arcanum vitæ,
or the art of getting, rather than making gold.
Alchymist-like,
all his labour and projection,
as mercury in the fire, evaporated in fume.
When he dissolved to his first principles,
he departed as poor

as the last drops of an alembic;
for riches are not poured
on adepts of this world.
Though fond of news, he carefully avoided
the fermentation, effervescence,
and decripitation of this life.
Full seventy years his exalted essence
was hermetically sealed in its terrene matrass,
but the radical moisture being exhausted,
the elixir vitæ spent,
and exsiccated to a cuticle,
he could not suspend longer in his vehicle,
but precipitated gradatim,
per campanam,
to his original dust.
May that light, brighter than Bolognian phosphorus,
preserve him from the athanor, empyreuma, and
reverberatory furnace of the other world;
depurate him from the fæces and scoria of this,
highly rectify and volatilize
his æthereal spirit,
bring it over the helm of the retort of this globe,
place it in a proper recipient,
or crystalline orb,
among the elect of the flowers of Benjamin,
never to be saturated,
till the general resuscitation,
deflagration, calcination,
and sublimation of all things.

EPITAPH ON A WATCH-MAKER,

IN ABERCONWAY CHURCHYARD.

HERE lies, in an horizontal position,
the 'outside case' of
'Peter Pendulum, watch-maker,'
whose abilities in that line were an honour
to his profession;
integrity was the 'main spring,'
and prudence the 'regulator'
of all the actions of his life.
Humane, generous, and liberal,
his hand never stopped
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his 'motions,'
that he never went wrong,
except when set a-going
by people
who did not know
'his key—'
Even then, he was easily
'set right' again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well,
that his 'hours' glided away
'in one continued round'
of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky 'minute' putting
a period to his existence,
he departed this life, 'wound up,'
in hopes of being 'taken in hand'

by his 'Maker,'
and of being thoroughly 'cleaned, repaired,'
and 'set a-going'
in the world to come.

EPITAPH

In the Churchyard of Grimmingham, in the County of Norfolk.

SACRED to the memory of Thomas Jackson*, Comedian, who was engaged, December 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters, in this great theatre, the world, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of Death on the 17th of March 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal; where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock debt, for the love he bore to performers in general.

* This performer belonged to the Norwich company of comedians; and in 1777, and two or three seasons after, was engaged by Mr. Colman, at the Haymarket Theatre.

COPY

COPY OF A REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT,

Lately erected in Horsley Down Church in Cumberland.

HERE lie the bodies
of Thomas Bond, and Mary his wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;
BUT,
she was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother;
BUT,
her husband and child, whom she loved,
seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,
whilst she received visitors, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers;
BUT,
imprudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;
BUT,
at home, by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend;
BUT,
the talents in which she principally excelled,
were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.

 She

She was an admirable economist,
and, without prodigality,
dispensed plenty to every person in her family;
BUT,
would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy, with her good qualities;
BUT,
much more frequently miserable—with her many failings;
insomuch, that in thirty years cohabitation, he often lamented,
that, maugre all her virtues,
he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.
AT LENGTH,
finding she had lost the affections of her husband,
as well as the regard of her neighbours,
family disputes having been divulged by servants,
she died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
aged 48 years.
Her worn-out husband survived her four months and two days,
and departed this life, Nov. 28, 1768,
in the 54th year of his age.
William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone,
as a *weekly monitor* to the surviving wives of this parish,
that they may avoid the infamy
of having their memories handed down to posterity
with a patch-work character.

ILLUMINATI.

ILLUMINATI.

MR. Raspe* presents his compliments to M. M——, and is sorry he cannot give him any satisfactory account of the most conspicuous characters amongst the illuminates. They started since he left Germany, not only as he mentioned yesterday, from the barbarity of Bavaria, but also from the ashes of the Jesuits, and a very numerous sect of fanatic freemasons, of which there is a wonderful variety in Germany. The sect or breed of whom we are speaking, pretended to great knowledge indeed, no less than conjuring up ghosts and spirits, and performing miracles, which they played off as credentials of their superior wisdom. Their great prophet was an impostor, of the name of Schroepfer, who, being pushed hard by his creditors, and the incredulity of disciples, finished his farce at Leipzig, by blowing out his brains. It was chiefly in Saxony that he met with success, and that necromancy was treated in a serious manner; but the evil spread, and (wonderful to say!) found powerful and numerous supporters at Paris. Upon this foundation Cagliostro built his system of imposition; and if he had not been detected, he might have carried it on in England on the basis

* The mineralogist,

of the Swedenborgians, a kind of simpletons, who have of late translated and adopted the crazy visions of a Swedish gentleman of that name, who died in London some years since. Lavater does not appear formally to belong either to the illuminates or the Swedenborgians, *sed dignus intrare in stulto isto corpore*, for his genius borders but too much upon fanaticism.

Swedenborg could not possibly be the prophet of the Duke of Courland: they never met: but a connexion may be traced between that crazy Duke and one Mr. Sunderberg, who is rather partial to the respective tenets and follies of freemasonry, illuminates, conjurors, alchymists, and Swedenborgians.

INHABITANTS OF SUDAN.

A MANUSCRIPT of a most ancient date is now in the possession of the Emperor of Morocco, describing the people of the province of Sudan in South Barbary. Their features, complexion, and language, differ totally from any other people on that continent.

Although this manuscript is old, it corresponds exactly with the character of the present inhabitants of that country.

It

It relates, that a part of these people being once oppressed by their prince, crossed the Mediterranean into Spain; from thence they travelled north, and found means to provide vessels from those shores, in which they embarked, and landed in a mountainous part of some of the British isles. At this present moment, the people of Sudan always speak their own language (unless in their intercourse with the Moors), and this language has a great affinity with the Irish and Welsh dialects.

They are red-haired, freckled, and, in all respects, a stronger bodied, and more enterprising people than the Moors.

Mrs. Logie, the consul's wife, was a native of Wales, and informed Major Tisdal, that she understood many words spoken by these people, and sometimes short sentences.

Delivered to me by Major Tisdal, who received it from Captain Logie, the English consul at Morocco.

John Hutchins, M. D.

MR. WHITFIELD.

MR. Whitfield's eloquence was of a peculiar cast, and well adapted to his auditory, as his

figures were drawn from sources within the reach of their understanding, and frequently from the circumstances of the moment. The application was often very happy, and sometimes rose to the true sublime; for he was a man of warm imagination, and not wholly devoid of taste. On his first visit to Scotland, he was received in Edinburgh with a kind of frantic joy, by a large body of the citizens. An unhappy man, who had forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, was to be executed the day after his arrival. Mr. Whitfield mingled in the throng, and seemed highly pleased with the solemnity and decorum with which the most awful scene in human nature was conducted. His appearance, however, drew the eyes of all around him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which led him to join in the crowd. The next day, being Sunday, he preached to a large body of men, women, and children, in a field near the city. In the course of his sermon, he adverted to the execution which had taken place the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say, that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree; and that, perhaps, curiosity was the

the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion; but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake. I witnessed the conduct of almost every one present on that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased therewith. It has given me a very favourable impression of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenance, and reflected the greatest credit on your hearts; particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes on this world for ever, you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside, and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different was this, when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the croſs—the Jews, instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink; not one of all that witnessed his pains, turned the head aside, even in the last pang. Yes, there was one, that glorious luminary (pointing to the sun) veiled his bright face, and sailed on in tenfold night."

PAGAN JUSTICE *versus* DUTCH ARTIFICE.

IN the year 1787 there happened to be a difference between the Dutch factory and the Hottentots, the natives of the Cape. One of the former, being up in the country, was killed by one of the Hottentots; whereupon the chief or heads of the people were summoned to find out the offender, and bring him to the Bar of Trade, and there punish him, according to their manner, for so great a crime: this was carried into execution in the subsequent singular manner. The Hottentots made a great fire, and brought the criminal, attended by all his friends and relations, who took their leave of him, not in sorrowful lamentations, but in feasting, dancing, and drinking: when the unfortunate criminal had been plentifully supplied with liquor, so that he was insensibly drunk, his friends made him dance till he was quite spent with fatigue; in that state they threw him into the fire, and concluded the horrid scene with a hideous howl, which they set up immediately after the criminal was dispatched. Some time after this, one of the factory killed a Hottentot; upon which the great men came and demanded justice for the blood of their countryman; but the offender

offender happened to be one of the best accountants, and a person whom the factory could ill spare. However, the crafty Dutchmen devised means to render satisfaction to the natives, under a colour of justice, by the following scheme: they appointed a day for the execution of the murderer, when the Hottentots assembled in great numbers to view this imposition upon them. A scaffold was erected, and the criminal was brought forth, dressed in white, attended by a minister: after praying, singing psalms, &c. the mock executioner presented him a flaming draught, which the ignorant Hottentots supposed was to render an atonement for the loss of their deceased countryman. The criminal received his potion, which was no other than a little burning brandy, with all the outward signs of horror and dread; his hand shook, his body trembled, and his whole frame appeared in the most violent agitation: he at last, with seeming reluctance, swallowed the draught, and, after preserving the farce of trembling, &c. a few moments, fell down apparently dead, and a blanket was immediately thrown over him. The Hottentots then made a shout that rent the air, and retired perfectly pleased, first observing, "that the Dutch had been more severe than themselves; for the former had put the fire into the criminal, they the criminal into the fire."

LETTER.

JOHN LOCKE *to* ANTHONY COLLINS, *Esq.*

Oates, Oct. 29, 03.

BELIEVE me, my good friend, to love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues; and, if I mistake not, you have as much of it as any body: what then is there wanting to make you equal to the best, and a friend for any one to be proud of? Would you have me take upon me, because I have the start of you in the number of years, to be supercilious and conceited, for having in a long ramble, travelled some countries, which a young voyager has not yet had time to see, and from whence one may be sure he will bring larger collections of solid knowledge? In good earnest, Sir, when I consider how much of my life has been trifled away in beaten tracks, where I vamped on with others only to follow those that went before us, I cannot but think I have just as much reason to be proud, as if I had travelled all England, and, if you will, France too, only to acquaint myself with the *roads*, and to be able to tell how the highways lie, wherein those of equipage, and even the herd too, travel.

travel. *Now*, methinks (and these are often old men's dreams), I see openings to truth, and direct paths leading to it, wherein a little industry and application would settle one's mind with satisfaction, and leave no darkness or doubt even with the most scrupulous. But this is at the end of my day, when my sun is setting; and though the prospect it has given me be what I would not for any thing be without, there is so much irresistible truth, beauty, and consistency in it, yet it is for one of your age to set about it, as a work you would put in order, and oblige the world with.

17 Nov. 03.

But to set it upon the right ground, you must know that I am a poor ignorant man, and if I have any thing to boast of, it is that I sincerely love and seek truth, with indifferency whom it pleases or displeases.

I thank you for the books you have sent me. They are more I think than I shall use, for the indisposition of my health has beaten me almost quite out of the use of books, and the growing uneasiness of my distemper * makes me good for nothing.

J. Locke.

* Asthma.

THE

The PARTICULARS of the FIRST SIEGE of CORFE CASTLE,

Gallantly defended by the Lady Banks and Captain Lawrence, against the Powers, Plots, and Policies of Sir Walter Earle, and his Adherents.

WHEN the torch of civil discord is once kindled, it is not in the power of human foresight to calculate the dire result, especially if fanned by the breath of religious zeal; even the very monuments which the living have raised to the dead —even those memorials of our affection that promised to outlive the silent touches of time, are wrapt in the general blaze, and the few good men that escape the flames can only deplore what is past, and deprecate the return of such days. The barbarous outrages committed during the civil war in this country, will be found, perhaps, more fully detailed in a scarce work entitled, *Mercurius Rusticus*, than in any other. This publication was written by Bruno Ryves, Dean of Chichester, and after the restoration, Dean of Windsor and Wolverhampton, in the reigns of Charles I. and II. He died on the 23d of July 1677, in the 81st year of his age. For a more particular account of this writer, see Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, A. D. 1721, vol. ii. p. 584, 732.

 Newcourt's

Newcourt's Repertorium, A. D. 1708, vol. i. p. 423, 424, note (i).

Pote's History of Windsor, A. D. 1749, p. 365, 366.

Appendix to the Life of Dr. Barwick, A. D. 1724, p. 495, note (x).

Ornaments of Churches considered, 4to. A. D. 1761, p. 117, note (w); also Appendix to that tract, No. VI. p. 8.

The first edition of the *Mercurius Rusticus* appeared in 1646; a second in 1647. The following account is copied from the first.

THERE is in the Isle of Purbeck a strong castle, called Corfe Castle, seated on a very steep hill, in the fracture of a hill in the very midst of it, being eight miles in length, running from the east end of the peninsula, to the west: and though it stand between the two ends of this fracture, so that it may seem to lose much advantage of its natural and artificial strength as commanded from thence, being in height equal to, if not overlooking the tops of the highest towers of the castle; yet the structure of the castle is so strong, the ascent so steep, the walls so massy and thick, that it is one of the most impregnable forts of the kingdom, and of very great concernment in respect of its command over the island, and the places about it. This castle is now the possession and inheritance of the Right Honourable Sir John Banks, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas,

Pleas, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, who, receiving commands from the King to attend him at York, in Easter term, 1642, had leave from the two Houses to obey those commands. After the unhappy differences between the King and the two Houses, or rather between the King and the faction in both Houses, grew high, it being generally feared that the sword would decide the controversy, the Lady Banks, a virtuous and prudent lady, resolved, with her children and family, to retire to this castle, there to shelter themselves from the storm which she saw coming, which accordingly she did. There she and her family remained in peace all the winter, and a great part of the spring, until 1643, about which time the rebels, under the command of Sir Walter Earle, Sir Thomas Trenchard, and others, had possessed themselves of Dorchester, Lyme, Melcombe, Weymouth, Wareham, and Pool (Portland Castle being treacherously delivered to the rebels), only Corfe Castle remaining in obedience to the King: but the rebels, knowing how much it concerned them to add this castle to their other garrisons, to make all the sea-coast wholly for them, and thinking it more feasible to gain it by treachery than open hostility, resolved to lay hold on an opportunity, to see if they could become masters of it.

There is an ancient usage that the Major and Barons (as they call them) of Corfe Castle, accompanied

companied by the gentry of the island, have permission from the lord of the castle, on May-day, to course a stag, which every year is performed with much solemnity, and great concourse of people. On this day some troops of horse from Dorchester, and other places, came into this island, intending to find other game than to hunt the stag, their business being suddenly to surprise the gentlemen in the hunting, and to take the castle. The news of their coming dispersed the hunters, and spoiled the sport for that day, and made the Lady Banks to give order for the safe custody of the castle gates, and to keep them shut against all comers. The troopers having missed their prey on the hills (the gentlemen having withdrawn themselves), some of them came to the castle under a pretence to see it, but entrance being denied them, the common soldiers used threatening language, casting out words implying some intention to take the castle; but the commanders, who better knew how to conceal their resolutions, utterly disavowed any such thought, denying that they had any such commission; however, the Lady Banks very wisely, and like herself, hence took occasion to call in a guard to assist her, not knowing how soon she might have occasion to make use of them, it being now more than probable that the rebels had a design upon the castle. The taking in this guard, as it secured her at home, so it rendered

her suspected abroad: from thenceforward there was a watchful and vigilant eye to survey all her actions; whatsoever she sends out, or sends for in, is suspected; her ordinary provisions for her family are by fame multiplied, and reported to be more than double what indeed they were, as if she had now an intention to victual and man the castle against the forces of the two houses of parliament. Presently, letters are sent from the committees of Poole to demand the four small pieces in the castle, and the pretence was, because the islanders conceived strange jealousies that the pieces were mounted and put on their carriages. Hereupon the Lady Banks dispatched messengers to Dorchester and Poole, to entreat the commissioners that the small pieces might remain in the castle for her own defence; and to take away the ground of the islanders' jealousies, she caused the pieces to be taken off their carriages again; hereupon a promise made, that they should be left to her possession. But there passed not many days, before forty seamen (they in the castle not suspecting any such thing) came very early in the morning to demand the pieces: the Lady in person, early as it was, goes to the gates, and desires to see their warrant; they produced one, under the hands of some of the commissioners; but instead of delivering them, though at that time there were but five men in the castle, yet these five, assisted by the maid-ser-

vants, at their Lady's command, mount these pieces on their carriages again, and lading one of them, they gave fire, which small thunder so affrighted the seamen, that they all quitted the place and ran away. They being gone, by beat of drum she summons help into the castle, and upon the alarm given, a very considerable guard of tenants and friends came in to her assistance, there being withal some fifty arms brought into the castle from several parts of the island. This guard was kept in the castle about a week: during this time, many threatening letters were sent unto the Lady, telling her what great forces should be sent to fetch them, if she would not by fair means be persuaded to deliver them; and to deprive her of auxiliaries, all or most of them being neighbours thereabouts, they threaten, that if they oppose the delivery of them, they would fire their houses. Presently their wives come to the castle; there they weep and wring their hands, and with clamorous oratory persuade their husbands to come home, and not by saving others to expose their own houses to spoil and ruin; nay, to reduce the castle into a distressed condition, they did not only intercept two hundred weight of powder provided against a siege, but they interdict them the liberty of common markets. Proclamation is made at Wareham (a market-town hard by), that no beer, beef, or other provision should

be sold to the Lady Banks, or for her use; strict watches are kept, that no messenger or intelligence shall pass into, or out of, the castle. Being thus distressed, all means of victualling the castle being taken away, and being but slenderly furnished for a siege, either with ammunition or with victual, at last they came to a treaty of composition, of which the result was, that the Lady Banks should deliver up those four small pieces, the biggest not carrying above a three pound bullet, and that the rebels should permit her to enjoy the castle and arms in it, in peace and quietness.

And though this wise lady knew too well to rest satisfied or secured in these promises, their often breach of faith having sufficiently instructed her what she might expect from them, yet she was glad of this opportunity to strengthen herself by that means, by which many in the world thought she had done herself much prejudice; for the rebels being now possessed of their guns, presumed the castle to be theirs, as sure as if they had actually possessed it. Now it was no more but ask and have. Hereupon they grew remiss in their watches, negligent in their observations, not heeding what was brought in, nor taking care, as before, to intercept supplies, which might enable them to hold out against a siege: and the Lady, making good use of this remissness,

remissness, laid hold on the present opportunity, and, as much as the time would permit, furnished the castle with provisions of all sorts. In this interval, there was brought in an hundred and half of powder, and a quantity of match proportionable; and understanding that the King's forces, under the conduct of Prince Maurice and the Marquiss Hertford, were advancing towards Blandford, she, by her messenger, made her address to them, to signify unto them the present condition in which they were, the great consequence of the place, desiring their assistance, and in particular, that they would be pleased to take into their serious consideration, to send some commanders thither to take the charge of the castle. Hereupon they sent Captain Lawrence, son of Sir Edward Lawrence, a gentleman of that island, to command in chief; but he coming without a commission, could not command monies or provisions to be brought in till it was too late. There was likewise in the castle one Captain Bond an old soldier, whom I should deprive of his due honour not to mention him, having a share in the honour of this resistance. The first time the rebels faced the castle, they brought a body of between two and three hundred horse and foot, and two pieces of ordnance, and from the hills played on the castle, fired four houses in the town, and then sum-

moned the castle; but receiving a denial for that time, they left it, but on the three-and-twentieth of June, the sagacious knight, Sir Walter Earle, that hath the gift of discerning treasons, and might have made up his nine-and-thirty treasons, forty, by reckoning in his own, accompanied by Captain Sydenham, Captain Henry Jarvis, Captain Skuts, son of arch-traitor Skuts of Poole, with a body of between five and six hundred, came and possessed themselves of the town, taking the opportunity of a misty morning, that they might find no resistance from the castle. They brought with them to the siege a demi-cannon, a culverin, and two sacres; with these, and their small shot, they played on the castle on all quarters of it, with good observation of advantages, making their battery strongest where they thought the castle weakest; and to bind the soldiers by tie of conscience to an eager prosecution of the siege, they administer them an oath, and mutually bind themselves to most unchristian resolutions, that if they found the defendants hesitate not to yield, they would maintain the siege to victory, and then deny quarter unto all, killing without mercy, men, women, and children. As to bring on their own soldiers, they abused them with falsehoods, telling them, that the castle stood in a level, yet with good advantages of approach; that there were but forty men in the

the castle, whereof twenty were for them; that there was rich booty, and the like: so, during the siege, they used all base unworthy means to corrupt the defendants to betray the castle into their hands: the better sort they endeavoured to corrupt with bribes; to the rest they offer double pay, and the whole plunder of the castle. When all these arts took no effect, then they fall to stratagem and engines. To make their approaches to the wall with more safety, they make two engines; one they call the sow, the other the boar, being made with boards, lined with wool to dead the shot. The first that moved forward was the sow; but not being musket proof, she cast nine of eleven of her farrows; for the musketiers from the castle were so good marksmen at their legs, the only part of all their bodies left without defence, that nine ran away, as well as their battered and broken legs would give them leave; and of the two which knew neither how to run away, nor well to stay, for fear, one was slain. The boar, of the two (a man would think) the valianter creature, seeing the ill success of the sow to cast her litter before her time, durst not advance. The most advantageous part for their batteries was the church, which they, without fear of profanation, used, not only as their rampart, but their rendezvous: of the surplice they made two shirts for two

soldiers; they broke down the organs, and made the pipes serve for cases to hold their powder and shot; and not being furnished with musket bullets, they cut off the lead of the church, and rolled it up, and shoot it without ever casting it in a mould. Sir Walter and the commander were earnest to press forward the soldiers; but as prodigal as they were of the blood of their common soldiers, they were sparing enough of their own. It was a general observation, that valiant Sir Walter never willingly exposed himself to any hazard, for being by chance endangered with a bullet, shot through his coat, afterwards he put on a bear's skin; and to the eternal honour of this Knight's valour be it recorded, for fear of musket shot (for other they had none), he was seen to creep on all four, on the sides of the hill, to keep himself out of danger. This base cowardice in the assailant added courage and resolution to the defendants; therefore not compelled by want, but rather to brave the rebels, they sallied out, and brought in eight cows and a bull into the castle, without the loss of a man, or a man wounded. At another time, five boys fetched in four cows. They that stood on the hills, called to one in a house in the valley, crying, "Shoot, Anthony;" but Anthony thought it good to sleep in a whole skin, and durst not look out, so that afterwards it grew into a proverbial jeer, from

from the defendants to the assailants, "Shoot, Anthony." The rebels having spent much time and ammunition, and some men, and yet being as far from hopes of taking the castle as the first day they came thither; at last, the Earl of Warwick sends them a supply of an hundred and fifty mariners, with several cart-loads of petars, granadoes, and other warlike provision, with scaling-ladders, to assault the castle by scaladoe. They make large offers to him that should first scale the wall; twenty pounds to the first, and so, by descending sums, a reward to the twentieth; but all this could not prevail with these silly wretches, who were brought thither, as themselves confessed, like sheep to the slaughter, some of them having but exchanged the manner of their death, the halter for the bullet; having taken them out of gaols. One of them being taken prisoner, had letters testimonial in his hand whence he came; the letters, I mean, when he was burnt for a felon, being very visible to the beholders; but they found that persuasion could not prevail with such abject low-spirited men. The commanders resolve on another course, which was to make them drunk, knowing that drunkenness makes some men fight like lions, that being sober, would run away like hares. To this purpose they fill them with strong waters, even to madness, and ready they are now for any

design;

design: and for fear Sir Walter should be valiant against his will, like Cæsar he was the only man almost that came sober to the assault: an imitation of the Turkish practice; for certainly there can be nothing of Christianity in it, to send poor souls to God's judgment-seat, in the very act of two grievous sins, rebellion and drunkenness; who to stupify their soldiers, and make them insensible of their dangers, give them opium. Being now armed with drink, they resolve to storm the castle on all sides, and apply their scaling-ladders, it being ordered by the leaders (if I may without solecism call them so, that stood behind, and did not so much as follow), that when twenty were entered, they should give a watch-word to the rest, and that was Old Wat, a word ill chosen by Sir Watt Earle; and, considering the business in hand, little better than ominous; for if I be not deceived, the hunters that beat bushes for the fearful, timorous hare, call him Old Watt. Being now pot-valiant, and possessed with a borrowed courage, which was to evaporate in sleep, they divide forces into two parties, whereof one assaults the middle ward, defended by valiant Captain Lawrence, and the greater part of the soldiers; the other assault the upper ward, which the Lady Banks (to her eternal honour be it spoken), with her daughters, women, and five soldiers,

soldiers, undertook to make good against the rebels, and did bravely perform what she undertook; for by heaving over stones, and hot embers, they repelled the rebels, and kept them from climbing their ladders, thence to throw in that wild-fire, which every rebel had ready in his hand. Being repelled, and having in this siege and this assault lost and hurt an hundred men, old Sir Watt, hearing that the King's forces were advanced, cried, and ran away crying, leaving Sydenham to command in chief, to bring off the ordnance, ammunition, and the remainder of the army, who, afraid to appear abroad, kept sanctuary in the church till night, meaning to sup, and run away by star-light: but supper being ready, and set on the table, alarm was given that the King's forces were coming. This news took away Sydenham's stomach; all this provision was but messes of meat set before the sepulchres of the dead. He leaves his artillery, ammunition, and (which with these men is something) a good supper, and ran away to take boat for Poole, leaving likewise at the shore about an hundred horse to the next takers, which next day proved good prize to the soldiers of the castle. Thus, after six weeks strict siege, this castle, the desire of the rebels, the tears of old Sir Watt, and the key of those parts, by the loyalty and brave resolution of this honourable lady, the

valour

valour of Captain Lawrence, and some eighty soldiers (by the loss only of two men), was delivered from the bloody intentions of these merciless rebels, on the fourth of August 1643.

KING JAMES THE SECOND.

THE sprig of laurel which this unfortunate monarch won by sea was lost by land. Having been a spectator of the battle of the Boyne, on the first of July 1690, he thought it most prudent, while the fate of the day was yet undecided, to seek for safety in flight. In a few hours he reached the castle of Dublin, where he was met by Lady Tyrconnel, a woman of spirit. "Your countrymen (the Irish), Madam," said James, as he was ascending the stairs, "can run well."—"Not quite so well as your Majesty," retorted her Ladyship; "for I see you have won the race." Having slept that night in Dublin, he rode the next day to Waterford, a distance of two hundred English miles, in the space of twenty-four hours: so true is the saying of Butler,

For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Imagines still 't is left behind.

On his arrival in that city, he went immediately on board a ship that lay ready for him in the

the harbour, in order to carry him to France. As he was passing along the quay, a sudden gust of wind carried off his hat; and as it was night, General O'Farrel, an old officer in the Austrian service, presented him with his own. James took it without any ceremony, observing, as he put it on his head, that if he had lost a crown by the Irish, he had gained a hat by them.

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

THE following account exhibits the ancient and grand manner of housekeeping of the English nobility, being the debit side of the account of H. Leicester, cofferer to Thomas Earl of Lancaster, containing the amount of all the disbursements of that noble family relating to domestic expenses in the year 1313 (Record of Pontefract), regno Edwardi II.

	£.	s.	d.
To the amount of the charge of pantry, buttery, and kitchen - -	3405	0	0
To 369 pipes of red wine, and two pipes of white - - -	104	17	6
To all sorts of grocery wares -	180	17	0
To 6 barrels of sturgeon - -	19	0	0
To 6000 dried fishes of all sorts -	41	6	7

To

	£.	s.	d.
To 1614*lb.* of wax, vermilion, and turpentine - - - - -	314	7	4
To the charge of the Earl's great horses, and servants' wages -	436	4	3
To linen for the Earl, his chaplains, and table - - - - -	43	17	0
To 129 dozen of skins of parchment, and ink - - - - -	4	8	3
To two scarlet cloths for the Earl's use; one of russet to the Bishop of Angew, seventy of blue for the knights, twenty-eight for the 'squires, fifteen for the clerks, fifteen for the officers, nineteen for the grooms, five for the archers, four for the minstrels and carpenters, with the sharing and carriage for the Earl's liveries at Christmas - - - - -	460	15	0
To 7 furs of powdered ermine, 7 hoods of purple, 395 furs of budge, for the liveries of barons, knights, and clerks, and 123 furs of lamb, bought at Christmas for the 'squires - - - - -	147	17	8
To 168 yards of russet cloth, and 24 coats for poor men, with money given to the poor on Maundy Thursday - - - - -	8	16	7

To

	£.	s.	d.
To 65 saffron-coloured cloths for the barons and knights in summer, twelve red cloths for the clerks, 26 cloths for the 'squires, 1 for the officers, and 4 ray cloths for carpets in the hall - -	345	13	8
To 100 pieces of green silk for the knights, 14 budge furs for surcoats, 13 hoods of budge for the clerks, and 75 furs of lambs for liveries in summer, with canvass and cords to tie them - -	72	19	0
To saddles for the summer liveries	51	6	8
To one saddle for the Earl - -	2	0	0
To several items, the particulars in the account defaced - -	241	14	1
To horses lost in service - -	8	6	8
To fees paid to earls, barons, knights, and 'squires - -	623	15	5
To gifts to French knights, Countess of Warren, Queen's nurses, 'squires, minstrels, messengers, and riders - - - - -	92	14	0
To 24 silver dishes, 24 saucers, 24 cups, 1 pair of pater nosters, and 1 silver coffin, all bought this year, when silver was at 1s. 8d. per ounce	103	5	6
To several messengers - -	34	19	8
To sundry things in the Earl's bedchamber - - - - -	5	0	0

To

	£.	s.	d.
To several old debts paid this year	88	16	0½
To the Countess's disbursements at Pickering - - - -	440	5	0
To 2319 *lb.* of tallow candles, and 1870 *lb.* of lights, called Paris candles, or white wax candles -	31	14	3
Sum total £.	7309	12	6½

In the above account it is to be observed, that silver was then at one shilling and eight-pence per ounce; so that twelve ounces went to a pound sterling; by which it does appear, that the sum total expended in that year amounts, in our money, to 2078*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* whereby is shewn, that the Earl must have had a prodigious estate, especially considering the vast disparity of the prices of provisions then and now: therefore, we may justly conclude, that such an estate at present would bring in, at least, 200,000*l.* per annum.

ISLE OF MAN.

THE Isle of Man has had its own bishop from the time it came into the hands of the English in the days of Edward I. of England, and David II. of Scotland. Man was anciently subject

subject to the Bishop of the Isles, who always resided at Icolumkill, till the extinction of episcopacy in Scotland, in 1688. The bishops, both of the Isles and of Man, took the title of Episcopus Sodorensis: which Mr. Keith derives, not from any town, but from the Greek word Σωτηρ, or Saviour, because the cathedral of Icolumkill is dedicated to our Saviour. Page 175. See Mr. Robert Keith, in his New Catalogue of Bishops in Scotland, printed at Edinburgh, in quarto, anno 1755.

LETTER.

POPE TO PRIOR.

(*Returning The Conversation, a Tale.*)

SIR,

I CAN find nothing to be objected or amended in what you favoured me with, unless you should think the first speech you put into your own mouth a little too long. It is certainly no fault, and I don't know whether I should speak of it, but as a proof that I would, if possibly I was able, find something like a fault to shew my zeal, and to have the vanity of pretending, like Damon himself, to have advised you. Pray, accept my thanks for the sight

of them, and think me much more pleased than vain (though a little of both) to be

Your most faithful, affectionate,
Humble servant,
A. POPE.

The Duke of Bucks desires to be of our party on Monday se'nnight.

AN IRISH INVENTORY.

AN *Invent'ry* of what I 'm worth,
In goods, and chattels, and so forth.
A bed, the best you ever saw,
With belly-full of hay and straw;
On which an Irish prince might sleep,
With blankets warm from off the sheep.
A table next, around whose coast
The full-charg'd glass has often sail'd,
And sparkling to the sparkling toast,
Whilst love with ease the heart assail'd.
A platter thin, a large round O,
A pot as black as any crow;
In which we bake, as well as boil,
And melt the butter into oil;
And, if occasion, make a posset:
A spigot, but we 've lost the fosset;
A spoon to dash through thick and thin;
And, best of all, a rolling-pin.

A good

A good fat hog, a cow in calf,
In cash, a guinea and a half.
A cellar stor'd with foaming beer,
And bacon all the livelong year.
A hearty welcome for a friend,
And thus my Invent'ry shall end.

THE CHAPLET.

By EDMOND SWIFT, *Esq.*

OH, yes, I will search through the garden with care;
For *Narcissa*, the prime of its beauties I 'll steal,
To bloom on her bosom, or twine in her hair,
And each leaf, and each bud, shall an emblem conceal.

But say, simple bard, can a flower assume
The charms to *Narcissa* alone that belong?
In thy numbers, the pride of the garden may bloom,
But its grace she surpasses, and needs not thy song.

'T is true; yet, perhaps, she the gift will receive,
Nor deny it a place in her bosom to find;
For it seeks not to vie in the chaplet I weave,
With the grace of her form, or the charm of her mind.

The *hyacinth* there shall its beauty display,
That bosom's best emblem; for poets have sung,
'T was *affection*'s warm tear that enliven'd the clay,
Whence the sad drooping flower of *tenderness* sprung.

The *cowslip* enrob'd in her mantle of gold,
O'er the chaplet her bright bending breast shall incline;
For an *heart dropping blood* lies conceal'd it its fold,
And 't will bloom to *Narcissa* the emblem of mine.

And, oh! in the wreath should the *myrtle* presume
To intrude, and *Narcissa* its verdure approve,
How sweetly the chaplet 't would deck with its bloom!
But vain is my hope—'t is the emblem of *love*.

The *lily* array'd in its snowy cymar,
On her bosom shall shine, on her bosom as pure;
There *Truth* from her diadem dropt a bright star,
And the *gem* with *Narcissa* shall ever endure.

And shall not the *rose* in the emblem be found,
The breast of the favourite fair to adorn?
Ah! no: for its beauty sharp perils surround,
And far from *Narcissa* I 'd banish the thorn.

'T is the flower of *war*, and its *white*, and its *red*,
Have silver'd the banner, and crimson'd the shield;
And sons against sires to battle have led,
And stain'd with the slaughter of brothers the field.

But the olive its leaf, more congenial, shall lend,
That bids the wild spirit of enmity cease;
And its *verdure* with *virtue*'s own *violet* blend,
For still may her breast be the mansion of peace!

LETTER.

Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE *to Sir* CHRISTOPHER CALTHROP.

SIR,

THE late departure of my daughter from the church of England to the church of Rome, wounds the very heart of me;—for I do solemnly protest, in the presence of Almighty God, that I know nothing of it: and for your further satisfaction, I take the freedom to assure you, upon the faith of a man of honour and conscience, that, as I was born and brought up in the communion of the church of England, so I have been true to it ever since, with a firm resolution, with God's assistance, to continue in the same to my life's end.

Now, in case it shall please God, in his providence, to suffer this scandal to be reserved upon my memory, when I am dead; and you make use, I beseech you, of this paper in my justification, which I deliver, as a sacred truth: so help me God.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

TWO BROTHERS BORN CONJOINED.

[From a MS. in the British Museum.]

THIS man was born, as the figure represents him *, a perfect man from the head to foot, well proportioned: from his right side issued a little above his hip, a body of a man, from the middle upwards, perfectly well shaped, with hands, arms, and head, very much like his brother's. It was a male child, as was supposed, after he was come to the age of man, by its beard; which was of the same colour and thickness with his brother's. He could eat and drink with a good appetite, had a very good sight, and could speak as distinctly as his brother. I James Paris asked, if he could feel whether he had thighs and legs in his brother's body, but he said he felt none, nor his brother felt no motion in his body; neither did it appear by the form of his belly, which was as flat as another man's of the same age and bigness. The whole man held the other up with his right hand.—N. B. I saw these two men the 10th of June 1716; they were aged about twenty-three years, as they said. J. P.

* There is a representation of him in the MS.

CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

THERE is a small book in octavo in the British Museum, number 991, wherein divers stories are written by the hand of Mr. Symonds, partly in English and partly in Italian. They relate to King Charles I. and others of the royal family; to many of the nobility and gentry of those times; to the Long Parliament, Oliver Cromwell, his family, partizans, &c.—in which the writer asserts:

That the King gave most to, and pleased those most that had most abused and heated him:

How the Queen of Bohemia, and the Princess her daughter, were obliged to act through fear:

That the King had written a book with his own hand, wherein were many things concerning government, and a model of government for this nation, according to that of France, to be effected by bringing in the German horse:

That Oliver St. John, since Chief Justice, procured a sight of it by means of the Earl of Bedford, and made use of it afterwards against the King:

That Colonel Wheeler was the Duke of Buckingham's natural son:

A short narration of the ceremonies at Cromwell's taking the Protectorship upon him; compliments paid by divers persons to Cromwell; part of his pedigree; Cromwell's procession to London, being invited to dinner by Vyner, mayor of London:

That at his return, one threw a stone of six pounds weight on his coach:

That in acting a play at Cambridge, he stumbled at a crown, put it on, and asked if it did not become him:

That he required 1,900,000*l.* per annum to be settled on him for the support of his government, though the King never had above 700,000*l.* per annum.

His behaviour at his daughter's marriage feast:

How Cromwell, with one Bowtelle of Suffolk, would see the King's corpse after he was beheaded; and opened the coffin himself with Bowtelle's sword.

That Cromwell in his prosperity returned a considerable sum of money to one Mr. Canton, whom he had formerly cheated of it at play.

That the Duke of Buckingham was very liberal to Mr. Lanier; of the insolence and malice of Carre, Earl of Somerset, towards Queen Anne, whom he hated, with a commendation of the noble nature of Prince Henry.

Of

Of the remarkable fidelity of a ship's crew to Prince Rupert, who, upon the springing of a plank, put him into a boat, with such as he chose to row him; and then quietly sunk in his sight.

The gallant answer sent by Archbishop Chichely to King Henry VI. who, as the Archbishop thought, had reflected on the meanness of his birth.

NICHOLAS HART, THE GREAT SLEEPER.

[Written in 1734.]

AFTER he was born, he was thought to be born dead, being fast asleep, and so remained till after his mother awaked; and every year he has slept, since the first day of his birth, sometimes longer and sometimes shorter.

He says he slept in Holland when he was ten years of age for seven weeks together; the 5th of August is the time of his falling asleep: he has slept thus this two and twenty years, as did his mother before him, the same number of days and nights. I, James Paris, saw him in his sleep the 10th of August, 1713; he could not be waked, either by shaking, pinching, pricking, nor

nor holding strong spirits to his nose. Dr. Woodward put some of the strongest spirits to his nose; none of them had any effect, but a few grains of sal ammoniac being put deep into his nostrils, made him cough, but did not wake him.

BISHOP OF DERRY.

THE present Bishop of Derry (Earl of Bristol) happened some years ago to spend an evening at the house of his unfortunate nephew G. R. Fitzgerald, Esq. in Merrion Square, Dublin. Several ladies were present; and, as it is well known that his Lordship can assume the die of every mind, with as much ease as the camelion can assume the colour of surrounding objects, the circle, which was extremely brilliant, was charmed with the variety and vivacity of his conversation. The prelate having paid every one of the ladies a delicate compliment on their beauty, taste in dress, &c. found himself at a little loss, when he came to a lady, on whose cheeks the daffodil had usurped the empire of the rose. He was determined, however, to see if nature and education had balanced this slight *omission*; and soon found that the beams of his imagination,

imagination, however bright, were occasionally lost in the splendour of her wit. When the company had retired, Mr. Fitzgerald asked his Lordship, what he thought of Mrs. F——g? "Why," said the Bishop, "she 's the flower of sulphur, and the cream of tartar."

When his Lordship was consecrated Bishop of Derry, as he was young, it came into his head to *run his life*, as the phrase is, against the *terræ quotes* leases of his immense diocese. One of his tenants waited on him in order to renew his lease; the Bishop, after a little conversation, told him of the resolution he was about to adopt. The old man shook his head, as much as to say, Life is uncertain; at least, his Lordship took it in that sense, and heartily exclaimed, "Come, come, it is a race, bay against gray," alluding to the colour of his own hair, and the tenant's gray locks.

HORRID EXECUTIONS.

Extract of a Letter from Antigua, Jan. 15, 1736.

WE are in a great deal of trouble in this island; the burning of negroes, hanging them on gibbets alive, racking them upon the wheel, &c. takes up almost all our time, that from the 20th of October to this day, there have been destroyed

troyed sixty-one sensible negroe-men, most of them tradesmen, as carpenters, masons, and coopers. I am almost dead with watching and warding, as are many more. They were going to destroy all the white inhabitants of the island. Court, the king of the negroes, who was to head the insurrection; Tomboy, their general; and Hercules, their lieutenant-general, who were all racked upon the wheel, died with amazing obstinacy. Mr. Archibald Hamilton's Harry, after he was condemned, stuck himself with a knife in eighteen places, four whereof were mortal, which killed him. Col. Martin's Jemmy, who was hung up alive from noon to eleven at night, was then taken down to give information: Col. Morgan's Ned, who, after he had been hung up seven days and seven nights, that his hands grew too small for his handcuffs, he got them out, and raised himself up, and fell down from a gibbet fifteen feet high without any harm. He was revived with cordials and broth, in hopes to bring him to a confession; but he would not confess, and was hung again, and in a day and night expired. Mr. Yeoman's Quashy Coomah jumped out of the fire half burnt, but was thrown in again; and Mr. Lyon's Tim jumped out of the fire, and promised to declare all, but it took no effect. In short, our island is in a poor miserable condition, that I wish I could get any sort of employ in England.

SIR

SIR ARTHUR BROOKE.

Speech of the late Sir ARTHUR BROOKE *to the Freeholders of the County of Fermanagh, Ireland, at the general Election in* 1776.

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,

YOU intrusted me with your lives and property; in a word, you intrusted me with your liberty; for what is life and property without liberty? I am but a plain country gentleman; I am one of yourselves. My tongue is not the pen of a ready writer, therefore I did not attempt to make fine speeches in parliament; for some of your fine speech-makers are like a country schoolmaster, that write a bad hand, but endeavour to set it off with flourishes. I have known some of those very men, at the time they were speaking in favour of their country, look one way and row another: nay, the very palms of their hands were itching for even a few of Dr. Townshend's golden drops*, at the very time they were speaking against bribes. I have served you long, and I am ready to serve you again; I am not as young as I was, but I know the freeholders of Fermanagh will not spurn at the bran when they got the flour. I have this to say, in spite of the devil, and all the court newspapers, that I never voted with the minister, right or wrong.

* Marquis Townshend, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE

THE COPY OF A LETTER

From OANHEKOE, *Sachem of the Mohegan Indians in New England, to Mr.* NICHOLAS HALLUM; *written in the Indian Language, and translated by a sworn Interpreter, in New England.*

MY LOVING NEIGHBOUR, MR. NICHOLAS HALLUM,

I AM informed you are bound for Old England: let me request you to make me and my condition known to the great Queen Anne, and to her noble council; and to inform her of our hereditary right to the soil and royalties of our dominion and territories before the English came into the country, so that we are not beholden to the English for the due loyalty and obedience paid us by our people, but to the gods, who have given us an earnest and pledge of our happy reign here, and also (as our old sages construe) of a more ample kingdom in the other region. This token or pledge, sent by the gods to our royal family, is one of their own tobacco-pipes, which strange wonderment was taken up upon the beach at Seabrook, or thereabouts. It is like marble, with two stems, and the bole in the middle. This pipe, not made by man, has been kept choicer than gold, from generation to generation, and animates all the royal race with a full persuasion

suasion that they shall sit among the gods in their long hunting-house, and there smoke tobacco, as the highest point of honour and dignity; and where there will be great feasting of fat bear, deer, and moose, with perfect joy and mirth, to crown the entertainment. His Majesty King Charles II. of blessed memory, sent us a present, viz. a Bible and a sword, which we very thankfully accepted, and kept them in our treasury, as choicely as we do the aforesaid divine tobacco-pipe, hoping they may be a safeguard and shield to defend us, that we may, in process of time, reap great benefit thereby, and attain to the knowledge of our God. But of late I meet with great discouragements, and know not what will become of my people, by reason of oppression. The court of Hartford, I understand, has given all my planting and hunting land away to Colchester and New London; so that, if I obtain not relief from the great Queen's Majesty, my people will be in temptation to scatter from me, and flee to the eastward Indians, the friends of the French, and enemies of the English. Pray, Sir, remember my love and service to the great Queen Anne, and her noble council.

Dated July 14, 1703.

As this letter raised the curiosity of some, and awakened the humanity and justice of others, the

the following article appeared in the public prints a few days after it was delivered:

"Oanhekoe and his ancestors were formerly chief princes, and owners of all, or great part of, the country now called Connecticut Colony, in New England; and when the English first came, these Indians treated them very kindly, and for a small and inconsiderable value parted with all or most of their lands to the English, securing to themselves only a small quantity of land to plant upon and hunt in.

"These Mohegan Indians have always lived peaceably and friendly with the English, and assisted them in their wars against the other Indians, and have, until of late, quietly enjoyed their reserved lands: but about a year or two ago, the general assembly of Connecticut Colony made an act for adding those lands to the townships of Colchester and New London, two towns in that colony; since which, they have been laid out into divers farms for the English, and these poor Indians have been turned out of possession, and thereby destitute of all means of subsistence: whereupon Oanhekoe addressed himself to Mr. Nicholas Hallum, who is a master of a ship, and has a house and family near Connecticut river, desiring him to deliver this letter when he should arrive in England. Accordingly Mr. Hallum, lately coming over hither, did deliver to the Commissioners

missioners of Trade and Plantations, whose province it properly is to represent such affairs to her Majesty, and, it is presumed, have done it. This Prince, Oanhekoe, after he had given the letter to Mr. Hallum, and before the latter set out for England, was reduced to so great want, that in a melancholy fit he brought his pipe to him, and told him, that since his land was all taken from him, he would keep his pipe (the vain ensign of royalty) no longer, and he might take it over with him to England, for a token of the distress he was in:—so, Mr. Hallum brought it over with him."

THE CURATE'S STUDY.

By the late THOMAS STACKHOUSE, *M. A.*

THUS we have observed with what difficulties and temptations our poor divine is beset, both in the administration of his office, and the conduct of his private life. Let us now follow him into his study, and consider him in the capacity of a scholar, and a man acquainted with divinity.

Into his study did I say? For once we must be allowed to call so that little hole in the garret, with a stool and a table, and a shelf furnished with such valuable pieces, as Wit's Common-

wealth, the Pearl of Eloquence, Spencer's Similitudes, or, Things New and Old, rare helps all, for matter and sense; old *Burgersdicius*, for method and ranging; some German System for a general view; here and there a classic, for the use of interlarding; a few stitched sermons, by way of imitation, and an old Genevese Bible, with a useful concordance at the end on 't, to crown and complete all. And now, what may not a man do that is thus furnished and equipped? What an eloquent and instructive preacher, what an able defender of truth, what a vast destroyer of heresies, what a skilful interpreter of hard places, what a nice resolver of cases of conscience, as well as prudent conductor of other men's souls, must he make with such never-failing auxiliaries standing by him, if he has but the skill to play them off to the best advantage! "A well-furnished house*," says the Italian proverb, "makes a notable dame;" and so we may say of a well-appointed study, that it makes an eminent divine; and doubtless we must ascribe the ignorance of some, and the looseness of others in holy orders, principally to this fatal want; because it cannot be supposed, that men of an ingenuous education should either be so dull as not to improve with these mighty helps, or so wretched, as to seek mean and unbecoming com-

* Camera adorna fa donna savia.

pany,

pany, when they have at home the benefit of conversing with the most learned and best men in all ages.

Suppose, then, for once (for we can scarce suppose that he can attempt it often) that this divine of ours gets into his study, as we have called it, and, with all his tackle about him, resolves to fall to work in good earnest; yet, unless he has stupified all sense of his condition, no sooner has he set himself into a posture of thinking (I judge of others by myself,, but immediately start up the horrid images of baker, and brewer, and bloody butcher, that will bring in no more provisions of any kind, till their long-neglected bills be paid. It is natural upon such occasions for an honest man, that would pay if he could, to put his hand in his pocket, and ask himself the question, what he has? but one solitary shilling; God wot—that to be gone before to-morrow morning; where to find another, Heaven only knows that, for friends have been tried over and over again, all to no purpose. This quashes all his ambition to be great, hurries his mind from the thing he was upon, and drives him from his books, in deep confusion and despair; for the man must be sotted that can sit him down to study, when the great design of all (become of learning what it will) remains unanswered, how he is to live.

DOCTOR FOSTER.

THE late Doctor Foster, a senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, having been appointed to one of the best livings in the gift of that university, was very much beloved by his flock, over whom he presided with all the watchfulness and affection of a truly Christian pastor. The Doctor was a man of profound learning, but extremely absent, and, in some respects, eccentric, which, however, had no immoral tendency. He was a little too fond of what Pope calls yellow dirt, a failing to which many good men are subject, especially those who have no children, which was the Doctor's case, though many years married to an amiable woman. In his absent moments, it was not unusual with him to walk out with his hat in his hand, in all kind of weather, even in the midst of a heavy shower, and it was not till the rain had drenched his wig and clothes that he put on his beaver, which was often filled with water, as he carried it with the hollow side uppermost, so that the contents ran in streamlets down his shoulders. Another instance of his absence is the more extraordinary, as it related to money; and not only evinced his humanity, but a strict regard to his word. After the

death of Mrs. Foster (who had been sole manager, and a very learned and sensible woman), being quite disconsolate and alone, he returned to his *alma mater*, for the sake of society, where he took chambers. One day, after looking over some papers, in the absence of his servant, he went out, forgetting to lock his door, not perceiving or recollecting that he had left a thousand pound bank note upon the table, which had been paid him that morning, and of which he had made no minute. Some days after, however, he missed the note, and being reminded by the servant (~~whom he knew to be ho~~nest) that he had left the door open, he concluded that the note had been stolen by some one who had peeped into the chambers, and accordingly advertised it, offering an hundred pounds reward to the person that would restore it. The advertisement was immediately answered by the person who took it, informing the Doctor that he would meet him next day at a certain hour in the Beau Walk, Stephen's Green, and restore it. The Doctor went accordingly, and met the man, but forgot to bring the hundred pound which he had promised, of which he informed the man, who insisted, however, upon the Doctor taking the note, which at length he consented to, appointing the man to meet him at the same time and place next day to receive the hundred pound, when the Doctor punctually attended, and

performed his covenant without asking a question.

It should be added, that the Doctor was strongly solicited by some of his friends, to whom he had mentioned the matter (one of whom was a bishop) to bring a constable with him in both the first and second instance, and take up the man; which, however, the Doctor could not be prevailed upon to do, saying, it would be an act of teachery and breach of faith that all mankind should reprobate.

THE ENGLISH VERB.

AN Englishman, who knew the value of his own constitution, and the richness, strength, and beauty of his own language, chanced on a time to fall into the conversation of a French *savant* (for all are men of letters in France, from the head of a university down to the penny-postman). The conversation turned on the French and English languages. The Parisian condemned the English as defective in the variety of inflections: "Thus," said he, "I love, you love, he loves; we love, ye love, they love; you see, it is love through all." The Englishman, who well knew that simplicity is one of the chief beauties of any language, was resolved to meet Mon-

sieur on his own ground; and when the vain Gaul thought he was just ready to carry off the *spolia opima*, he addressed him thus: "It is true, that love is as immutable in our tongue as it is in our hearts; but I perceive that you never followed an English verb throughout the whole of its conjugation. Now, there 's the verb, to twist—I 'll conjugate it, if you please:" on which he repeated the following lines out of Dr. Wallis:

"When a twister, a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
With the twisting of his twist, he the twines doth entwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.
Untwisting the twine that entwisteth between,
He twists, with his twister, the two in a twine:
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined, in twain.
The twain, that in twining before in the twine,
As twins were entwisted, he now doth untwine;
'Twixt the twain, intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine."

The Frenchman was obliged to acknowledge, that, in point of variety, the English language was superior to his own.

See Johnson's Dictionary, under the word, Twist.

QUEEN ELIZABETH's SPEECH AT THE DISSOLUTION OF HER PARLIAMENT,

January 2, 1566.

I HAVE in this assembly found so much dissimulation, where I always professed plainness, that I marvel thereat; yea, two faces under one hood, and the body rotten, being covered with two vizors, succession and liberty. But, alas! they began to pierce the vessel before the wine was fined, and began a thing, not foreseeing the end. Now, by this means I have seen my well-wishers from my enemies, and can, as meseemeth, very well divide the house into four. First, fault; second, the speakers, who by eloquent tales persuade others; third, the agreers; and lastly, those who sat still mute, and meddled not therewith, but rather wondered, disallowing the matter, who in my opinion are most to be excused.

THE STATESMAN'S ACADEMY,

Erected in the Tower at the proper Cost of the House of Peers, where at present inhabit three of the best Masters of the Time.

By Lord ROCHESTER.

Found in his own Hand-writing among his Papers.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

HE that would learn to fence for his life,
Or run away with a grace another man's wife;

How

How to drink and make speeches, curse, banter, and swear,
Let him but unto the tower repair;
And if George does not teach him as well as he can,
By —— he's no Lord, but a dull alderman.

SALISBURY.

But if he would learn the method of sleeping;
And of an estate, too, the method of keeping;
Not getting, for that 's not a topic in fashion;
Why, Cecil will teach him the best in the nation:
But as for more wit, God knows he has none;
His father got all, and left none for the son.

SHAFTSBURY.

But if you would be a statesman in grain,
And learn the whole art of legerdemain,
With all the tricks of a tumbler of state;
As from nothing to rise to something that 's great,
And from thence, without breaking his neck, to be hurl'd,
Little Anthony Cooper's the best in the world.

BRISTOL SLAVE-MARKET.

THERE is a town called Bruhston (Bristol) opposite to Ireland, and extremely convenient for trading with that country. Wulfstan* induced them to drop a barbarous custom, which neither the love of God, nor the King, could

* Wulfstan was Bishop of Worcester, and died in 1095.

prevail

prevail on them to lay aside. This was the mart for slaves, collected from all parts of England, and particularly young women, whom they took care to provide with a pregnancy, in order to enhance their value. It was a most moving sight to see, in the public markets, rows of young people of both sexes tied together with ropes, of great beauty, and in the flower of their youth, daily prostituted, daily sold;—execrable fact!—wretched disgrace!—men unmindful even of the affection of the brute creation! delivering into slavery their relations, and even their very offspring.

Vita S. Wulfstan. in Anglia Sacra, ii. 258.

LOUVOIS.

THE war of 1688 was excited by Louvois, the French minister, to secure himself in his office, which he judged to be in danger, from perceiving, as he thought, an alteration in Louis XIV's disposition towards him. The story is thus related by the Duke de St. Simon, in his Memoirs: "The castle of Trianon was just built, when the King perceived a defect in the proportion of one of the windows. Louvois, who was naturally insolent, and who had been so spoilt that he could hardly bear to be found fault with by

by his master, maintained that the window was well proportioned. The King turned his back on him, and walked away. The next day, the King, seeing Le Notre, the architect, asked him if he had been at Trianon. He answered in the negative. The King ordered him to go thither, and told him of the defect which he had discovered in the window. The next day, the King again asked him if he had been at Trianon: he again answered that he had not. The following day the same question was again asked by the King, and the same answer given by the architect. The King now saw clearly, that Le Notre was afraid of being under the necessity of declaring either he or his minister was in the wrong, and with some anger he commanded Le Notre and Louvois to meet him the next day at Trianon. No evasion was now possible; accordingly, they met: the window was immediately mentioned: Louvois persisted in his former opinion: Le Notre remained silent; at last, the King ordered him to measure the window: he obeyed; and while he was so employed, Louvois, enraged that such a criterion was resorted to, discovered his chagrin, and insisted, with acrimony, that the window was exactly like the rest. When Le Notre had finished, Louvois asked him what was the result. Le Notre hesitated. The King, with much passion, commanded him to speak out. He then declared,

declared, that the King was in the right, and that the window was not proportioned to the rest. Immediately, the King turned to Louvois, told him there was no enduring his obstinacy, and reproached him with much vehemence. Louvois, stung with this reprimand, which was pronounced in the presence of many courtiers, as well as of workmen and footmen, returned home, furious with rage. At his house he found St. Fouange Villeneuf, the Chevalier de Nogent, the two Tilladets, and some other of his most devoted friends, who were much alarmed at seeing the state of mind he was in. 'It is all over,' said he; 'I must have lost all credit with the 'King, from the manner in which he has been 'treating me only about a window. I have no re-'source but in war, which will divert his attention 'from his buildings, and will render my assistance 'necessary; and, by G—, war he shall have.' He kept his word: war was declared a few months afterwards, and he contrived, in spite of the King, and of the other powers, to render it general."

Thus did a childish dispute between a vainglorious prince and an insolent minister, on the most trivial occasion, kindle a war, which lasted for eight years; which raged in Ireland, in France, in the West Indies, upon the seas, in Spain, in Savoy, in Flanders, and in Germany,

in

in which millions of treasures were spent, many thousand lives lost, all the towns and villages of the Palatinate burned, and that whole country reduced to a scene of universal desolation.

THE RIVAL PUBLICANS.

By the late Dr. LYON.

I KNEW two publicans, Sam Henry, and Tom Irwin. Henry was a civil, obliging fellow, and opened a little alehouse at the sign of the Goose, which he drew with his own hand, whence he obtained the name of Sam Goose, with which he seemed to be so well pleased, that he used often to draw a humorous comparison between himself and that animal. His wit, which was of a peculiar cast (for it was without gall), drew many people to his house, which was badly furnished; for the best room had only one old table, so infirm, that it was supported by a log of wood, and a chair, reserved for the priest of the parish (who loved a mug of good ale), with a piece of a broken looking-glass, in which many a rustic Helen had often surveyed the opening rose of beauty. Sam was as happy as any man on earth, with a constant smile on his countenance: the guest was equally welcome, whether he paid in money, or left

left a memorial in chalk. Irwin was of an envious disposition; he had scraped some money together, and as he found that Henry made out a living on a trifle, he thought that he might do wonders on forty times the sum. He built a large house with three rooms, half a dozen glass windows, with suitable furniture, a large oak table, that reflected the countenance of all that encircled it; drinking glasses instead of horns; and a bell into the bargain, which was the first of the kind ever known in the country. Every thing was ready to the sign; for a public house without a sign, is like a book without a title-page, or a bishop without a mitre. What was the sign, then, do you think?—A Fox running off with a Goose, alias Sam himself, some of whose features could be traced in the Roman sentinel. A new broom sweeps clean, and a new house will draw customers; and notwithstanding the excellent colour and flavour of Sam's fat ale, and the inexhaustless fund of his humour, yet he found that some of his old customers could pass by with a "How d' ye do?" A couple of farmers in the neighbourhood enabled Sam, however, to out-top his rival in a house and furniture, with a sign of his own device, the Goose running away with the Fox. His rooms were constantly crowded, and the standing toast was, "Success to our host, and may the Goose always run away with the Fox."

THE

THE TWO UNCLES AND THE TWO NEPHEWS.

Tom. WELL, Jack, I 'm glad to see you.

Jack. I am just come to town.

Tom. I was told that you had buried yourself in the country.

Jack. A man that can bury himself, may be fairly called his own undertaker. Joking apart, I lead a very happy life in the country; I can eat what I please, drink what I please, sleep when I please, and dream what I please: I assure you I would not give my dreams for 500*l.* a year.

Tom. I would give any person that sum who would take my dreams off my hand. I dreamt last night that my uncle was dead.

Jack. That's a sign he's in good health.

Tom. Ay, and likely to live for ever.

Jack. And my good uncle is likely to live much longer.

Tom. But your uncle can part with a shilling on certain occasions.

Jack. Not without a tear.

Tom. But mine will neither part with a shilling nor a tear, but would expect interest for the sound of one.

Jack. And mine would expect interest for the

the sight of one; for his heart-strings and his purse-strings are the same.

Tom. But your uncle will sometimes ask you to dinner.

Jack. For the mere purpose of giving me an appetite. The last time he asked me to his antediluvian board, I was very hungry. The whole dinner consisted of a bit of gristly meat in an ocean of liquid, for I could neither call it broth not soup: it resembled a floating island in the Black Sea. Then as to drink, a broken cup of sour small beer. I wished it had been hung out on the hedge, that the water might have drained out of it.

Tom. Well, I dined with my uncle much about the same time for a wonder. We had such a quantity of cabbage, that I thought he had asked all the tailors in the parish to dine with him, with a piece of rusty bacon, that would have made an excellent *morceau* at an antiquarian feast. Our beverage, small beer, according to his own account, was so strong, that he was obliged to confine it in a large stone jug; but to tell you the truth, Sampson brought the water, and Lazarus the malt.

But, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*: there remains nothing of the dead but their bones, as my old schoolmaster used to say, as I do not suppose that any other man in the kingdom would have given it

it cellar room. I was resolved to give it as little belly room as possible, which I did by pretending that it would affect my head. Squaretoes praised my temperance, declared that he thought it too heady for a young man, while he poured a portion of water into the little that remained in the cup, which I was obliged to drink, lest I should offend him. As it was a gala in honour of the peace, he was attired in the choicest flowers of his wardrobe, a coat that had passed through sixteen editions with the addition of a pair of pockets, that never were intrusted with any thing however; a waistcoat that had harboured a nation of moths; a pair of breeches contemporary with the siege of Troy; a pair of Hudibrastic boots; and a pair of stockings, so curiously darned or rather embroidered, that the gloss could not be distinguished from the text.

Jack. Let me add a duplicate to your description: the last time I saw my uncle, it was on his birth-day. He was enveloped in a muddy vesture of decay, a doublet that might have been worn, for aught I know, by Mathusalem's younger brother; a wig gray with age, a pair of spectacles dim with age, a shirt as thin as a twenty shilling note, a pair of breeches old Diogenes might have appeared at court in, a pair almost contemporay with his legs, and a pair of shoes truly democratic, for the soles and heels were on a level.

TOM. Such a pair—let us change the subject. Death may yet befriend us, when we least expect it.

BISHOP OF ROSS.

THE siege of Clonmel * in the year 1650, is one of the most memorable in the annals of Ireland. Hugh O'Neal, a spirited young man, with 1200 provincial troops maintained the town, in so gallant a manner, that Cromwell's temper, arts, and military strength, were fairly put to the test. Ormond, it is true, did every thing in his power to succour the besieged, but with little effect: Boetius M'Eagan (Baothghalach M'Aodhagan, as it is written in Irish), the Roman Catholic bishop of Ross, was particularly active in collecting, animating, and leading on the remains of the troops that Cromwell had put to flight in different engagements. This unfortunate prelate, who might well be called the soul of his party, at length fell into the hands of Lord Broghill, one of the ablest of the parliamentarian generals. His Lordship knew the value of his captive, and prudently resolved to turn a man, whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, to the greatest advantage.

* The chief town of the county of Tipperary.

He

He knew that the influence of his prisoner over the royalists was unbounded; and that a few words from him would have more effect than all the artillery he had collected. His Lordship therefore offered him his life on condition that he would exercise his authority with the garrison of a fort called Carrickdrogid near the field of battle: he promised to use his *influence*, and so he did; for being conducted to the fort, he conjured the garrison in the name of Heaven, their religion, love of country, and the spirits of those who had fallen in support of all that was dear to them, to maintain their post, and to bury themselves in its ruins, before they would yield it up to an implacable enemy. As soon as he had done, he turned round, looked on Lord Broghill with a smile of complacency, and desired to be led to the scaffold: he was accordingly executed on the branch of a tree, within view of the fort *. Coxe † and Leland, in their Histories of Ireland, take notice of this circumstance with the cold indifference of an annalist; nor did they think it worth their labours to record even the *name* of a man who acted so gallantly from principle, and who undauntedly sealed the cause he espoused with his blood.

* Boetius Eganus Episc. Rossensis in via publica a turma equitum hostium comprehensus, suspensus est ex arbore habenis equi suis. *Hibern. Dominicana.*

† See Coxe, vol. ii. p. 10.

DOCTOR BACON.

THE late Dr. Bacon, sometime fellow of Oxford, chanced one morning to ride by a methodist chapel, and on seeing these words, "Let your moderation be known to all men," painted in large capitals on the door, he alighted, took out his pencil, and wrote the following lines immediately under:

What! talk of *moderation*, sons of w—res,
Who 've shut your *moderation out of doors!*

STANISLAUS *.

THIS amiable and accomplished monarch, on being driven from the throne of Poland in 1734, addressed

* Stanislaus Lesczynski was descended of one of the most illustrious houses in Poland. He was one of the Polish palatinates, that declared in favour of Charles XII. King of Sweden. Charles raised him to the throne against his will. And it must be confessed, that the Poles found themselves as happy under his government as the perturbed state of the times would admit. This prince was father-in-law to Louis XV. When he was banished from the throne of Poland, he fled to France, where Louis allowed him a pension, which enabled him to maintain the splendour of his birth, and hereditary fortune.

addressed the following letter, on the eve of his flight, to the primate and magnates of Poland.

"From the cruel pangs I feel in the thoughts of leaving you, my dear and trusty friends, you may frame a just idea of the afflicted state of my soul, in these bitter moments. Nor is this painful resolution taken, but from the prevalence of your sage persuasion, and an assurance, that the sacrifice of my person could be of no advantage to you. I send you this parting embrace; I clasp you all in my throbbing heart. Alas! the tears which obliterate my writing, compel me to stop. 'T were more easy to read the tender expressions graved on my heart, could you but see it. I once more embrace you, and am yours more than words can express."

"*To my good City of Dantzick.*

"After having been held here a long time, by the attraction of your unparalleled fidelity, I am preparing to depart in the moment I can no longer

fortune. He wrote and spoke the French language with classical purity. He left some philosophical writings behind him, one or two of which were printed. As he was one morning standing before the fire, a spark caught hold of his morning gown, which instantly enveloped him in a blaze; and before any assistance arrived, he was burned in so shocking a manner, that he died in great torments in the course of a few hours.

possess you: I carry with me the poignant anguish of your sufferings, and such a sense of my obligations to you. I wish you all the happiness you deserve, which will in some measure assuage my concern in being torn from your arms. I am, at all times, and in every place,

"Your affectionate

"STANISLAUS, King."

BEAUJON, THE FARMER GENERAL.

Lines, by PIRON, *on* BEAUJON, *the rich Farmer General, who had a Coach covered with Plates of Gold, and refused a poor Widow, with six Children, her only Bed, seized for Payment of the Poll Tax.*

UN Fermier Général, fier de ses injustices,
Dans son char avec lui promene tous les vices;
Et prodiguant par tout faste somptueux,
Boit dans des coupes d'or les pleurs des malheureux.

A Farmer General, to all virtue lost,
Of his unjust extortions dares to boast:
In golden cars he lords it o'er the plain;
The blackest vices form his chosen train;
With royal pomp he every where appears,
And drinks in cups of gold the orphan's tears.

FATHER

FATHER ARANAZ.

SOME years ago, Father de Aranaz, a Carmelite, published a book at Pampeluna, in favour of Philip V. The title ran thus, word for word: "The Lord Philip V. is true King of Spain, of God's own Making. The Tower of the second David, persecuted and victorious, fortified with three Bulwarks, viz. Justice, Religion, and Politics, to which a thousand Shields are fastened to defend his Crown: dedicated and consecrated to the King our Lord, whom God preserve for the Glory of Spain, and the Good of Christendom. By Father Hyacinthus d'Aranaz, a Native of the most faithful City of Sanguessa, Doctor of Divinity, Synodal Examiner of the Archbishopric of Toledo, Chaplain to his Majesty, &c."

"El Senor Phelipe V. es el Rey de las Espanas, verdadero dado por la Mano de Dios. Torre incontrastable del sequendo David perseguido y victorioso, guarnecida de tres Propugnaculos, Justicia, Religion, y Politica; de que penden mil Escudos que defienden su Corona: que dedica y consagra al Rey nuestro Sennor, que Dios guarde para Gloria de Espana, y aumento de la Christiandad, Fr. Jacinto d'Aranaz, Natural de la fidelissima Ciudad de Sanguessa, M. en Sagrada Theologia, Examinador synodal del Arcobi-

spado de Toledo, Predicador de su Mag. Ex procurador y Commissario general del Orden de Nuestra Senora del Carmin, y Provincial titular. Pampeluna, 1711, in 4to. pagg. 584."

The author compares his work to a tower or fortress, with three bulwarks. Fifteen shields are fastened to the first bulwark, eight to the second, and four to the third. To get into that fortress, one must go through a portico, where, says the author, one may be informed, that the Devil, in quality of the Prince of Discord, inspires the malecontents, with a desire of changing their king; and has intrusted the heretics with the execution of such an enterprise.

SIR W. PETTY.

WHEN but twenty-four years of age, Mr. Hartlib, in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, describes him "as a perfect Frenchman, and good linguist in other vulgar languages, besides Latin and Greek, a most rare and exact anatomist, and excelling in all mathematical and mechanical learning, of a sweet natural disposition and moral comportment." He declined the practice of physic many years before his death, as I find intimated in a Pharmacopœia printed

in

in 1677, which has this note written in the margin: "Gulielmus Petty, eques auratus, qui medicorum castra olim deseruit."

MEDALLION OF LILBORNE.

JOHN Lilborne saved by the power of the Lord, and the integrity of his jury, who are judges of law as well as of fact, Oct. 26, 1649.

Reverse.

In several circles one within the other, a rose in the centre.

Miles Petty, Ste. Iles. Abr. Smith, John King, Mic. Murin, Tho. Dainty, Edm. Keysar, Eder. Parkins, Rol. Packman, Wil. Comins. Ly. Widon, Hus. Towlin. Oct. 26, 1649.

SPEECH

Of an Indian King in a Conference at Bennington in 1678.

OUR young men may speak such words as we do not like, nor approve of; and we cannot help it. And some of your young men may speak such words as you do not like; and you cannot

cannot help that. We are your brothers, and intend to live like brothers with you; we have no mind to have war, for when we have war, we are only skin and bones; the meat that we eat does us no good; we always are in fear; and we have not the benefit of the sun to shine on us; we hide in holes and corners. We are minded to live in peace. If we intend, at any time, to make war upon you, we will let you know of it, and the reasons why we make war with you; and if you make us satisfaction for the injury done us, for which the war was intended, then we will not make war on you. And if you intend, at any time to make war on us, we would have you let us know of it, and the reason; and if we do not make satisfaction for the injury done unto you, then you may make war on us; otherwise you ought not to do it. You are our brothers, and we are willing to live like brothers with you; we are willing to have a broad path for you and us to walk in; and if an Indian is asleep in this path, the Englishman shall pass by and do him no harm, and say, "He is an Indian; he is asleep, let him alone; he loves sleep." It shall be a *plain path*; there must not be in this path a *stump* to hurt our feet. And as to the *small-pox*, it was once in my grandfather's time, and it could not be the English that could send it to us then, there being no

English

English in the country: and it was once in my father's time; they could not send it to us then neither; and now it is in my time: I do not believe they have sent it to us now; I do believe it is the *man* above that hath sent it to us."

PICTURE OF THE FRENCH.

Par. Sept. 8, 180-.

TERRIBLE they certainly are in politics, for they execute rapidly what they project incessantly; insidious in their professions, subtil in their hypocrisy, and sanguinary in their power. In France they feel too inexpressible delicacy, or too inconceivable horror; their individual murders have ever been characterized by peculiar and complex barbarity. Impetuous feelings are fugitive, and take an opposite direction; they commit murders, and then inscribe, "*Ici l'on danse.*" Like women in all things, they are women in vengeance. Impatient of restraint, in war a siege discourages and envenoms them; in peace an orderly constitution can neither excite their love, nor their reverence. Terrible in assault, contemptible in flight; vast in their projects, imbecile in their pursuits; capable of imagining all things, incapable of performing any.

They

They triumph for a moment, and despair during a century. Of all nations they alone have felt that raving of political imagination, which has aspired to an universal monarchy, or an universal republic; but they have never known that British vigour of judgment, which could form for Englishmen the most perfect constitution human nature could devise. When the French were slaves they reverenced the English; when free, they imitated them; now, licentious, they envy and hate them. They may afflict Europe with continued revolutions, yet may their designs be frustrated. One revolution was sufficient for the English.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JONES

At the End of his Bible wrote the following Note.

I HAVE regularly and attentively read these Holy Scriptures; and am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed.

The

The two parts of which the Scriptures consist, are connected by a chain of compositions, which bear no resemblance, in form or style, to any that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Persian, or even Arabian learning. The antiquity of those compositions no man doubts; and the unstrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication, is a solid ground of belief that they are genuine predictions, and consequently inspired.

PRIMATE STONE.

IT is certain that Dr. George Stone was not indebted for his preferment in church or state to his birth or learning. His paternal grandfather was gaoler of Winchester. The ill-natured people of those days used to say, that his heart was harder than his name. The Doctor was a man of most accomplished manners and winning address; and of so handsome a person, that he was called the "Beauty of Holiness." It does not appear that the queen of love smiled on his birth; he lived and died a bachelor. There never was a man more zealously devoted to what was called the English interest in Ireland. "Vain man, dress'd in a little brief authority," he little knew

knew that the interest of the two countries ought to be inseparable: thank Heaven, that day is at length arrived, when this immutable maxim, as demonstrable as any proposition in Euclid, is seen in its true point of view. Under the appearance of frankness and hospitality, he concealed an ambition that could scarcely be gratified with the first mitre in the kingdom of Ireland. To spiritual he was anxious to add temporal power, and for years he was looked up to as the prime mover of the Irish Cabinet: he was consulted on every important state question, and often gave his opinion, it is said, in so dictatorial a tone, that the Viceroy sometimes felt himself called upon to interpose his authority.

Like all ambitious men, he despised money, and but too often distributed his favours indiscriminately. His establishment was splendid, his entertainments sumptuous, and his expenses at least equal to his income. His table was generally encircled with sycophants; some flattered him even to his face; some lulled him in the down of dedications; and some, to whom he had been very kind, lampooned and abused him. He was translated from the bishopric of Derry, to the metropolitan see, whilst yet in the prime of life, and for some time he confined his attention to his pastoral care, which gave great satisfaction to all the thinking and sober part of his immense

immense diocese*; but as this was an act of self-restraint, when he found his political influence sufficiently strong, he began and continued to exercise it to the last moment of his life. "Stone," says Dr. Campbell †, "was a man of considerable

* This see was founded by St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, in the year 445, and was erected into an archbishopric in 1151, by Eugenius III. It extends into five counties, seventy-five miles in length, and from twelve to thirty-three in breadth. The chapter consists of a dean, precentor, chancellor, treasurer, archdeacon, and four prebendaries, with eight vicars choral.

A very handsome archiepiscopal palace has been erected in the city of Armagh, by the late pious and learned Lord Primate, Doctor Newcome. The following ill-natured lines were written by Octavianus de Palatio, a Florentine by birth, who had unworthily filled that archiepiscopal chair, from 1480 to 1513, and who appears to have been as ungrateful to the land that gave him bread, as his lying countryman Polydore Virgil was to that of England.

Civitas Armachana,
Civitas vana,
Absque bonis moribus,
Mulieres nudæ,
Carnes crudæ,
Paupertas in ædibus.

THUS ENGLISHED.

Armagh is notorious
For being vainglorious;
The men void of manners; their spouses
Go naked; they eat
Raw flesh for their meat,
And poverty dwells in their houses.

† See Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, p. 56.

abilities,

abilities, but more of the politician than the prelate. He devoted his life to the supporting of a party in the Irish parliament. It is said, that when he went over to London to consult the gentlemen of the faculty on the state of his health, he very candidly said to them, 'Look not upon 'me as an ordinary churchman, or incident to their 'diseases, but as a man who has injured his con-'stitution by sitting up late and rising early, to do 'the business of government in Ireland.' After he was raised to the metropolitan see, he was never known to preach but once, and that was before the Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Christ Church, Dublin, the 23d of October 1751, being the anniversary of the Irish rebellion. As the discourse which he delivered on that occasion was published by his Grace's special command, an extract from it may not be unacceptable.

" 'The peace and tranquillity of society is the 'great object which all good men have in view; 'that every member and citizen, all ranks and 'orders of men, may enjoy their respective rights, 'the fruits of their industry, and the privileges of 'their consciences. And certainly, in this view of 'things, virtuous ambition, under the government 'of reason and religion, will teach us to be con-'tented within our proper spheres, and to think 'ourselves

ourselves amply gratified with the praise of having contributed our share to the public good, and of having used no indirect means to advance ourselves to higher degrees of honour or influence. What must be the condition of a society whose members are actuated by this, and no other ambition?" How far these sentiments influenced his own conduct in general, must be left to those who will be at the pains to compare his actions with his words. It is confessed on all hands, however, that he was not one of those men who was "contented within his proper sphere."

The following article is copied from a manuscript in the British Museum:

Letters to his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

We are now come to that period when Dr. Stone, in the flower of youth, was promoted to the primacy, a station to which none before him had been exalted till the decline of life. It is not to be wondered at, that the rapid progress of this young ecclesiastic, through the dignities of his order, and who was now not only at the head of the church, with an immense income, but of the state, should inspire him with notions, and the cabal with suspicions, each had hitherto been strangers to. It was some time, however, before the extent of his views was discovered. His

seeming moderation and inoffensive demeanour veiled his boundless ambition. His entertainments and connexions were suited to his youth, and seemed rather to proceed from motives of pleasure than ambition. His courtesy, affability, and hospitable table, recommended him universally. As yet, the cabal were not alarmed; and so long as he made no attempts to interfere in their departments, the business of the H. of C. they left him in quiet possession of his new-acquired popularity.

By degrees, this young statesman insinuated himself into the affections of many of the young, and some of the old of the House of Commons. He now began to encourage privately the murmurs of the people against the soporific qualities of the cabal, who stifled all measures that were calculated for redressing the national grievances, or which might give any rub to the wheels of government, in the track in which they thought it proper to have them run. He daily ventured to open his intentions of forming a party in the House, at first to a few, and being encouraged by them, to all, whom he had any hope of drawing to his party.

These attempts to undermine the long-established power of the cabal, became soon the object of the penetrating eyes of those experienced veterans. Their indignation broke out into action,

tion, and convinced the young adventurer that his schemes were discovered. He, on the other hand, found that it would be to no purpose longer to keep measures with them; accordingly, the mask was thrown off, war was proclaimed in form between the contending powers, and a standard was publicly erected, to which all who expected preferment in church or state, or who were disgusted at the proceedings of the cabal, of which there were not a few, were invited to resort.

No direct acts of hostility had as yet commenced, and each of the cabal resolved privately to try what advantage they could make of the Primate's power, now become truly formidable, from the countenance of the English minister; but they were all deceived in their expectations. The Primate's politics flew higher than they imagined; he resolved to transfer the management of public business entirely out of their hands into his own, and had nothing less in his intentions than to suffer any one of them to participate in his administration.

The Primate formed mighty projects. The Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin were the objects of his admiration and imitation; and he studied politics, morality, and divinity, in his favourite De Retz.

He most of all affected business, of which he was not incapable.

The Primate, when Bishop of Derry, promised the place of Solicitor General to the brother of Mr. M'Lane, but this was surmounted in favour of Mr. T——l, by the same prelatical distinction which apologized for the consent of Charles I. to the execution of Lord Strafford. "At the time he made the promise, he was but Bishop of Derry, and in a private station; his private affection to Mr. M. had induced him to make that promise; but now that he was at the head of the state, he was to consider himself in his public character, and to proceed upon public principles, not upon private motives, and was therefore bound in conscience to break that promise, which he had made without any view to the public."

The Primate has been represented as a man devoid of all principles of religion and honour; as a monster swayed by unnatural appetites. To the first of these charges it must be confessed, he gave some countenance by a conduct a little too free for a person at the head of an ecclesiastical body. Having had a liberal education himself, and having always lived with those who had, he could not confine himself within the narrow sphere of his profession. . . . . .

. . . . . .

He was not always as cautious in his promises as prudence required; even when he

did not promise, his answers, from a fear of offending, and a desire of uniting every body to him, were expressed in such a manner, as drew in the person to whom they were given, to guess at more than he meant: a practice often used by statesmen, but which seems as little agreeable to good policy, as it is to morality. Hence every body left him contented, and assured of his friendship, receiving all his expressions of kindness, as so many absolute promises of what they solicited. It is not, then, very extraordinary that he should be charged with many breaches of faith, and that the truth of those aspersions on this head, with which he was so bespattered, should be attested by many. . . . . Whether from a coldness in his constitution, or, what is more probable, out of respect to his episcopal function, he totally abstained from women. It was impossible, in a country which piques itself upon indispensable attachments to the fair sex, that this should not be taken notice of, and become a general topic of conversation. His enemies laid hold of this opportunity to blacken his character with the imputation of a vice, the more easily credited as it is the more abominable; and to which some of his connexions, for which the people could not easily account, did not a little contribute.

He made not the advantages of his power which

might have been expected; he advanced into his confidence men of moderate abilities, and less reputation. He rewarded the best services by receiving them graciously, and his countenance was turned rather to those who were likely to do, than to those who had done him services. He was accessible and courteous to all; but then, his civilities were not proportioned to the person, and therefore the less regarded; but what principally offended several good men, who were well inclined to him, was, that he affected to talk too lightly of the constitution, and with some ridicule of public spirit. By these means he rendered some of those who were most capable of serving him, at least lukewarm in, if not regardless of, his interest.

George (Stone) Bishop of Derry (afterwards Lord Primate of Ireland) to her Grace the Dutchess of Kent.

May 6, 1742.

I AM quite ashamed of shewing my gratitude and returning my thanks to your Grace for your last letter, so soon after I have been so troublesome to you by an epistle, which nothing but your commands could have made pardonable; but I could not resist the temptation of congratulating your Grace on the recovery of Lady

Sophia

Sophia from a distemper, which this year has been often fatal, and is always to be dreaded before it comes, though generally despised when over.

The letter of Mr. Holyday's to the Bishop of Clonfert, is printed: I will send it in my next: his letter to me is mislaid or destroyed, and only contained an account, that Mr. Price remembered that Mr. Holyday told him of his dream immediately; but though I cannot send you a transcript of that letter, I will an original, which I received from him this moment, in which your Grace will see his opinion and reasoning on the speech of the ghost, which some incredulous people have represented as too imperfect to be brought from another world. He is a plain, honest, upright man, neither a bigot or superstitious, yet truly pious. He is one who thinks that faith in the invisible world, and the hopes which religion proposes to the good, are so far from a proof of a weak and credulous mind, that he esteems it a sure evidence of reason and impartiality united. He is a good Christian, and a good man; a firm believer, and a careful practiser of all our Lord hath taught and commanded, whose will he studies himself with freedom, and is for allowing and encouraging all others, who think themselves able, to do so too. If his zeal is ever overflowing, it is against the Papists; and

even I, whose aversion to every ray of popery is well enough known, often chide him out of an unnatural severity towards them, unnatural to the genuine mildness of his heart and his principles. I describe his character, that you may, by that light, the better judge of the credit of his testimony, or rather, I should have said, his judgment about Mr. Holyday's veracity and turn of mind. He knows him: I never saw him.

I thank your Grace for your concern about my health; I was better last week than I have been for many months; but the severe east winds pinch me again dreadfully, but if they soon cease, I hope to find they have more frightened than injured me.

Perhaps this and my last enormous letter may happen to arrive together; what a dreadful task of reading have you before you! a consciousness of that fills me with blushes, and makes me end this letter sooner than my inclinations permit, though my duty commands, and I 'll always endeavour first to reconcile them; but if that cannot be done, to make the latter govern the former; and therefore I hasten to subscribe myself,

Your Grace's most obliged,

Most obedient, humble servant,

THOMAS DERRY.

Bishop

Bishop of Clonfert to the Bishop of Derry (mentioned in the preceding Letter).

Loughreagh, April 29, 1742.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WAS favoured last post with your letter, which gave me great pleasure, except that part which touches upon your ill state of health.

You did not mention whether you thought the relation of the spirit credible. For my part, I cannot withhold my assent to it, and can give a satisfactory reason why he did not declare more. Had he told his friend who the murderers were, Oliver Bodkin, the uncle, would not have been murdered by his own son, and the son would not have been hanged for murdering his father. It is certain, that both knew of the murder just after it was committed, and it is, I think, very probable, that the uncle was privy to the design, though not an actor.

I wish that Pope's Dunciad may be the means of a reformation: not only this last, but the other poetical works which he lately published, are in some places obscure; at least, they are so to me.

I am, my dear Lord,

Your affectionate brother,

And obliged, humble servant,

J. CLONFERT.

To

To the late Lord George Germaine.

Leixlip, 1st of August 1754.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE this moment received the favour of your letter. I am extremely obliged to you for the kind part you have acted: it is not now in my power to acknowledge it in the manner that such a service deserves; whenever it is in my power, I will certainly do it; and in the mean time I beg you to be assured, that I think myself bound by the ties of justice and gratitude, as well as I am by inclination, to approve myself

Your faithful friend and servant,

G. ARMAGH.

From the same to the same.

MY DEAR LORD,

I SHOULD not have been so late in acknowledging your very kind and friendly letter, if I had not ever since lain in wait for an opportunity of writing to you by a safer channel than the common post. Upon consulting with Col. Irwin, I have struck out a method, which, I hope, this letter will prove to be a safe one.

You must have heard, as well as myself, the various reports of ruptures, negotiations, reconciliations, and new alliances, which have of late prevailed both in town and country. This day, the

the Duke of B— was said to have refused attendance in council; the next to have opened a communication with Mr. P——; then Lord B— and Mr. P— were affirmed to be secretly connected; on a sudden, the Duke of B— is pacified in temper, if not satisfied in mind: Mr. G—r comes to a new explanation with Lord B—, and each minister takes his former place again. Perhaps there have been more grounds for some of these rumours than the world imagines; but the truth is, late resentments, opposite systems, and domestic differences, rendering the union of every one of the ministry, with some one chief of the minority, very difficult, if not quite impracticable, the discontented of the ministry have no part left to them but that of acquiescence. As far as I have been able to learn from the information I have here, Mr. P— would have been less averse to Lord B— than he has been, if negotiation had been tried; yet such is the reciprocal jealousy, and so strong is the impression left by the sudden conclusion of the former inexplicable treaty, that I doubt, if both parties were disposed, whether either would venture to propose a second conference. As to the Duke of B—, I do not believe he ever expressed the least inclination to talk with Mr. P—, even when he most publicly declared his own dissatisfaction; and some circumstances persuade me, that

that no considerations would prevail upon Lord Temple to forgive his brother, and unite with him. In this state of things, I foresee no possibility of accommodation, and for these reasons I have always considered these reports merely as the conclusions of busy speculatists, arguing from the weakness and disunion visible in administration, and giving to their own conjectures the stamp of authority. The illness of the Duke of D— is a circumstance which has for some time had great influence. He is, I much fear, not very likely to recover, and the court may expect great consequences from his death, if his friends and the public should suffer that loss. Some already foretell, it would set at liberty several individuals personally attached to his Grace; that it would leave the Whigs, as a party, without a real chief, and instantly break the minority into new classes and subdivisions.

If, on the one hand, I foresee no possibility of accommodation, I must say, that, on the other, I see as little possibility that the present ministry should continue; difficult as the administration of this country is now become, from the strength of parties, general discontent, the state of public credit, and the conduct of foreign courts. Things, therefore, upon the whole, remain much as they did when we last discussed them, and thus they will stand for some time. As autumn wears

wears away, men will on both sides begin to explain themselves, and things will take some steady settlement; in the mean time, if you will accept my opinion, it is, that the Duke of B— and Lord B— are irreconcilable: Mr. G—r and Lord B— united; Mr. P— most open to Lord B—, and most averse to Mr. G—r: and the court ready for any accommodation which should continue Mr. G—r, and not exclude Lord B—. I may be mistaken, but this is my idea of the present state of things.

I suppose Col. Irwin has told you how suddenly the ministers rallied and assembled, in something like a corps, at Wotton, just as they were said to be upon the point of disbanding. Mr. Nugent came from thence to Stowe, and from Stowe to me. With me the day passed, like any other of the year, in general and cheerful conversation; but at Stowe, I believe, he meant something more serious, if he had not found Lord Temple very determined and explicit. From him we learnt that the Primate had been of the congress of Wotton, and I found Lord Temple struck with the manner in which his Grace avoided Stowe.

I conclude you have read the counter-address; there are some passages in it very masterly, but in general the plan is not able, nor is the composition elegant; the answer is scurrilous and very illiberal,

illiberal, yet it sometimes makes a good use of the adversary's indiscretions.

Col. Irwin has left Stowe, but his lady remains a hostage for his return. I have had the pleasure of meeting him frequently, and should have passed a merry day with him on Monday last, if Nugent, after making the appointment, had not fled the country. He went through this singular tour with great dexterity, and seemed cheerful and at ease when most men would have been distressed.

Thus I have endeavoured to make you the best return I can for the very agreeable letter I received from you.

LETTER

To our very loving Friends, the Vice-chancellor, and other Officers of the University of Cambridge.

AFTER our very hearty commendations: Whereas the Queen's Majesty hath been informed, that in this time of scarcity and dearth, neither is the market of the town and university of Cambridge so furnished of corn as were necessary, nor yet, that little which is brought thither so ordered and bestowed as were convenient, but is suffered to be bought and conveyed from thence by badgers, and others of that sort. Like as we have presently written unto certain justices of the peace of that county of Cambridge, to cause

cause the market of the university to be from henceforth better furnished (as by the copy of our said letter, which we send unto you herewith, ye may at better length perceive), so have we thought meet, in the King and Queen's Majesty's names to require you to foresee, that such corn as shall be brought thither, be not conveyed from thence by badgers, or any other, until the victuallers of the town and university shall be sufficiently furnished; wherein, nevertheless, ye must, in any wise, give diligent heed, that there be no fraud or deceit used. And so fare ye well. From Greenwich, the 3d day of January 1556.

Your loving friendes,

NICH. EBOR, Cancell.
WINCHESTER.
WILL. HOWARD.
T. ELY.
WILL. PETERS.
JO. BOURN.
T. WARTON.
JO. BOXALL.

See Act of the 2d and 3d of Philip and Mary.

LETTER

From Cardinal NORFOLK *to the Vice-chancellor, the Regents, and Non-regents, of the University of Cambridge.*

MY VERY LOVING FRIENDS,

AFTER my very hearty commendations: By your letters I understand your request, which is, that

that of the variance lately arisen between the townshippe of Cambridge and you, I would not credit the one till the other were heard, referring the report of your cause to the bringer of your letters. You shall therefore be advertysed, that I would be as glad of both your quietness, as I am indifferent to hear both youre controversies; and because I have no mistrust but that some good order shall be taken therein, I only wish you to give none occasion of extremity to them, and have advised them to regard the like towards you; the which, in my opinion, is the only way to concord; the which to preserve between you, I should be as ready as any friend you have. And so I bid you most heartily farewell. From my house at Kenyng Hall, the 6th September 1564.

Your loving friend,

T. Norfolke.

MY LORD OF NORTHAMPTON'S LETTER TO THE UNIVERSITY.

UPON the late advertisement which I received from your worthy Vice-chancellor (most reverend Fathers, and my worthy friends and companions) of a new election since the receipt of the King's letter, I must acknowledge a very great astonishment by comparing your unchangeable affections with my unworthyness: for that many

many of you can witness with what earnest industry and desire I endeavoured to divert your eyes from that dark object which I found to be so deeply fixed in your constant thoughts, preferring in this point your good to mine. Yet since it is your pleasure with so great grace and favour to cast yourselves into the armes of one whose love does so far surmount his ability to requite so cordial a demonstration of a resolute intent, it behoves me now to be so cautelous in the course which I am driven to hold between Scylla and Charibdis, that, in eschewing over-earnestly the quicksandes of the late invention to crosse, I runne not wilfully upon the rock of ingratitude, and so perish.

God himself can witness with my soule (I dare not say how unwillingly), considering the deep interest you hold in my poor service; but yet I may be bold to say how fearfully, regarding my own want of worth, I take into my hands that helme by which my duty calls me to the steering of that stately vessel which affords to England richer and far greater treasures than either those that came from Ophir in the days of Solomon, or in our days from the Philippines, by as many measures and degrees as the Queen of the South held Solomon to be greater, more glorious and powerful, in the wisdom which was infused by God, than in the wealth he received by commerce and traffic, from those fo-

reign states, that imparted not so much out of affection as they exchanged upon necessity.

Some things I confess do comfort me more than I can deliver, and do ease a great part of the burthen that a man must undergo, that in this charge seeks to give due satisfaction to your desert, or his own duty. The first is the great value which it hath pleased you out of your abundant grace to set upon your servant, that one out of humour could not have sought to be so great and eminent, as by election you have esteemed him. In the next place I accompt the quickening of those poor faculties, which I received from nature by your gracious encouragement, to construe and interpret in the best part whatsoever error may commit or negligence omitt in discharge of the trust that is left to me. To these I add a happiness which the poets attribute to Jason, sayling in a ship which in respect of resolution and skill was said to contain as many persons fit to be masters as it held mariners. I must not forget another obligation as great as any of the rest in my own reckoning, that is, in making the world see by so clear an evidence in your opinion in what sort I behaved myself in that place during my non-age whilst I was a scholar, whome in my white age you have esteemed neither unworthy nor unfit to be your officer.

But the thing which joys me most of all is the

circumstance of time present falling out under the blessed reign of the most learned King, the best experienced, the most just, the most sweet, the most deeply judging, the most eloquent, and significantly uttering, the most judicious in esteeming worth, the most bountiful in rewarding deserts, the most tender of your privileges and liberties, the most sensitive of your vexation and wrongs, that ever wore the crown of so powerful a monarchy. In other princes times, men held it a great fortune, if youre names were only sounded in those sacred ears by gracious reports, with a kind of preparation for your future good: but our deare Sovereign knows many, hears many, loves all, and out of his deep judgment, without respect unto recommendation, alone prefers persons of laudable deserts to proportions of more or less, as occasions occur, to places that are fit for them.

Wherefore since my heart which was bestowed on you could not return to me upon the first election, and by the next election the way is now laid open by your favour so redoubled, as I may come to it, my greatest care and study shall be, after this my cordial and grateful acknowledgment of so confident a zeal, so to dispose my whole endeavours and desires, as my heart and I, thus fastened by the binding knot of your inestimable love, during the time of my life, shall never part again.

It remains then for a fair exchange between terms and acts, that I, your chancellor, and, by consequence, under his Majesty, your head, obey, and that you, the worthy members of that same graceful body (though subordinate), command, sith nothing can fall fitly within the compass of your discreete deserts, that shall not consequently fall within the list of my devotion. God bless youre studies, increase youre comforts, and reward youre pains; and grant that I may but once, in some such measure, express my thankfulness, as you have declared your constancy.

From the Court at Whitehall, the 13th of June 1612.

Your affectionate, constant,

And thankful friend, to do you service,

H. NORTHAMPTON.

Ex MSS. Caii Coll. Cant.

See Lord Brooke's Five Years of King James; Strype's Life of Archbishop Grindall; Bishop Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams.

THE END OF VOL. I.

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